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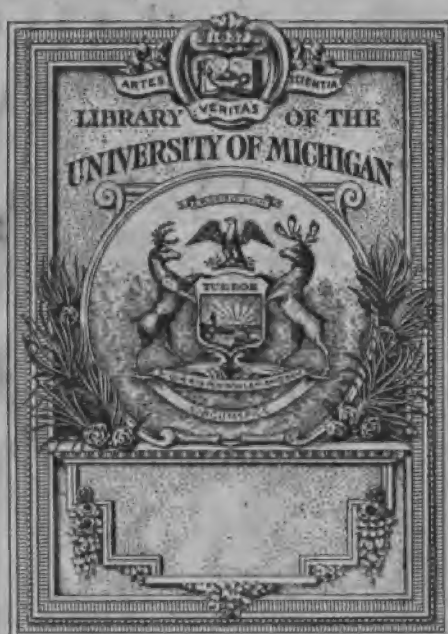
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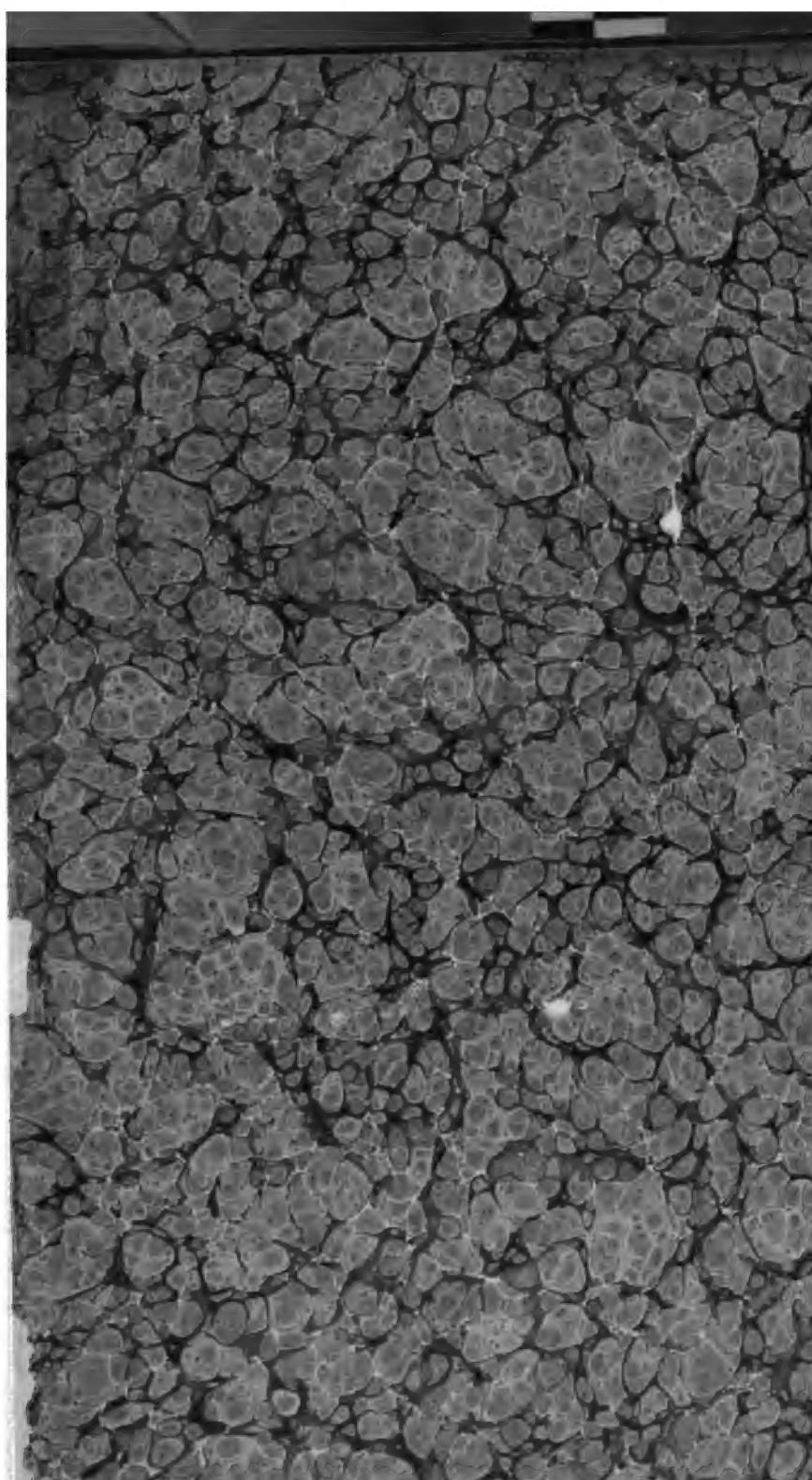
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THE
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THE
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MARCH 1865.

ART. I.—THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE SCOTTISH TOURIST.

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2. *Toddles's Highland Tour.* London : ROUTLEDGE, 1864.

MONTHS ago the summer tide of tourists has receded from our straths and glens townwards to the last drop. The Trossachs, the rich indented lochs of Argyle, the hoary peaks of Glencoe, the dusky forests of Braemar, the snowy and savage precipices of the Cairngorms, a while ago all swarming with busy, noisy, intrusive citizens, are now as silent as much less than a century ago they were all the year round ; more silent indeed, since the indigenous population of these regions has within the century notably and beneficially decreased. To live ever in crowds has a social influence on man. To live ever alone has also an influence, though to call it social might sound Irish. The fate of the chronic inhabitants of tourist districts, who are three months of the year in the midst of a throng, and have to pass the rest of it in solitude, must subject them to peculiar influences which no one has thought it worth while specially to study and elucidate. Those influences must have a special development in these actively concerned in ministering to the comforts and pleasures of the tourist : the faculties continuously strained to their utmost stretch for a few months—the strain then suddenly withdrawn till its periodical recurrence. One would expect this to have a kind of hibernating influence. We remember, for instance, a head-waiter of an establishment through which the throng of a great pleasure district passed all day and all night ;

whatever time you arrived or departed, early or late, mid-night or dawn, he was ever in a state of brisk, civil activity. We asked him when he slept. "I sleep in winter," was the answer.

Connected with this, however, is another and larger social phenomenon, the diagnosis of which, whatever we may say of its cause, is more accessible to us, and is seen by all of us. A century ago, a sensible man, residing in "the West end," would have as soon thought of going for change of air to Whitechapel or Wapping as to Glencoe or Braemar, where he and his neighbours now crowd in until they almost carry London with them, and where they profess to imbibe a vast amount of enjoyment. Whence has come this social change? We profess not to go into its depths, and display its hidden causes. But as the matter is really one worth looking at, the holiday-seekers of the last year who have returned from the poetry to the prose of life, in the interval when the recollections of last year's tour are mingling with the projects for the coming summer, may perhaps peruse with interest at the domestic hearth some notice of the conditions under which the scenery of Scotland, and especially of the Highlands, became fashionable. The literature connected with its rise in the world we consider especially deserving of attention. Some day or other it may tax the powers of some mighty compiler in the production of a "Bibliotheca Itineraria." Meanwhile we believe that in a few casual notices of it we shall be breaking new ground.

"Tourist" is a new word; it is not to be found in Johnson, who, however, defines "tour" as a "ramble or roving journey." To this Webster adds "circuit," "excursion," "trip," and tells us that a tourist is one who makes a tour. This seems to be coming something near the point, as indicating locomotion for the purposes of enjoyment, not of business or duty. And as among by far the greater portion of mankind no such enjoyment exists, or is capable of being conceived, and even among ourselves it is a comparatively recently discovered source of enjoyment, the various phenomena indicating its origin and progress onwards to its present vast influence as an institution of our country and age, seem sufficiently important for a little special attention.

We may trace its beginnings in something more subtle than by putting the finger on the name of the first man who actually made a journey for pleasure. Indications of the enjoyment of scenery and variety among those who moved about on duty or business are the germs of the tourist's passion. Our history gets far on before we have much of this. The first strangers from the civilized world who are recorded as visiting us—Julius

Agricola and his followers—came on stern business. Tacitus, in his clear, rapid narrative of the transaction, sticks closely to that business, and permits not his pen to wander into devious paths. One would like to know what they thought of the scenery. There is a well-known tradition that as they marched northwards over the spur of the Ochils, and came to that nick called the Wicks of Beglie, and saw beneath them the broad strath of Tay, with its gleaming river and background of mountains, they exclaimed, "Behold the Tiber! behold the field of Mars!"—a comparison which Scott and many of his fellow-countrymen reprobate as a gross injustice to the northern river. It is necessary, however, to throw this story away as a modern invention. Indeed, from the invasion of Agricola to the present time, or even to the time of the first publishing of the exclamation, is far too long for tradition to live.

Just twice are there remarks in Tacitus which in any way connect themselves with the character of the scenery. When, as he describes it, the army marched northward, and the fleet sailed in sight of it, the land troops, when they recounted their adventures to their colleagues of the fleet, told of the dense forests they had penetrated, and the rough mountains they had scrambled over. In the speech of Agricola, so accurately reported,—and, by the way, Tacitus is quite impartial, and makes room for the spirited speech of Galgacus, the leader of the Caledonians, although it would have been a far more important service had he just told us what language that eminent patriot used,—in the speech of Agricola there is an allusion to fatiguing marches across fens, mountains, and rivers, *Cum vos paludes montesve et flumina fatigarent*. It is a pity that we have not something more palpable and critical than this, from some Roman pen, for the Romans knew good scenery. They are said to have even walked about for pleasure. In Strabo mention is made how two Roman legionaries, found in Spain at a distance from their post, who could give no better account of themselves than that they walked for enjoyment, were deemed to be two lunatics who had escaped from bondage, and were an object of considerable anxiety to the good people who desired to see them safe back to their camp.¹

¹ "Τοὺς δὲ Ουέττωνας, ὅτε πρῶτον εἰς τὸ τῶν Ῥωμαίων παρήλλον στρατόπεδον, ἰδόντας τῶν ταξιαρχῶν τινας, ἀνακλῖντας ἐν ταῖς ὁδοῖς περιπάτου χάριν, μανίαν ὑπολαβόντες, ἠγγεῖσθαι τὴν ὁδὸν αὐτοῖς ἐπὶ τὰς σκηνὰς ὥς ἔέον ἢ μένειν κατ' ἡσυχίαν ἰδρυθέντας, ἢ μάχεσθαι."

"Et vettones, quo tempore primum in Romanorum venerunt castra, cum quosdam centuriones viderent, deambulandi causa viam hac illac flectere, opinatos insanire homines, duces se eis ad tabernacula præbuisse: putabant enim aut in tabernaculo quiete sedenduni, aut pugnandum esse."—GÆOG. L. III. cap. iv.

It would require very positive and distinct evidence, however, to prove that the Romans ever went so far from the indolent luxuriousness, in which alone they found true pleasure, as to seek it in the active and sometimes afflictive pursuits of the modern tourist. If Cicero or Atticus walked together in the shady avenues of Tusculum, while they discussed the difference between goodness and perfection, or Virgil enjoyed a saunter in his Mantuan farm, we may be assured that no citizen of the empire mounted his *impedimenta* on his shoulders to ramble about in Britain, even among such scenery within the walls as he could safely approach. Their sense of the noble in scenery advanced so far as to accept of the savage and terrible as worthy of enjoyment. This we see even in the selection of their villas; but they enjoyed it all in indolent contemplation, not in active vagabondage.

The next set of notable visitors were the Irish monks, who came over to re-convert us after the inroads of strangers from Scandinavia had swept Christianity as well as Roman civilisation out of the land. We have ample narratives of the ways and pursuits of these monks. We know that they went about a good deal. St. Columba, for instance, paid a memorable visit to Brude the King of the Picts at his lodge on the banks of the Ness; and St. Cormac on his way from Ireland to Iona to visit his old friends there, went so far astray among the Hebrides, that some people suppose he had gone to Iceland. But we get no notions of scenery from these monks; and, in fact, they speak so indistinctly of the nature of the country, that we might suppose from Adamnan's Life of the Master that Iona was a very fertile island, fruitful in corn and grass, if we did not know it to be a barren rock, and believe it to have been just as barren fourteen hundred years ago as it is now.

When King Edward came over, his mission was entirely on business. But whether or not he himself enjoyed the scenery of the territory he was so determined to take, he adorned it for the present day by planting in it the finest castles which the country possesses. On the other side of the War of Independence there probably was not much enjoyment of mere scenery. Wallace, according to tradition, frequented Cartland Craigs—a grand rocky cleft in the fruitful vale of Clyde—but it was rather for protection than to court the influence of sublimity in stringing the nerves to deeds of heroism. Bruce had to wander through the very finest scenery in Scotland. Part of it comes out with grand effect in the *Lord of the Isles*, but it is a different affair when we go to Barbour's epic. So when Bruce had to find a retreat in the fastnesses of the Cairngorm mountains,

here is all we have, when he might have taken his hero to the wondrous Loch Avon, and made him say as Scott makes him say at Coruisk—"St. Mary! what a scene is here," and so on.

"The queen dwelt thus in Kildrummy,
And the king and his company
That war twa hundred an na ma,
Fra they had sent their horse them fra,
Wanderet amang the high mountains,
Where he and his oft tholed pains,
For it was to the winter near,
And so fell foes about him were,
That all the country them warred.
So hard among them assailed
Of hunger, cold, and showers snell,
That none that lives can well it tell."

Between the War of Independence and the great contest in the seventeenth century, the only considerable visits to Scotland were those of the French auxiliaries, who returned home terrified by the hungry sordidness of the land and the barbarous independence of the common people. Clarendon tells us that when the astounding intelligence of the signing of the Covenant, and the collection of a Scottish army, reached London,—“the truth is, there was so little curiosity either in the Court or the country to know anything of Scotland, or what was done there, that when the whole nation was solicitous to know what passed weekly in Germany and Poland, and all other parts of Europe, no man ever inquired what was doing in Scotland, nor had that kingdom a place or mention in one page of any Gazette.”

Oliver Cromwell paid a visit to Scotland, a visit decidedly on business of a very engrossing kind. In one of his despatches he noticed the character of one morsel of our scenery in his own professional way. The finest of those deep ravines cut into the rock of St. Abb's Head, he calls a place “where ten men to hinder are better than forty to make their way.” He left his mark on the country; not such a brand as he put on Ireland, for only a portion of the Scots people were at enmity with him. From the railway, however, in passing the great square tower of Borthwick, one can see a portion of the stone facing, beautifully peeled by his ordnance from the neighbouring height. It gives one a lively notion of how

“Oliver Crummell,
He did her pummel,
And made a breach in her battlement.”

Cromwell noted what he saw in Scotland for his own utili-

tarian purposes, and he greatly enriched the country by opening trade. Before his time, everything known about the national resources is of a vague kind, and had there been tourists in the reign of Charles II., it would have been in the records of the proceedings of the Protectorate, that they would have found what parts of Scotland were likely to afford a good inn. Cromwell sent a commissioner named Thomas Tucker to investigate the trade statistics of Scotland. This man's report was printed by the late Lord Murray for the Bannatyne Club, and is the earliest satisfactory account of the towns and harbours of Scotland, and of the material resources of the country.

It is more to the point of the present article, that one of Cromwell's troopers, by name Richard Franck, wandered over a great part of Scotland, and recorded his movements in a solid book. The temptation that led him onwards was the fishing-rod. For an estimate of his knowledge and aptness in this craft, we may refer to Mr. Russel's book on the Salmon: a wonderful combination, by the way, of those qualities deemed incompatible with each other,—science, statistics, and fun. Franck seems to have been a conceited, pompous, prosing man, and a euphuist of the most inflated kind. Yet the fellow had evidently a sense of scenery, which he lets out in his own floundering way. So of Loch Lomond he says:—"This small Mediterrane is surrounded with woods, mountains, rocky, boggy, sandy, and miry earth; and is the greatest inland sea in Scotland; nor is it parallel'd with any southward; and all the north inferiour to it, excepting only the Lough called Ness." Then presently comes he to "Beautiful Buchanan, besieged with bogs and baracadoed with birch trees; the Highlander's landscape and the Lowlander's prospect; whose boggy swamps incommode the traveller." The following fragmentary passages will perhaps suffice as specimens of the trooper's manner:—

"Let us relinquish the suburbs of Leven, to trace the flourishing skirts of Calvin, whose smiling streams invite the angler to examine them; for here one would think the stones were steep'd in the oil of Oespres, to invite the fish to come ashore: where you may observe every bubbling stream reflect a smile on the amorous banks, covered with green, and enamell'd with flowers. Here also the sylvans upon shady bushes bathe themselves in silver streams; and where trouts, to sport and divert the angler, will leap on shore, though with the loss of their lives."

Then came the "turrets of sooty Glorret" or Glorat, near to which place

"Glides the glittering Kaldar; a large and spacious rapid river, accommodated both with trout and salmon: but the access

lies too open, more especially amongst her pleasant gliding streams, where the angler, if lord of his exercise, may expect incredible entertainments: whose foundations are laid in gravelly sand, and interchangably mixed with shining stones that look not unlike to golden granulae: but were they such, I should fancy Tagus but a toy to it. Because to imprint in the angler's memory those remarkable characters of shining rocks, glittering sands, and falls of water, which 'tis morally impossible he should ever forget.

"Not far from this dingy Castle of Glorret, stands delectable Kilsyth; in whose martial fields Marquess Montross defeated his countrymen. North-west from thence we must top those burdened mountains of Compsy, whose weeping rocks moisten the air, representing the spouts; and are a lively emblem of the cataracts of Nile. From whence we descend to the Kirk of Compsy; near to which kirk runs the memorable Anderwick, a rapid river of strong and stiff streams; whose fertil banks refresh the borderer, and whose fords, if well examined, are arguments sufficient to convince the angler of trout; as are her deeps, when consulted, the noble race and treasure of salmon; or remonstrate his ignorance in the art of angling."

Fifty years later, a countryman of Franck's, much less genial and eloquent, had the misfortune to visit us. It was in the year 1704 that an Englishman, name unknown, penetrated a little way into Scotland, though, had he consulted his ease and safety, he had better have stayed in Lombard Street.¹ There is an old Latin saying, that indignation makes one poetical; and the indignant expression of his fears and sufferings has actually imparted to this man's narrative a descriptive vigour and richness totally unintended on his part. Leaving Crawfordjohn, he says: 'From this place I went over mighty hills, sometimes being amongst the clouds and sometimes amongst bogs, I think without seeing a house, or anybody but a poor shepherd's boy, to Elvinfoot, a poor sorry place of two or three houses; and here is a rapid river that tumbles over a rocky bottom, though it is not deep. . . . I should not have travelled this day, being Sunday, but I was willing to get out of this country as soon as I could; oh, the curse that attended it! I was far past Elvinfoot, and the road, or rather steep tracks—for since I left Douglass I hardly saw any other—were so obscure, I could hardly find a way, and the rocks were so thick and close that I had often much ado to get myself and horse between them. Now I were on a vast precipice of a high rock, with the river roaring under me, and anon I was in a bog!' Poor man, this was far from the worst of it. Mist came on, good, sound Scotch mist. He had the folly to enter

¹ *North of England and Scotland in 1704.* Printed in 1818 from a MS. in possession of Mr. Johnson.

on that ground without a pocket-compass,—a folly no tourist should ever perpetrate.

A dark cloud, he tells us, came between him and the sun, “and out of this cloud fell such a shower of rain, that I was wet through presently, and it grew so suddenly dark that I could scarcely see my hands. I got down and groped with my hands for a path, but quickly found the sheep-tracks had misled me. I began to sink in half way up the leg, and my horse more, and now and then I tumbled over a bank, but what sort of one I could not tell; and now I came so near the river that I heard it roar dismally, and did not know but every step I went I might tumble down a steep cliff, or fall into the river Annan.” After waiting for some time he fell to “hollering,” but in vain, and he feared going up the hill, not knowing what company he might find there. Night came on him, and he tried to sleep in his saddle and horse-cloth, but he had to shift them over and over, as whenever he lay down he found himself sinking in the bog. “As the day,” he continues, “began to dawn, I hoped it fair, but feared a fog. Sometimes I thought I saw a bush at a distance, and sometimes a house; but plainly discerned that if I had gone lower down the hill, I had gone into a deep bog by the river side. I went a mile one way, and then back again, and a mile the other, but could see neither house or road.” He came at last to a village. Belated travellers are proverbially unscrupulous in giving trouble, but this one’s method of proceeding was quite original. “My patience had served me almost all it would, and I threatened to break their windows, but could not find a pane of glass in the town. I then fell to unthatching a house, and pulled off some of the turf, at which a fellow came angrily out, but when he saw me was very humble, and directed me over the small river Annan, and in the way to Moffat, for which I rewarded him; and on this 17th of April 1704, I got to Moffat. This is a small straggling town among high hills, and is the town of their wells, in summer time people coming here to drink of their waters; but what sort of people they are, or where they get lodgings, I can’t tell, for I did not like their lodgings well enough to go to bed.” Such was a stranger’s introduction, about a century and a half ago, to this which is now the most charming watering-place in the British dominions.

Everybody is, or ought to be acquainted with the *Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland to his Friend in London*, commonly attributed to Captain Burt, an engineer officer who helped General Wade to make his famous roads. It is a pity that more is not known of him. He is mentioned in the little book called the *Olivo* of William Davis, who says he was a pompous man, and tells a story about his pomposity being

snubbed. Rebuking an Aberdeen boy for not tendering him due respect, he said: "Don't you know, sirrah, that I'm the representative of His Majesty;" to which the answer was: "Representative o' His Maujesty! I've seen a better representative o' His Maujesty on a bawbee,"—that is to say, on a half-penny. The anecdote is in keeping with the remarkable absence of the faculty of veneration common to the youth of Aberdeen, but it certainly exemplifies a logical confusion, which is not among their defects. In those districts where it would now be an outrage on one of the most sacred laws of fashion to abuse anything, Burt abused right and left. He was a thorough John Bull; made his own country the standard of everything, and found things elsewhere to be right or wrong just as they conformed with, or diverged from, his standard. But for all that, his descriptions are accurate and valuable. The engravings in the old editions of the book are very curious. They give us the genuine costume of Highlanders in the period between the two rebellions. There we see the original belted plaid in its latter days, and just before the genius of one of Wade's army tailors invented the philabeg,—for such is the ignoble origin of the costume which the advertisements of Highland drapers, appealing to the Cockney mind, call the "ancient garb of Old Gaul." Burt sighed for Richmond Hill and its gentle beauties, and a sentence taken almost anywhere from his book shows the horror he felt of Highland scenery. Thus:—

"In passing to the heart of the Highlands we proceed from bad to worse, which makes the *worst of all* the less surprising; but I have often heard it said by my countrymen, that they verily believed if an inhabitant of the south of England were to be brought blindfold into some narrow rocky hollow, enclosed with these horrid prospects, and then to have his bandage taken off, he would be ready to die with fear, as thinking it impossible he should ever get out to return to his native country."¹

An English officer quartered at Fort Augustus immediately after the Forty-Five, gave forth his sorrows in similar strains:—

"It is a rarity to see the sun, but constantly black skies and rusty looking rocky mountains, attended with wintry rains and cutting winds, with violent streams of water rolling down from every part of the mountains after hard rains, and so filling the rivers surprisingly soon."²

Almost alongside of Burt's homely book came a performance of a different order, from the pen of a higher artist. Whenever

¹ *Letters from a Gentleman*, ii. 13.

² *Journey through England and Scotland along with the Army under the Command of H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland*, p. 95.

there is found bearing date somewhere in the first quarter of the eighteenth century a book on any matter of everyday life, full of vivacity, wit, humour, exactness of description, and worldly sagacity, it is attributed to Daniel Defoe. In many instances the judgment is dubious, or absolutely a mistake, but the belief that he is the author of *A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain* stands on circumstantial evidence, which would be incontrovertible, if the internal evidence of the style and substance did not at once satisfy the reader that no other man could have written such a book.¹ A portion of the third volume, published in 1727, is given to Scotland. Defoe lived some time among us, and his estimate of Scotland, standing where it does in the midst of literature as full of gross abuse as it is destitute of knowledge concerning us, is alike a proof of the soundness of his judgment and the breadth of his sympathies. "Those," he says, "who fancy there but wild men and ragged mountains, storms, snows, poverty, and barrenness, are much mistaken: it being a noble country, of a fruitful soil and healthy air, well seated for trade, full of manufactures by land, and a treasure great as the Indies at their door by sea. The poverty of Scotland and the fruitfulness of England, or rather the difference between them, is owing not to mere difference of climate, or the nature of the soil, but to the errors of time and their different constitutions."²

A critical question has arisen, whether his narrative is not so far fictitious, that whereas it is enlivened by a reference to immediate events, and has all the air of a set of adventures put on paper just after their occurrence,—yet it is believed that he had not been in Scotland for twenty years before he wrote the book. He says he made five different tours here, and there is not much reason to doubt this. He seems to have liked the people. He says to his countrymen in another place, "If the Scots want

¹ The following is the title in full :—" *A Tour Thro' the Whole Island of Great Britain, divided into Circuits or Journies. Giving a Particular and Diverting Account of Whatever is Curious, and worth Observation, Viz. I. A Description of the principal Cities and Towns, their Situation, Magnitude, Government, and Commerce. II. The Customs, Manners, Speech, as also the Exercises, Diversions, and Employment of the People. III. The Produce and Improvement of the Lands, the Trade and Manufactures. IV. The Sea-Ports and Fortifications, the Course of Rivers, and the Inland Navigation. V. The Publick Edifices, Seats, and Palaces of the Nobility and Gentry. With Useful Observations upon the Whole. Particularly fitted for the Reading of such as desire to Travel over the Island. Vol. III. Which completes this Work, and contains a Tour thro' Scotland, &c. With a Map of Scotland, by Mr. Moll. By a Gentleman. London, Printed: And Sold by G. Strahan, in Cornhill. W. Mears, at the Lamb without Temple-Bar. And J. Stagg, in Westminster-Hall. M DCC XXVII.*"

² *Review*, iii. 671.

money, I must tell you they do not want manners; and one piece of humanity they are masters of, which you, with all your boasted improvements, are without: and that is, courtesy to strangers, in which they outdo even the French themselves.”¹

There probably never was a man better endowed with the power of making out an *alibi*; of taking the reader with him to Dumfries or Inverness while he was all the while in his own study at Cripplegate. But he goes into the particularities of travel with a profuseness which would lay him open to detection even at the present day, and must have put him in the power of a multitude of contemporary readers, if he sat at home and shammed the traveller. He had not the advantage of an unpeopled island like Selkirk’s Juan Fernandez. So we find him enjoying the hospitalities of Lauder, the minister of Mordintoun, who writes on the Cyprianic age. He tells us that Lord Tweeddale’s pictures are at Pinkey, because the mansion of Yester is not finished. On one journey a very remarkable phenomenon enables him to walk through the Clyde dry-shod above Glasgow Bridge, which he laughs at, with its great skeleton-looking arches striding over an empty water-course; and next time he goes that way, the Clyde in flood is rushing through the streets on either side, and threatening to carry the bridge before it. Then at Drumlanrig, along with a Derbyshire man, at the request of the Duke of Queensberry, he goes poking among the hills for lead ore, and “here we were surprised with a sight which is not now so frequent in Scotland as it has been formerly—I mean one of their field-meetings, where one Mr. John Hepburn, an old Cameronian, preached to an auditory of near 7000 people, all sitting in rows on the steep side of a green hill, and the preacher on a little pulpit made under a tent at the foot of the hill. He held his auditory, with not above an intermission of half an hour, almost seven hours; and many of the poor people had come above fifteen or sixteen miles to hear him, and had all the way to go home again on foot.”²

He is here close to the deep chasm called the Enterkin, which he describes not only in his book of travels, but also in his *Memoirs of the Church of Scotland*, as the scene of an affair between Covenanters and dragoons. He describes it as terrible, for it would have been too bad at that time to have introduced such a scene to good society like an orange grove or a shaven lawn; but there is a fascination in its horror which makes him eloquent and descriptive. It is a curious testimony to the enduring freshness of these descriptions, that Dr. John Brown has cited both of them in one of his popular miscellanies on Scottish scenery; has cited them of course as

¹ *Review*, vi. 174.

² *Review*, iii. 62.

attractive to readers of the present age, though that to which they were addressed looked upon all such scenery as odious.

The charm of De Foe is that he is perfectly natural, yielding to the influences around him, and giving himself up to the absolute control of no conventionality. He begins hill-climbing at the Cheviots, and lets out his greenness and Cockneyism by his anxiety about the question, whether he shall find standing-room on the top. "We all had a notion that when we came to the top we should be just as upon a pinnacle, that the hill narrowed to a point, and we should have only room enough to stand, with a precipice every way round us;" but the end of the adventure, on the contrary, is, "I was agreeably surprised when, coming to the top of the hill, I saw before me a smooth, and with respect to what we expected, a most pleasant plain of at least half a mile in diameter, and in the middle of it a large pond, or little lake of water; and the ground seeming to descend in every way from the edges of the summit to the pond, took off the terror of the first prospect."¹

All men of action have their special sagacities and prowess. An Orkney cragsman is frightened to descend a stair, and a chamois-hunter would be unnerved at a crossing in the Strand. De Foe's courage and wisdom were both exercised on man rather than on inanimate nature, and his simplicity about the culmination of a mountain is well compensated by the sagacity contained in the following dream of a New Town of Edinburgh that might have been, and now is:—"On the north side of the city is a spacious, rich, and pleasant plain, extending from the Lough which joins the city to the river of Leith, at the mouth of which is the town of Leith, at the distance of a long Scots mile from the city; and even here were not the north side of the hill, which the city stands on, so exceeding steep, as hardly (at least to the westward of their flesh-market) to be clambered up on foot, much less to be made passable for carriages. But, I say, were it not so steep, and were the Lough filled up, as it might easily be, the city might have been extended upon the plain below, and fine beautiful streets would, no doubt, have been built there; nay, I question much whether, in time, the high streets would not have been forsaken, and the city, as we might say, run all out of its gates to the north."²

Burt tells a story of a surveyor who had gone to the Highlands, taking his credentials with him as a Government officer, but who found them so little available for his protection that arrangements for putting him to death looked quite serious. In his terror he remembered that a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh had given him a letter of introduction to a local

¹ *Tour*, iii. 118.

² *Tour*, iii. 33.

magnate. The production of this brought immediate security and hospitality, with the question, Why the teil he had used that tanned Government paper instead of Cousin Lachlan's letter. De Foe found that it would have been useless to go to the Glengary or the Macrae country without the countenance of the chiefs and other local powers. He seems to have made himself so good a fellow among them indeed, that their hospitalities became rather oppressive to him; and he sketches out a plan for traversing the country, calculated to avoid entire dependence either on the futile resources of public places of entertainment, or on local hospitality. His plan is a delightful one, alive with the spirit of the genuine explorer and lover of nature. He proposes that a small party should organize themselves, and carry tents and baggage with them. It would be madness to attempt this without the countenance of the local magnates, "but if they are first well recommended as strangers, and have letters from one gentleman to another, they would want neither guides nor guards, nor indeed would any man touch them; but rather protect them, if there was occasion, in all places; and by this method they might in the summer-time lodge when and wherever they pleased with safety and pleasure, travelling no farther at a time than they thought fit. And as for their provisions, they might supply themselves with their guns with very great plenty of wild-fowl." He knew, indeed, a party of five, "two Scots and three English gentlemen," who had actually carried out an expedition after this fashion into the unknown wilds of the north Highlands, and in a very tantalizing way winds up the affair by saying, "It would be very diverting to show how they lodged every night; how two Highlanders who had been in the army went before every evening and pitched their little camp; how they furnished themselves with provisions, carried some with them, and dressed and prepared what they killed with their guns; and how very easily they travelled over all the mountains and wastes without troubling themselves with houses or lodgings; but, as I say, the particulars are too long for this place."¹

By the way, this book has an interest for the bibliographer, the bibliomaniac, the book-hunter, or whatever the collector of literary specialties may call himself. In fact, in the eyes of this class it should be invested with a certain romantic interest, for, like the hero of a deep-plotted romance, its position has been claimed in the eye of the world by an impostor, against whom it has been vindicated, with no better fate, after all, than to show that the writer is a spurious De Foe, and that the reality had long been lost sight of in the contest between rival shams.

¹ *Tour*, iii. 211, 212.

In most good libraries, from sixty to eighty years old, will be found a book, in four small volumes, called *The Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain*. As a work both popular and useful, it went through many editions. It used to go by the name of De Foe's *Tour*, and it was not rated as an imposture. It had some title to the name, in as far as it grew out of that book, becoming towards it what a stupidish, plodding, elderly gentleman is to a wild adventurous youth. It became a sort of travellers' guide and statistical companion. It had everything that the sanction of a high name could give to recommend it, for its reconstruction was known to be the work of Samuel Richardson, who went through the ordeal of being the most fashionable novelist of his day. Still, in later times, the four volumes were looked on rather disdainfully, and collectors preferred the fresh and genuine De Foe. Now, it happened that one John Mackay, unknown to fame, printed, in several editions, the latest of which is dated in 1732, "A Journey through England, in Familiar Letters from a Gentleman here to his Friend Abroad," in two volumes, followed by a third, called "A Journey through Scotland, etc., being the Third Volume, which completes Great Britain." A tacit resolution seems to have been passed in the bookish world to make this personate De Foe's book. Look at the catalogue of any public library, under the name of De Foe, and you will find that the *genuine* book is carefully distinguished from Richardson's recasting, and when you get your hand on the 'genuine' book, behold it is Mackay's. Go to any vender of old books, and ask if he has De Foe's *Tour*,—"the genuine, mind, not Richardson's,"—the dealer understands you perfectly; he has the genuine article; he produces the three volumes, and, lo, they are the inevitable Mackay's. The world owes to Mr. Wilson, in his life of De Foe, the exposition of this curious history of a bibliographical changeling.

The best way to enjoy De Foe's *Tour* is to read it after Johnson's. The true-born Englishman was free from the lexicographer's burden of dictionary words, and his obligation to turn every sentence in his rounding lathe. Going from one to the other, then, is like going from social conventionalism to freedom; it feels as if one were escaping from a highly-served establishment, with its pomps and ceremonies, its plush and shoulder-knots, and systematic organization for the day's tediousness, and taking to the hill as a wanderer, with the free world before one.

Johnson's coming among us was a great event. It was considered, on the principle of every dog having his day, that Scotland had at last got a turn on the wheel of fortune, and the book that was to come of the strange excursion was waited on with intense anxiety. The author of it could scarcely use his

pen without setting down something remarkable and worth reading, and yet his qualifications were as uncongenial to his work as they could well be. He knew a deal of what is told in books, but his knowledge of mankind was limited to "The Town;" and of the world beyond it, he was as ignorant as his own "Rasselas" of everything outside the happy valley. He was, in fact, just a noble specimen of the Cockney. He seems to have expected, when he crossed the Tweed, to see something as foreign and strange as if he had gone to Cashmere or Morocco for it. He did find a few patrician courtiers, the insides of whose dwellings—and that was the only side he cared about—was just the same as those of the English Howard's and Wilmot's. In the next step of the social scale he found a difference, but not such as he expected or desired, though, had he remembered the political condition of Scotland, and the foreign tendencies of the gentry, he might have expected it. In that range of country life, where at home he could only find October ale-drinking, fox-hunting boors, he met with polished gentlemen and accomplished scholars, who had studied at Leyden, Ratisbon, or Douay. The unfortunate politics, and the presence of actual civil war, raised their social position, since their thoughts and their conversation ran on dynasties and foreign alliances, instead of parochial bickerings and disputes about rights of way and swing-gates. In another grade he found, just as at home, pompous pig-headed professors and frousy country clergymen of the epicurean or the ascetic cast, like the Trullibers and Parson Adamases he had left behind. Most unpleasant of all, there were men whom he did or might meet, whose literary fame was so considerable that it has since eclipsed his own.

The scientific traveller was then becoming common, but Johnson had no science, and when he touched on it he wrote nonsense. He came to the country to condemn it, and he did condemn it. One of his foregone conclusions was that it was a barren treeless tract, and in this he managed somehow to make out his point. It is curious to observe how skilfully he evaded the finest scenery of Scotland. Going northwards, he hugged the sea, as sailors sometimes say of the shore, and thus kept on that bleak coast, swept by east winds, which a Kentucky man is said to have commended as "an almighty clever clearing." When at Aberdeen, if he had chosen to turn the hill, and get into the nearest shelter, he would have found scattered clumps of trees, which, thickening as he went up the Dee, would scarce have deserted him till he found himself in the great forest of Glen Tanner, which, down to recent times, not only sufficed for the shipping in the north-east coast, but gave the port of Aberdeen an export trade in ship-timber. Glen Tanner would have

given him shelter till it handed him over to the still wider forest districts of Braemar and Ballochbuie. The trees would disappear as he approached the snows and precipices of the source of the Dee, but on the other side he would find one or two gnarled pines struggling bravely up to the edge of the snow, and these, thickening as he descended, would bring him to the dense forests of Rothiemurchus, Glen More, and Glen Feshie, where Aaron Hill proposed to establish timber-yards and sawpits for the navy. Such would have been the character of his journey had he turned westward. Eastward was a scene of another kind. There spread the broad plains of Buchan, so affluent in sand that the drifts would often cover many an acre, and once desolated a whole parish. Except the few who make a dash at the Bullers, the modern tourist would no more think of penetrating here—though the aspect of the country has brightened with much verdure since Johnson's day—than he would spend a week in the Romney Marsh. The hospitable mansion of Lord Errol seems to have been the direct attraction that led Johnson into this desert, but when he beheld the character of the country so opened to him, he must have felt the joy which brightens in the bosom of the malignant when their worst suspicions about their enemies are confirmed. His next step showed great ingenuity. It was difficult to get through the Highlands without encountering trees; but through the Highlands he would go, so he selected his route through those districts where General Wade, for strategic reasons, had burned the forests, and thus got through uninterrupted to the Hebrides, where, as in Buchan, the watery winds sweep the shore. He was thus enabled conscientiously to say,—

“Of the hills, many may be called, with Homer's *Ida*, *abundant in springs*; but few can deserve the epithet which he bestows upon *Pelion*, of *waving their leaves*. They exhibit very little variety, being almost wholly covered with dark heath, and even that seems to be checked in its growth. What is not heath is nakedness, a little diversified by now and then a stream rushing down the steep. An eye accustomed to flowery pastures and waving harvests is astonished and repelled by the wide extent of hopeless sterility.”¹

Some of the lovers of mountain scenery maintain that it has in it a potency of physical exhilaration, which may impart intellectual enjoyment, but is not under the control of the intellect. They say that a sworn abstainer may as well drink wine and smoke opium experimentally, in the certainty that his hatred of stimulants and narcotics will resist their influence, as a lover of parks and lawns can wander among mountains with-

¹ *Journey*, 1st Ed., p. 84.

out feeling them stir his blood ; and really Johnson seems to have felt it, despite his prejudices and his resolution to adhere to them, uttered in the preceding and many other passages. In fact, he had broken down, like some surly stoic who determines to resist the influence of a tragedy or a touching romance ; and we find him, for one brief moment only however, in this condition :—

“ I sat down on a bank such as a writer of romance might have delighted to feign. I had, indeed, no trees to whisper over my head, but a clear rivulet streamed at my feet. The day was calm, the air soft, and all was rudeness, silence, and solitude. Before me, and on either side, were high hills, which, by hindering the eye from ranging, fixed the mind to find entertainment for itself.”¹

The storm which “the journey” raised in the Scottish mind was prodigious, and perhaps had its influence on the reaction in favour of the national scenery. An Englishman, named John Topham, was living in Edinburgh when this thunderbolt burst, and has left this account of the scene :—

“ EDINBURGH, *January 24, 1775.*

“ Dr. Johnson’s account of his tour into Scotland has just made its appearance here, and has put the country into a flame. Everybody finds some reason to be affronted. A thousand people who know not a single creature in the Western Isles interest themselves in their cause, and are offended at the accounts that are given of them. But let this unfortunate writer say what he will, it must be confessed they return it with interest. Newspapers, magazines, pamphlets—all teem with abuse of the Doctor. While one day some very ingenious criticism shows he might have wrote such a thing better, the next others equally ingenious prove he had better never have wrote such a thing at all. In this general uproar, amidst this strife of tongues, it is impossible that a dispassionate man should be heard.”²

The works of some of his assailants are highly amusing. He laid himself open to assault by the rash way in which he tilted at everything that did not conform with his own experience and philosophy of high civilisation and culture. For instance, announcing the profound principle that “where there are mountains there are commonly minerals,” he finds that in the Western Highlands “common ores would be here of no great value ; for what requires to be separated by fire, must, if it were found, be carried away in its mineral state, here being no fuel for the smelting-house or forge.” In strange antithesis to this stands a passage in De Foe, also speculating on the possibility of discovering ore in the Highlands :—

“ But it seems reserved for a future and more industrious age to search into ; which, if it should happen to appear, especially the iron,

¹ *Journey*, 1st edit., pp. 86, 87.

² Topham’s *Letters from Edinburgh*, p. 137.

they would no more have occasion to say that nature furnished them with so much timber and woods of such vast extent to no purpose, seeing it may be all little enough to supply the forges for working up the ironstone, and improving that useful product. And should a time come when these hidden treasures of the earth should be discovered and improved, this part of Scotland may no longer be called poor; for such a production would soon change the face of things, bring wealth and people and commerce to it, fill their harbours full of ships, their towns full of people, and by consuming the provisions, bring the soil to be cultivated, its fish cured, and its cattle consumed at home, and so a visible prosperity would show itself among them.”¹

But there was a practical answer to the reproach as affecting the Highlands generally, more conclusive than theory could afford. On account of the vast quantity of wood in the Western Highlands, mining companies in England took their ores to be smelted there. One of these smelting places, within a few miles of Inverary Castle, where Johnson got high hospitality, has left its reminiscences in the name of “Furnace,” yet held by the village where it stood, and in the quantity of slag still scattered around the site of its extinguished and demolished furnaces.² It is remarkable, however, that all the assailants deal with the material charges of poverty and barrenness; none of them has the hardihood to maintain that the scenery of “Caledonia stern and wild,” has its own special merits as well as the parks and pastures of England.

Of the weakness of a cause one may sometimes find a clearer revelation in a defence of it than in an attack on it. Among the national champions, a certain James Alves delivered in rhyme his wrath against the partial tales—

“When Johnson fibs, or jaundiced Junius rails,
When Wilkes degrades, or Churchill bolder sings
The fall of Scotland and her race of kings.”

The following lines, with their extremely meagre amount of inspiration, are curious in their very prosaicness, as showing the terms on which the impeacher and the vindicator met. That

¹ *Tour*, iii. 201.

² Some of his critics were too angry, and in too much haste to give vent to their wrath, to limit their comments to matters in which he could be thus distinctly contradicted. A good specimen of angry incoherence is furnished by *Remarks on Dr. Samuel Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides*, by the Rev. Donald M'Nicol, A.M., minister of Lismore, in Argyleshire. This Highland minister, writing from the fastnesses of his own mountains, thus gallantly maintains the ancient renown of his country for shipbuilding, without having his authorities at hand:—“There was a ship of war built in Scotland, in the minority of James IV., the equal of which had never been built in Britain, nor seen upon the seas in those times. Its dimensions I am not just now able to ascertain; but they have been accurately described by several of our historians, whom I have not at present an opportunity of consulting” (p. 158).

all the scenery which tourists now swarm in was abominable to English taste is admitted, and it is also admitted that not a word can be said in favour of its beauty; utility is its sole merit—

“Those barren hills which hurt an English eye,
Afford the streams which vast machines supply,
Whose powers, directed by mechanic skill,
Must each design on easiest terms fulfil;
Nay, even our heaths, in such derision held,
For growing commerce leave an open field;
Our barren rocks which English wits detest,
And make the butt of many a clumsy jest,
By art transformed they shape the pile sublime,
And strength and grandeur to convenience join;
Defy for ages time's corroding rust,
When mould'ring bricks are mingled with the dust.”¹

These verses, which cannot be called poetry, remind us that hitherto, like Monsieur Jourdain, we have been dealing with mere prose. It is naturally to poetry and romance that we should look for the most distinctive symptoms of the existence of a sense of the sublime and beautiful in scenery. Let us see whether these do more than their plain companion for our scenery. It is said by some Welsh scholars that the descriptions of scenery in the old Welsh poems are so applicable to the West Highlands, as to show that King Arthur held his court there; but this is a point on which we possess neither Welsh learning nor virtue enough to lift up our testimony. If Thomas of Erceldoun wrote the Romance of Sir Tristrem, he would have preserved his copyright of fame by describing the Eildons and Huntly Burn. It is difficult to speak to what is not to be found in any kind of literature; yet from a considerable acquaintance with old Scots poetry, from The Bruce downwards, we incline to deny that throughout there is in it anything descriptive of the romantic scenery of Scotland. James I. and Dunbar are both exquisite describers of nature; but it is of garden or agricultural nature. Alexander Hume's delicious poem of *The Day Estival*, or *Summer Day*, contains a series of pictures of rural life as lovely as Cuy's, but all are life in the plain, or by the side of the smooth flowing river. The sole allusion to anything else is when he describes the heat of midday:—

“The time sae tranquil is and still,
That nowhere shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
The ayr of peeping wind.”

Mr. Pierce Gillies, in editing *The Essays of a Prentise in the*

¹ Alves's *Banks of Esk*.

Divine Art of Poesie, by James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England, says: "Amid the romantic scenery of his birth and education, he probably never looked on any object with the true eye of a poet. . . . He had no eye for wild and unsophisticated nature. There is no evidence that he ever looked with rapture on the castled cliffs and ærial towers of his native city; or that he ever watched with a heart full of emotion the beams of the morning sun ascending out of the sea; and the rocky cliffs of Arthur Seat, that overhang Holyrood Palace, half seen, half lost, amidst the lingering vapour of night." How should he have been expected to have an eye for such things? The sense of them had not been discovered or invented—whichever be the proper term. It was no more likely to be referred to in poetry than any undiscovered portion of science, such as the steam-engine or electricity.

Perhaps Shakspeare, in the two words of his scene direction, "Blasted Heath," has done more than any one in his day to stamp a feature of Scottish scenery. Mr. Charles Knight laboured hard to prove him one of a set of players who had gone as far northward as Aberdeen. He thought the description of Macbeth's Castle had the clearness and precision of one who had seen the building. Then he is accurate in his topography while speaking of two remarkable features of our scenery—Dunsinane and Birnam. The strongest point, however, was, that his witch was the Scottish witch—a creature of the wilds and wastes and storms—not the English witch, who existed in barn-door plebeianism, tormenting poor clowns and their cattle in the most vulgar and unpoetic of forms. Shakspeare, however, found the nature of the Scottish witch in the books. His instinct told him there was poetry in it, and he seized it. Perhaps if he had actually been in Scotland we should have had something from him as good as the description of Dover Cliff.

To the general dearth of expressions in old poetry purporting an enjoyment of the savage features of the scenery of Scotland, there is an odd exception; an exception carrying us a great deal further than the old proverbial notion that the exception renders the rule all the more distinct by drawing attention to its precise terms. In the old poem we refer to there are quaint melodious reminiscences of scenes which are thronged by the tourists of the present day, and which yet, for centuries after the date of the poem, were deemed howling wildernesses, into which the lover of pleasure journeys no more thought of entering, than he now does of going to the Black country or the Fens. Here are some lines from that poem, in which the ordinary tourist will recognise several of the places he has been compelled to go to in the course of his duty:—

"Now farewell Rannoch, with thy loch and isle,
To me thou wast right traist both even and morn;
Thou wast the place that would me nocht beguile,
When I have been oft at the King's horn.

* * * * *

Now good Glendochart, for ever more adieu,
That oft has been my buckler and my beild (*protection*);
Both day and night to me thou wast right true,
And lately until when I grew in eild (*age*),
And durst no more be seen upon the field,
Than dare the owlet when the day is light,
Yet thou me keeped with thy main and might.

Farewell Glenloch, with thy forest free;
Farewell Fernay, that oft my friend has been;
Farewell Morinch. Alas, full woe is me!
Thou wast the ground of all my woe and teyne (*grief*).
Farewell Breadalbane, and Loch Tay so sheen;
Farewell Glenurchy and Glenlyon baith,
My death to you will be but little skaith.

Farewell Glenalmond, garden of Pleasance,
For many fair flowers have I from you ta'en;
Farewell Strathbran—and have remembrance
That thou shalt never more see Duncan again.

* * * * *

Farewell Stratherne, most comely for to know,
Plenished with pleasant policy preclair,
Of towers and towns standing fair in row.

* * * * *

Farewell Menteith, where oft I did repair,
And came unsought aye, as does the snow,
To part from thee my heart is wonder sair."

The existence of this morsel in ms. in Taymouth Castle excited a good deal of curiosity in the inquiring world, at last gratified by Professor Innes, who printed it for the Bannatyne Club in the *Black Book of Taymouth*. If not, properly speaking, published, it was thus put at the command of all who might desire to see it and comment on it. The best commentary, however, that we yet have on it, is to be found in Professor Innes's own *Sketches of Early Scotch History*, to which we refer for a fuller account of the whole affair than any we can here give room for.¹

It was generally supposed that Laideus, as the hero is called, was a merely typical person, but he comes forth as a man of this world in very emphatic form and large proportions. He is identified with Duncan M'Gregor of Ladassach, the head of a band of reivers of that proscribed name. He flourished for a period

¹ See *Sketches of Early Scotch History*, p. 355, et seq.

unusually long for one in his position—from the year 1513 to the year 1552—and hence perhaps the fame that tempted our anonymous poet to impersonate him as a type of his class. The poem professes to embody his prison thoughts while waiting execution in the feudal dungeon of the Earl of Breadalbane. That potent chief had the old power of pit and gallows. He would have thought twice before he exercised the power of death on any responsible subject of the king; but with a M'Gregor it was a different affair. Putting one of their tribe to death was at all times meritorious, and in fact it would have been considered a sort of indecorum to trouble the king's courts about the matter. While Duncan was at large, to be sure, the king's court fulminated indictments and other documents against him, which did him no harm, while they furnish us, through their hard formality of statements, with some glimpses of his ferocious and sanguinary life. One of them says how, under "silence of night," he came to the house of one of the retainers of Breadalbane, "and by force took him furth of his said hous, and by way of murder strake him with whingairs (or hangers), and cruelly slew him, and spulyet and took from him his purse, and in it the sum of forty pounds; and incontinent thereafter passed to the lands of Killin, to the house of ane pure man called John M'Bean, piper, and there assegit the said house and brake the doors thereof, and by force took the said John forth of the samin, and strake his head from his body and cruelly slew him." Professor Innes says, "There is poetry in the wild wail of the chained robber, and moreover a sense of natural beauty and a tenderness of feeling which we do not look for in writers of that age, and which no earlier Scotch poet had expressed so well, if we except the admirable Gawin Douglas."¹

This sense of natural beauty and tenderness are the specialties that are significant to the present purpose. The poem is a satire of that kind which clothes in the attributes of the loved and the beautiful whatever is most loathed and detested. It is in the same vein of the burlesque that in the *Pickwick Papers* the dirty ruffians clustering about a debtors' prison of the old type, are found sentimentally moralizing over past scenes of London street-brutality, as Byron muses on his boy-feelings and the dreams he then dreamt under the shadow of Lochnagar, or as Waverley recalled all that had passed between his first and second visit to Tully-Veolan. So when Neddy is called upon to remember the pugnacious butcher, Tom Martin: "Bless my dear eyes," said Mr. Roker, shaking his head slowly from side to side, and gazing abstractedly over the grated window before him, as if he were fondly recalling some

¹ *Sketches*, p. 365.

peaceful scene of his early youth ; " it seems but yesterday that he whopped the coal-heaver down Fox-under-the-Hill, by the wharf there. I think I can see him now a-coming up the Strand between the two street keepers, a little sobered by the bruising, with a patch o' winegar and brown paper over his right eyelid, and that 'ere lovely bull-dog as pinned the little boy arterwards a-following at his heels. What a rum thing time is, ain't it, Neddy ? " The old satirist finds his fun in the grotesqueness of linking ideas of sentiment and poetry with Highland scenery ; the modern novelist finds his in linking such ideas with low London life.

The Lowlander viewed the Highland reiver of that day with loathing, and a contempt only modified by terror. Even the panic of rage, fear, and antipathy, aroused in the London mind two years ago against the ticket-of-leave men whom imagination set garotting in every street, was something far inferior. To put poetical sentiment and feeling into the mouth of one of the accursed race was high irony. It was heightened by making the events of his savage criminal life the object of his tender reminiscences. It was still further heightened by the physical character of the places on which his affections alighted. Instead of lawns and pleached alleys, fair gardens and fountains, it was that howling wilderness, that abode of horrors—the Highlands of Perth and Inverness—the district which all the fashionable world now delight in. To speak of Glendochart, Glenloch, Glenurchy, Breadalbane, Loch Tay, and Stratherne, was sufficient to call up sensations of the most lively horror and disgust.

The reiver's sentimental reminiscences point to two distinct elements of Highland scenery, each adored in the present day for its special beauties. The one was where he got his prey, the other where he hid it and himself. Along all the streams there are straths or haughs of rich alluvial land. Until sheep-farming began, these were the only productive tracts close to the Highlands, and their acreage was valuable as well for its fruitfulness as its narrowness. But there was one terrible element in the price paid by the Lowland peasant who cultivated these straths—the ceaseless vigilance and contest with " the Children of the Mist "—who occupied the rocky recesses rising close over them. At that time the ethnic position towards each other of the Celtic freebooter and the Lowland farmer was about as antagonistic as that of the Red Indian to the Pilgrim Father in New England.

Our extracts may possibly have been read without a suspicion that the author had not himself some sympathy with the old Highlander bidding an eternal farewell to the scenery which he loved. The fact is that the asterisks in the quotations represent some lines that would have revealed the wolf. For instance,

there is pleasant Stratherne, "most comely for to know"—that was a tempting district, rather far off from the places of retreat, and also rather strong in a warlike Lowland peasantry, but rich in cattle, and worth a great venture. After the sentimental lines, there follow these—

"I rugged thy ribs till oft I made them roar,
Gar thy wives, if they will do no more,
Sing my dirge after usum Sarum,
For oft time I gart them alarum."

To those who know the local history of the times, this rugged of the ribs calls up a scene of horror such as, in later times, has only been realized by the Indian scalplings of distant settlements in America, or the Sepoy rebellion in India.

It will serve, perhaps, still more distinctly to emphasize the antagonism between the existing and the older notions about the Highlands, to remember that this Duncan M'Gregor was just a Roderic Dhu, and that nothing was more natural than that about his out-premises there might be seen wandering some captive maniac, like Blanche,

"Tane in the morn she was a bride,
When Roderic forayed Devon side."

All the world knows about the loveliness of Ellen's Isle, and the heroic and romantic incidents of which a rich poetic fancy, by selecting the picturesque elements out of realities, made it the theatre. Thousands are the pilgrims who have worshipped at the shrine, and found it even lovelier than they expected in its rich feathering of birch and aspen. But to respectable persons of the sixteenth century, it was a den of Cacus, infested by murderers, and a great emporium of stolen goods. In the indictments it was called Island Varnoch, a picturesque enough name, which might have been of use to Scott, if he had fallen on it. Some persons were indicted for the slaughter of John Macgillies, several thefts of horses and cattle, and "being in company with Duncan Macewan Macgregor, called The Tutor, at the burning of Aberuchel, where seven men were slain, three bairns were burnt, twenty kine and oxen were stolen, reft, and away taken." And the next accusation is for "taking part with the rebels and fugitives that took to the isle called Island Varnoch, and taking into the said isle of eight score kine and oxen, eighteen score sheep and goats, stolen, reft, and away taken from the inhabitants of the country about," "whilk," as the document elsewhere says, "were eaten and slain by them within the said island."¹ The place was viewed with horror as the dwelling of creatures, filthy, ferocious, and half-naked, who lived like

¹ *Pitcairn's Criminal Trials*, iii. 232.

wild beasts, surrounded by the bones, the refuse, and the rotting carcasses of the animals they had stolen. But a still more revolting suspicion hung around them—that of cannibalism. It was often recalled how St. Jerome said he had seen the Celtic Scots eating human flesh, and had noticed how they relished the more succulent parts of the bodies of women and young people. The suspicion that the Highlanders were cannibals lingered in England later than the '45. In that exceedingly popular book, Captain Johnston's *Lives of Highwaymen and Robbers*, there is a specific and sober account of Sawney Bean and his gang who had eaten away to such an extent as to have told on the census if there had been one. If, therefore, the inhabitants of the isle had sedulously tended a comely Lowland maiden such as Ellen Douglas, they might have borne the suspicion sometimes incurred by New Zealanders when attentive to the feeding of their missionaries; that is, always supposing her to have been as Wordsworth puts it—

“A creature not too wise and good
For human nature's daily food.”

To come back to the ordinary poetic literature of Scotland. William Drummond, as every tourist knows pretty well, possessed one of the most charming little specimens of Scottish rock and river scenery in existence; but if he ever makes any allusion to it in his poetry, we have not discovered the passage. People say that strange piece of wild and plaintive musing, called a Cypress Grove—like a combination of Jeremy Taylor, Cicero, and Sir Thomas Browne—had reference to a grove of his own, but it was doubtless purely mythical. In some complimentary verses addressed to him by his contemporary the Earl of Stirling, there is a distinct reference to his stream of Esk, and some other allusions to scenery, of which the reader may make the best he can. Thus—

“Swan which so sweetly sings
By Aska's banks, and pitifully plains,
That old Meander never heard such strains,
Eternal fame thou to thy country brings;
And now our Caledon
Is by thy songs made a new Helicon.
Her mountains, woods, and springs,
While mountains, woods, springs be, shall sound thy praise,
And though fierce Boreas oft make pale her bays,
And kill these myrtles with enraged breath
Which should thy brows enwreath,
Her floods have pearls, seas amber do send forth,
Her heaven hath golden stars to crown thy worth.”

If the poet had in his mind the place

“Where Johnson sat in Drummond's classic shade,”

he did not deal with it as our modern poets do. But Lord Stirling—perhaps better known as Sir William Alexander, the founder of the Scottish baronetage of Nova Scotia—has left other touches which show that he and Drummond had some little enjoyment of Scottish scenery of the secondary kind. Thus—

“Those madrigals we sung amidst our flocks,
With garlands guarded from Apollo’s beams,
On Ochils whiles, whiles near Bodotrian streams,
The echoes did resound them from the rocks,
Of foreign shepherds bent to try the states;
Though I, world’s guest, a vagabond do stray,
Thou may thy store, which I esteem, survey.”

Thus it appears that the two poets had companionable wanderings among the Ochils—a seat of very noble scenery, including the cleft rock on which Castle Campbell stands, the turbulent rocky break of the Devon called the Devil’s Mill, the Rumbling Bridge, and the Calder Linn.

We shall find Scottish poets of a century later affording us fewer traces of a love of scenery even than this. There is a beautiful poem which, since the days of Leyden’s and Scott’s early investigations, has been at large in search of an author. It is called “Albania,” and may be, for aught we know, quite familiar to our readers, though the original edition of it is a rarity, and even Leyden’s *Scottish Descriptive Poems* in which it is reprinted, is not in every one’s hands. It was first printed in 1737, the editor telling the world that it “was wrote by a Scottish clergyman some years ago, who is since dead.” Aaron Hill—who, as we have seen, travelled in Scotland—was much struck by this piece, and endeavoured to express his appreciation of it in poetry:—

“Known though unnamed since, shunning vulgar praise,
Thy muse would shine, and yet conceal her rays.”

All that internal evidence tells is, that he lived in Aberdeen, whether a native of that district or not. This poem rather deals with the material elements of the country’s strength, than with anything æsthetic. In the noble simplicity and beauty with which it describes vulgar material objects it might be compared to Raphael’s arabesques. But touches of a sense of the beautiful in nature break through it, and the concluding lines testify that the author enjoyed wild scenery:—

“There view I winged Skye and Lewes long,
Resort of whales, and Uist where herrings swarm,
And talk, at once delighted and appalled
By the pale moon with utmost Hirta’s seers,
Of beckoning ghosts, and shadowy men that bode

Sure death. Nor there doth Jura's double hill
Escape my sight; nor Mull, though bald and bare;
Nor Islay, where erewhile Macdonalds reigned.
Thee too Lismore! I hail St. Moloch's shrine;
Inchgall, first conquered by the brand of Scots:
And filled with awe of ancient saints and kings,
I kiss, O Icolmkill, thy hallowed mould.
Thus, Caledonia, many-hilled; to thee
End and beginning of my ardent song
I turn the Druid's lyre, to thee devote
This lay, and love not music but for thee."

There is here a germ of the pure feeling for Scottish scenery which is not to be found in Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, pastoral though it be. It has often been remarked that Allan's shepherds have a kind of Cowgate twang about them, and the imperfectness of his descriptive power is to this day a distraction and torment to hapless tourists, in this respect, that there are two rival competitors—quite unlike each other—for the honour of being the genuine "Habbie's-How."

There is a powerful revelation of the feeling of the day in that beautiful little ode of Smollett's on Leven Water. The tourist now rushes as fast as he can past that commonplace stream—no better than an ordinary English river—ardent to seek the inner wilds of Glenfalloch or Balquhiddier. It was probably the immediate contrast with such abominations that inspired the poet to sing how—

"No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly rambles o'er its bed
With white round polished pebbles spread.
While lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood:
The springing trout, in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war,
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine."

It would almost seem as if these mellifluous lines were made so attractive to draw off attention from the earlier stages of these waters, tossing down the sides of the mountains in their disreputable ruffianism; yet at this day it is in this early stage, and not in their reputable condition as "a charming maze," that the waters which, in the Falloch and other roaring torrents, toss

themselves into Loch Lomond, and pass through to the Firth of Clyde, delight the pleasure-seeker.

James Thomson was an exquisite describer of nature, but he chose English nature for his theme, discarding the claims of the wild Border land in which he passed his youth, as well as those of the North Highlands in which he was a sojourner. Yet it is possible to detect here and there the tone of one whose eye had been educated in scenery wilder than he describes. For instance, that fine descriptive touch—

“Where o’er the rock the scarcely waving pine,
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.”

His account of the shepherd lost in the snow is thoroughly moorland, and in the *Castle of Indolence*, there is a picture one would carry home to the Highland forests—which were more abundant in his day than they now are:—

“Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable silent solemn forest stood,
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As idless fancied in her dreaming mood;
And, up the hills on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood,
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard to flow.”

Another poet was much more untrue to his native hills, though he professed to sing of them. This was Alexander Ross, the author of the *Fortunate Shepherdess*. That work is a remarkable testimony to a phenomenon which might be termed absolute blindness to sublimity in scenery. The cottage of its author may still be seen in the wild pass fortified by the old tower of Invermark, whence rises up an array of vast mountains rough and precipitous—the group of which the chief is Byron’s Lochinvgair. The author had not the excuse of seeking distant classical scenery for neglecting what were thus continually in his eye, for the incidents of the poem are entirely Highland. They turn on the event thus curtly set down—

“Nae property these honest shepherds pled,
All kept alike, and all in common fed;
But ah! misfortune, while they feared no ill,
A crowd of Ketterin did their forest fill;
On ilka side they took it in wi’ care,
And in the ca’ nor cow nor ewe did spare.”

They carried off the heroine—and hence the story. But it is all mythical and fancy pastoral, a good deal like Barclay’s *Argenis*, which the author, who was a scholar, seems to have

had in his eye. In one place, he gives a very pretty little description of a scene which shows that he could paint with the pen—but he goes down the glen for it, describing a scene purely lowland.

“The water keely on a level slid
Wi’ little din, but couthy what it made.
On ilka side the trees grew thick and strang,
And wi’ the birds they a’ were in a sang;
On every side, a full bowshot and mair,
The green was even, gowany, and fair;
With easy sklent on every hand the braes,
To right well up, wi’ scattered busses raise.
Wi’ goats and sheep abone, and ky below,
The bonny braes a’ in a swarm did go.”

On the supposition that the love of mountain scenery is an acquired taste, and that the first and most natural objects of human admiration are things made by human hands, one would expect the waterfall to be the first prominent object taken up as the taste for nature advances, and so in practice we find it to be. Among what may be called the rugged elements of nature, the cataract was the first to be tolerated. It presented an immediate analogy to the fountain—a very ancient ornament. When water power came into use, it was impossible to resist admiration of a phenomenon which was so grand an exaggeration of the mill-race, from the edge of which careful mothers drew their children with a shudder. It was an admiration like Hajji Baba’s, who, when told that the huge steamship was moved by the vapour of boiling water, said it must have the great-grandmother of all kettles on board. The Romans *made* waterfalls; articles that laugh to scorn such productions as the cataract at Virginia Water. There was Tivoli, and also Terni, “a hell of waters where they howl and hiss,” as Byron said. He pronounced it to be the first waterfall in Europe, Handec being the second; but we suspect he is wrong, and that there are finer specimens than either in Norway or Bavaria.

There was something in the geological conditions of waterfalls to facilitate early familiarity with them. The finest of them belong to accessible countries. The feeders up among the far recesses of the mountains have not wealth enough of water to make a great display, and have only the interest of wild, little, restless, raving torrents through dungeons walled in by closing rocks. Even when the burn descends from near the top of a mountain to the glen below, there are few high leaps—sometimes to the hunter after the picturesque provokingly few. The adjustment to each other of the masses of primitive

rock through which they generally pass makes it so. It is when the streams have united and swollen into rivers, and then find the terraces on the lower ranges of the mountains that the most notable waterfalls exist—witness Niagara, where the fall is from a terrace in a country comparatively flat. Niagara was known and wondered at long before people cared for other kinds of wild scenery—dry scenery we might call it, if we were to frame a tourist nomenclature on the principles of the commercial room. We know this from a large old engraving of it—seventeenth century work evidently. So early as the year 1678, indeed, a certain Johannes Herbinus wrote a systematic dissertation on cataracts, full of curious reading and curious plates.¹

The chief Scottish falls are very accessible. Those of the Clyde in the midst of agriculture and manufactures; the Grey Mare's Tail close to a high-road through the pass from one district to another; the falls of Devon in a fruitful vale; and even Foyers, not far from a frequented high-way and a navigable loch. At Corra Linn there is, or used to be, a testimony to its popularity, at a time when mountain scenery was not only neglected but detested. This is a summer-house built in a substantial manner by Sir James Carmichael of Bonniton in 1708. "From its uppermost room," says the parish clergyman in the old Statistical Account, "it affords a very striking prospect of the fall; for all at once, on throwing your eyes towards a mirror on the opposite side of the room from the fall, you see the whole tremendous cataract pouring as it were upon your head." The founder of this summer-house had probably been a travelled man, who brought such an idea home with him as one of the ingenious resources of the polite world abroad, which, fortunately, has not been extensively adopted among us. The falls of the Clyde have been celebrated in a poem of the middle of last century by the elder John Wilson, who deals in powerful metaphors:—

"Where down at once the foaming waters pour,
And tottering rocks repel the deafening roar;
Viewed from below, it seems from heaven they fell,
Seen from above, they seem to sink to hell."

Thus we find people so far awakened to a hankering for the picturesque as to find something to feed it on in a cataract. The phenomenon is, in fact, calculated to awaken the lowest and least æsthetic instincts of curiosity. It is a seeming insurrection against the orderly conditions of nature—a row, a kick-up, a great splutter. The persons who rush to see a fire or a street

¹ *Dissertationes de Admirandis Mundi cataractis, supra et subterraneis, earumque Principio, auctore M. Johanne Herbinio, Bicinâ-Silesio, Amsterdam. 1678.*

outbreak, feel something genial in it. It thus drew attention when the taste for scenery was in an extremely chaotic condition. Of those who looked upon the cataract with a touch of feeling higher than the brutal love of the phenomena of disorder, some would naturally extend their allegiance to the other and calmer portions of the stream that had caught their attention by impetuously dashing itself over the rock. If they did so, their thoughts would come into communion with other and deeper sensations tending to consecrate rivers in the love and almost the devotion of the people. There has long been a reverence for the chief rivers in Scotland. There are traces of the same feeling in other countries, and it has its causes, like every other phenomenon; but this is not the occasion for investigating them. That the feeling has in Scotland come under the eye of the very highest authority in such matters, is shown when we recall Frank Osbaldistone approaching the upper reaches of the Forth in that weary ride with the Bailie and Andrew Fairservice. "'That's the Forth,' said the Bailie with an air of reverence, which I have observed the Scotch usually pay to their distinguished rivers. The Clyde, the Tweed, the Forth, the Spey, are usually named by those who dwell on their banks with a sort of respect and pride, and I have known duels occasioned by any word of disparagement."

There is scarcely a river of any note in Scotland that cannot boast some considerable poetic tribute. Even so modest a stream as the Don has been solemnized once in Latin hexameters, and twice at least in vernacular verse. Collectors in this department of Scottish topography are acquainted with a thin quarto volume called *Donaides*, professing to be the produce of the genius and scholarship of Joannes Ker, Professor of Greek in King's College, Aberdeen. The professor, however, influences the tenor of this effort more than the pastoral poet. There is little in it either about the river or the scenery, and it concentrates on the university to which its author belonged—standing near the mouth of the river—and a Mæcenas of the establishment, whose munificence probably influenced the author's income. The river nymphs, of course, bear trophies and tribute to him, among the items of which are myrtles, laurels, and other vegetables, which do not naturally grow on the banks of the Don. There is a very small scrap in the vernacular called "A Poem in imitation of Donaides, by David Malloch, A.M." This is the same man who afterwards earned celebrity in England as David Mallet—the same who was hired by the Duchess of Marlborough to write the history of the great duke, and managed so successfully in his talk about what was gone over in this division and that chapter, that

he got paid for the completion of the book when he had not written a line of it. His poem is a bad translation of part of the bad Latin original.

It is instructive as to old notions of what was worth seeing and commemorating in Scotland, that the Don was evidently a much greater favourite than its neighbour the Dee, now revered as gathering round its upper reaches some of the most beautiful and most sublime scenery to be found in Scotland. The Don was a more substantially affluent stream, as sweeping between good corn and pasture lands. There was an old saying, "Don for corn and horn; and Dee for fish and tree." No special efforts of the muse were ever bestowed on the Dee, until just the other day the scholarly Dr. Adamson printed his *Arundines Deæ*. The river was perhaps for the first time named in known poetry when, nearly contemporaneously, Hogg sung "the grisly rocks that guard the infant rills of Highland Dee;" and Byron in his forbidden poem said—

"For auld lang syne brings Scotland—one and all—

Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills, the clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgownie brig's black wall,
All my boy feelings, all my tenderer dreams
Of what I then dreamt."

The Tay has a poet-laureate of its own, whose work is very peculiar, puzzling its reader with the question whether it is or is not to be counted a work of genius. It is called *The Muses Threnodie*, which means the mournful muses.¹ It is a sort of *In Memoriam*, the memory of one who had departed from among three sincere friends being ever recalled in mournful numbers. The parts of the poem are ranged, like the history of Herodotus, by the order of the nine muses, but the special function of each has as little influence on the character of the division devoted to her, as she has on the unadorned narrative of the father of history.

One of the triumvirate of friends commemorated in the book was a George Ruthven, a physician in Perth. It appears that he was more than ninety years old when the book was published in 1638. He was a boy, of the age at which events leave an indelible impression, at the epoch of the Reformation, and he was thus able to distribute gossip about momentous acts. His anecdotes thus make Adamson's verses of some importance as authority in history. But Ruthven had acquaintance with

¹ "The Muses Threnodie, or Mirthful Mournings on the Death of Mr. Gall, containing a variety of pleasant poetical descriptions, moral instructions, historical narrations, and divine observations, with the most remarkable antiquities of Scotland, especially of Perth, by Mr. H. Adamson. Printed at Edinburgh, in King James's College, 1638."

historical events coming rather too near to his own door. He belonged to the Gowrie family, who enacted the celebrated mystery with King James. Much as has been said about this, a good deal has still to be set forth, and may be so some day.

Adamson's poem has for some time been in much esteem among people curious in the literature and antiquities of Perthshire; its merits have not been to the same extent known to, and acknowledged by, the rest of mankind. It seems that the author of the poem was diffident about letting it out to the world. As his editor says, "Mr. Adamson was importuned by his friends to publish the two poems. He resisted their solicitations, but the request of his friend Mr. Drummond at last prevailed." This is William Drummond of Hawthornden.

Of course, to have excited his admiration, Adamson's muse is classical. In estimating it critically, one must remember that it belongs to the very beginning of the classic epoch, and was of such kind as, had it appeared half a century later, would have been termed imitative and conventional. But such as it is, it is original, and it is so unlike anything written in the present day, that we are perhaps better judges of its merit than our grandfathers, who were cloyed with such stuff. To those, indeed, who have got a little tired, first of the Scott and Byron, and next of the Tennyson and Longfellow school, matter like the following, which is the opening of "The eighth muse," will almost be refreshing:—

"What blooming banks sweet Earn, or fairest Tay,
Or Almond doth embrace! these many a day
We haunted! where our pleasant pastorals
We sweetly sung, and merrie madrigals.
Sometimes bold Mars, and sometimes Venus fair,
And sometimes Phœbus' love we did declare;
Sometimes on pleasant plaines—sometimes on mountains,
And sometimes sweetly sung beside the fountains.
But in these banks, where flows Saint Conil's well,
The which Thessalian Tempe doth excell,
Whose name and matchless fame for to declare,
In this most doleful dittay must I spare;
Yet thus dar say, that in the world again
No place more sweet for muses to remain
For shadowing walks, where silver brooks do spring,
And smelling arbours, where birds sweetly sing,
In heavenly music warbling like Arion,
Like Thracian Orpheus, Linus, or Amphion,
That Helicon, Parnassus, Pindus fair,
To these most pleasant banks scarce can compare.
These be the banks where all the muses dwell,
And haunt about that crystall brook and well.

Into those banks chiefly did we repair,
 From sunshine shadowed—and from blasting air,
 Where with the muses we did sing our song."

The word "mountains" occurs in this passage, but it is used in a kind of pastoral sense. What comes more to the point is, that the pilgrims of the Tay begin a few miles above Perth and sail downwards. The haugh or alluvial land here begins, and broadens downwards till it forms the broad, flat Carse of Gowrie. These carse lands were then the only portions of Scotland that resembled those broad acres of England that have been covered for centuries with oaks and apple-trees and wheat. It was entirely on these fruitful plains that Adamson indulged his melancholy muse. We hear nothing from him about the majestic scenery of the upper regions of the river, now so ardently frequented by admiring pilgrims. He notices the Almond, thinking of the flat meadows through which it passes just before its junction with the Tay, but he has nothing to do with the narrow rocky glen some twenty miles farther up, where is the reputed grave of Ossian, now known to every reader by those wild lines of Wordsworth which so haunt the memory, "In this still place, remote from men."

The Clyde is a sort of antithesis of the Tay and of most other rivers. It flows towards the Highlands. We have already dealt with the poet who commemorates its cataracts. He duly traces the stream down, describing all the specialties of scenery and life around it, to

"Where Bute's green bosom spreads to meet the day,
 Round Rothesay's towers the morning sunbeams play."

Around are the Argyleshire mountains and the peaks of Arran. The author has manfully done his poetic duty on streams, cataracts, bridges, lawns, forests, gardens, sheep pastures, fish and fishers, shepherds, shepherdesses, and all the old accepted elements of poetry. He has even gone out of the old routine to give poetic dignity to coal mines, manufactories, shipyards, salt-works, and various other institutions with which the real has much more to do than the ideal. He seems, however, to be entirely at a stand for inspiration when he gets into that grand group of mountain scenery which it is difficult for us now to imagine any one looking at without feeling the impulses of poetic thought throbbing within him. Having bestowed his homage on Bute and the Cumbraes in due proportion, he could not evade Arran. He seems to have been sore perplexed how to deal with those vast porphyry rocks, but with a poetic ingenuity that does him credit, he evades the difficulty by

getting immediately to the top of Goatfell ; turning his back on the grand mountain masses on the other side, he keeps his eye steadily on Ayrshire, where he receives the favourite themes of his muse :—

“Far look thy mountains, Arran, o’er the main,
And far o’er Cunningham’s extensive plain ;
From Loudon Hill and Irvine’s silver source,
Through all her links they trace the river’s course ;
View many a town in history’s page enroll’d,
Decay’d Kilwinning and Ardrossan old ;
Kilmarnock low, that ’mid her plains retires,
And youthful Irvine that to fame aspires.
In neighbouring Kyle, our earliest annals boast,
Great Colin fell, with all his British host ;
His antique form, with silver shining bright,
In pleasant Caprington delights the sight.”

If we professed to give anything beyond a mere sketch of superficial phenomena, and were to aspire at philosophy, we might endeavour to explain how the eye’s enjoyment of a river would naturally extend to the immediate landscape around it, and so travel onwards. But we have the fact that, physically, rivers open up scenery. They do so not merely in fishing and navigable traffic. Their alluvial banks are, as we have seen, the readiest fertile ground, and they at the same time afford natural levels for inland transit. These two causes will be sufficient to account for the houses of the gentry having been placed on the river’s edge wherever such a site was available. It will be hard to find an instance of a laird in possession of a margin of river building out of sight of it. Probably, in most instances, the mansions were built on principles of pure utilitarian convenience, long before the owners discovered that the prospect commanded by them was beautiful.

It is a remark, partaking of a truism, that accessibility promotes the popularity of scenery. What nature in this respect owes to science is well exemplified in the district we are now speaking of—the Highlands accessible from the Clyde. It is almost impossible to estimate the blessing which this pleasure-ground is to Glasgow. It raises one of the densest, dirtiest, and most immoral conglomerates of humanity to a stage above many of the finest cities of the empire, as a place of residence for one who must live in a city. There is a sort of compensating spirit in that steam which, having made the mills, created also the delightful place of refuge from their dust and din. No wonder that James Watt is a sort of deity here. How, even with the luxuries of the Saut-Market, Glasgow could have been endurable without this refuge, it is difficult to

by extracts, without professing to give a single original sentence. There was, besides the library quartos, a drawing-room abridgment of his Tour in *The British Tourists' or Travellers' Pocket Companion*. The volumes are very readable; so readable indeed as to be now rare, because they were used up. It was through Pennant that the world first received the eloquent outpouring of admiration and surprise with which Sir Joseph Banks commemorated his discovery of Fingal's Cave. It was by Pennant, too, if we mistake not, that the poem on the ascent of Ben Lomond, scratched on a window-pane at Rowardennan, was first published, and became so popular that until lately no Scotch guide-book could any more dispense with it than it now can with

"The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way."

Jane Maxwell, Duchess of Gordon,¹ was a very extraordinary woman. Her strong colours are now fading away almost to extinction, in fulfilment of the destiny of all social reputations. Had she not been a Duchess she would have been famous still, because, filling a rank insufficient within its own bounds to afford work for so active a spirit, she must have done something in literature or otherwise that posterity would have remembered. An anecdote about her father, Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, affords one of the boldest and sharpest of the retorts preserved in Dean Ramsay's pleasant *Reminiscences*, and shows the blood she inherited.

The three great points of the Duchess were her beauty, her wit, and her impudence. She was, to use a modern slang expression, "up to anything." In the great world she could hold her own with Fox and Talleyrand. But her remarkable powers enabled her to appropriate whatever was mentally remarkable in the small world without losing caste—the terror of all people of high rank when they unbend. Thus she had about her Lord Kames, Harry Erskine, Clerk of Eldin, and among men of genius, Beattie the poet and Robert Burns. The two last named were born peasants. The one had made himself a learned professor, and of course a gentleman entitled to hold his head up. The other was what all the world knows; but it served to allay his morbid irritation towards the world, to come within the influence of one so lofty, as to see little difference between the position of the country gentleman or eminent lawyer on the one side of her, and the peasant poet on the other. She had a passion for the scenery in her neighbourhood, and it was worthy of her admiration.

¹ See *North British Review*, No. lxxviii.

She lived on the western slope of the Cairngorm mountains, at almost the nearest inhabitable point to the grand scenery walled in by them. All the great folks had to go there whether they liked it or not, and the precipices and scenery of Braeriach and Ben Muich Dhui were thus better known in that day than they have been since. Her daughters succeeded to her taste. There was a story in the country—we forget whether it was about the mother or one of the daughters—how being one day on the top of Ben Muich Dhui with a child and a large dog, she was caressing the child, when the dog either in jealousy or fancying she was injuring the child, flew at her and bit her so as to pull part of the flesh of the forehead over her eyes, and so through that terrible wilderness she had to find her way home bleeding and blinded.

It seems to have been through this influence that Burns was prompted to sing of the Highlands, and of course whatever he said was well listened to. He did honour to Foyers, and the power of his pen is attested by the leafy covering that shelters the Bruar Water—the fruit of his poetic Petition. Still these are not Burns's great works, nor is his strong spirit in them. Though he proclaimed that his heart was in the Highlands, he never celebrated them with so much heart as in that yell of rage and disappointment in which he says—

“ There's naething here but Hieland pride,
But Hieland scab and hunger.”

Burns seems to have loved lowland scenery best. This, of course, is matter of opinion, but we shall put it to something like a test. Every one knows the land of Burns as a professional tourist's district. That land is lowland, though it is close to a fine Highland district which would have been included in it, had Burns been partial to wandering there. He sang of the “banks and braes of bonny Doon,” blooming so fresh and fair; this is the lowland part of the Doon where it winds through the pastures of Ayrshire. But far up, the Doon roars between great walls of rock, and brings you to a lake surrounded by grand mountains of granite. This region where Kirkcudbrightshire and Ayrshire meet would have been in itself probably an illustrious touring district, but for the ease with which the western Highlands are reached.

Throughout Macpherson's Poems of Ossian, however, which, though written earlier, reached the climax of their celebrity about the same time, there is quite a Highland spirit. It is not that there are set descriptions of scenery, but there is a feeling that the whole action goes on in a land of wild heaths, great mountains, torrents, tempests, and ancient

forests. People have occupied themselves so much about the great question of genuineness that they have overlooked the mighty poetic genius of the author. Whatever he got from authentic sources, the scenery is his own, for it is not the way of the old Irish writers to touch it. Indeed, this was one of the metamorphoses necessary in the subtraction of the stories from Ireland and their adaptation to Scotland, since the portion of Ireland ruled by Fingal or the Fin M'Coull of the annalists has little or no mountain scenery. He does not deal in detailed pictures of scenery, but the feeling of it is in almost every line, and sometimes a little sketch weaves itself into the narrative, as in the description of an ancient tomb: "A mountain stream comes roaring down, and sends its waters round a green hill. Four mossy stones in the midst of withered grass rear their heads on the top. Two trees which the storms have bent spread their whistling branches around. This is thy dwelling, Éragon; this thy narrow house." Or take a passage from the many addresses to the sun: "Thou too, perhaps, must fail: thy darkening hour may seize thee, struggling as thou rollest through the sky. But pleasant is the voice of the bard—pleasant to Ossian's soul. It is like the shower of the morning when it comes through the rustling vale on which the sun looks through mist just rising from his rocks. . . . Pleasant is thy beam to the hunter sitting by the rock in a storm, when thou showest thyself from the parted cloud, and brightenest his dewy locks; he looks down on the streamy vale, and beholds the descent of roes." Again: "Pleasant from the way of the desert the voice of music came. It seemed at first the voice of a stream far distant on its rocks. Slow it rolled along the hill, like the ruffled wings of a breeze when it takes the tufted beards of the rocks in the still season of night." The Poems of Ossian were one of the literary feats that from time to time have taken the world by storm. They filled the hearts of their readers with their own sentiment; and thus the roaring of the mountain-torrents, the sighing of the winds among the rocks, the grey moors, and the stormy hill-tops were rescued from vulgarity; they were associated with the sublimity, instead of the coldness, bleakness, and sterility that chilled the soul of Captain Burt.

Still there were several steps ere the passion for scenery in its present shape reached its climax in the *Lady of the Lake*.

It is a pleasant task to endeavour to throw a little sunshine on a reputation which has been overshadowed by another. Of all those who have heard of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, only a few have heard of the little book called "Sketches descriptive

of Picturesque Scenery on the Southern Confines of Perthshire," published in 1806, by Patrick Graham, minister of Aberfoyle. Though it was Scott who made the Trossachs illustrious, Graham was their discoverer. This book is meritorious and curious in literature, from its being among the earliest not only to notice the specialties of Highland scenery, but to notice them in the same æsthetic spirit in which they are now cultivated. Take this—

"Ben-Venue, in Aberfoyle, is perhaps one of the most picturesque mountains in Britain. Its height is about 2800 on the north; besides the immense masses of rock which appear in this and in all other mountains to have been, by some convulsion of nature, torn from the summit, the whole slope is covered, for two-thirds upwards, with alders, birches, and mountain ashes of ancient growth, and sprinkled over the surface with a grace and beauty unattainable by the hand of art. At the first opening of Loch Katrine especially, and for a considerable way along the lake, the shoulder of Ben-Venue, stretching in abrupt masses towards the shore, presents a sloping ridge, elegantly feathered with birches, in a style which the pencil may in some degree exhibit, but which verbal description cannot possibly represent."

He offers his advice to the visitor in a way which shows his decided conviction that he was revealing to the world what it was a great loser by not being acquainted with, and the crowds who have since flocked thither confirm his testimony. Having induced his stranger to visit his favourite district, he says—

"On entering the Trossachs, let him remark on the right the beautiful disposition into which nature has thrown the birches and the oaks which adorn the projecting cliffs; let him remark the grouping of the trees, with their elegant figure and form. Some aged weeping birches will attract. Ben-An and Ben-Venue will present at every step varied pictures. In passing through the dark ravine that opens on Loch Katrine, whilst he admires again the disposition of the birches, the hawthorn, the hazels, and oaks, and mountain ashes, let him remark an echo produced by the concave rock on the left, which, though too near to repeat many syllables, is remarkably distinct and loud. Immediately on entering Loch Katrine, let him attend to the magnificent masses of Ben-Venue as they tumble in upon the eye from the south; there can be nothing more sublime."

Observe, we are not maintaining that this would be either very remarkable thinking or very fine writing were it some quarter of a century nearer us. There are some conventionalisms of a past style in it, not in full harmony with the genius of the place, such as the word "elegant," which reminds you of the Irish guides at Killarney, with their "illigant" waterfalls and "illigant" echoes. But remember that Mr. Graham is a beginner of a school. We test him as we do Chaucer in poetry, or Van

Eyck in painting, and in this sense he challenges admiration and respect.

He proposed that some plan should be taken to open up his favourite district by giving visitors the means of accommodation. Recent pilgrims to the Trossachs will perhaps be amused by the modest bound within which he retained his suggestions. "It has often," he says, "occurred to the writer of this sketch, that it might well reward the trouble and expense of the innkeepers of Callander, or of the occupier of the farm of Breichyle, on which the northern part of this celebrated scenery lies, to build a cottage either at the eastern extremity of the lake, or in a small neck of land which runs into it about a mile to the west. Two comfortable bedrooms, with a kitchen and an open shade, with some provisions for horses, would be enough. There from the 1st of May to the 1st of November should a servant be kept, and a supply of provisions sent from time to time from the inn at Callander or Aberfoyle."

Worthy Mr. Graham was not aware of the splendid destiny that awaited the spot on which he had bestowed his affections. Had Scott, before he wrote the *Lady of the Lake*, "invested" in a handsome hotel at the Trossachs, it would have been a better speculation than many he indulged in. There have been quack doctors who have acted in this managing way, setting up establishments on the chance of a system of cure to be promulgated by them becoming famous. Nature has a balance, however, in the distribution of her gifts, and perhaps the genius that could invent and perfect such a scheme is not the same as that which can create a great poem. No productions of the present day, not even Macaulay's History, created such a wild sensation as the great works which were the successive steps in fame to Scott and Byron. There are those alive who remember the astonishment of the country folks at the impetuous influx of all peoples, nations, and languages to their wild solitudes. The poem was a great wonder in its fresh novelty of social life as well as of scenery. We have seen how the same subject,—the life and social condition of a reiver,—was treated by an author, his contemporary. That author would doubtless have thought it just as impossible to make a hero out of a Roderic Dhu, as we would now think it impossible to make a hero out of any prowling thief who casts a furtive squint at the policeman as he skulks away.

ART. II.—*Epigrams, Ancient and Modern: Humorous, Witty, Satirical, Moral, Panegyrical, Monumental.* Edited, with an Introductory Preface, by the Rev. JOHN BOOTH, B.A., Cambridge. London: Longman. 1863.

A BOOK of English epigrams, original and translated, was a *desideratum* in our literature; but the want has not been supplied by the volume before us, which is a poor production. As a collection, it is neither select, complete, nor correct. It omits many good epigrams; it has a great preponderance of bad ones. It gives bad editions of some of the best; and it contains many things that are not epigrams at all. Take a few examples of its faults:—

“NOBILITY OF BLOOD.

“Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunella;
What can ennoble fools, or knaves, or cowards?
Nothing; not all the blood of all the Howards.

DRYDEN.”

Here we have two disconnected couplets from Pope's *Essays*, well enough known to be hackneyed, forced into union so as to do service as an epigram, the fourth line spoiled in the transcription, and the whole ascribed to Dryden.

One of Prior's best epigrams is the following, said to have been made extempore:—

“Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve.
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?”

This spirited and harmonious verse is thus transmuted in Mr Booth's collection:—

“Gentlemen, here, by your leave,
Lie the bones of Matthew Prior:
A son of Adam and Eve,
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher?”

Take another, in a different style of blundering:—

“ON TWO BEAUTIFUL ONE-EYED SISTERS.
“Give up one eye, and make your sister's two,
Venus she then would be, and Cupid you.”

With half an eye one may see that a one-eyed *sister*, even by becoming wholly blind, could not be a Cupid. But the lines are, in truth, an abridged translation of the elegant Latin

epigram on a one-eyed *brother* and sister, by Hieronymus Amaltheus, which is to be found in Pope's *Selecta Poemata Italorum*, as well as in other collections :—

“Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro ;
Et potis est formâ vincere uterque Deos.
Blande *puer*, lumen, quod habes, concede sorori :
Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.”

It is somewhat curious to trace this blunder of Mr. Booth's to its source, as we think we can do. The German poet Kleist had condensed this Latin epigram into a couplet, and to make it intelligible, had prefixed to it what the critics call a *lemma*, being a clumsy contrivance by which the title of the epigram furnishes a part of the explanation which the epigram itself should give. Kleist's title is thus given in German :—“An zwei sehr schöne, aber einäugige *Geschwister*.” Mr. Booth, or the authority from whom he borrows, has translated Kleist's production, but seems to have supposed that *Geschwister* meant *sisters*, whereas it here means a *sister* and *brother*.

We subjoin two translations of the original epigram, one of them by Charles Cotton, but neither, we fear, very successful :—

“Acon his right, Leonilla her left eye
Doth want ; yet each in form the Gods outvie.
Sweet boy, with thine thy sister's light improve,
So shall she Venus be, and thou blind Love.”

“Acon his right eye, Leonilla mourns
Her left ; yet each a god-like grace adorns.
Let but *your* eye, sweet boy, your sister's be ;
Blind Cupid you'll become, bright Venus she.”

Malone, in his *Life of Dryden*, has given us another version by George Russell, which is more elegant, but more diffuse :—

“But one bright eye young Acon's face adorns,
For one bright eye fair Leonilla mourns.
Kind youth, to her thy single orb resign,
To make her perfect, and thyself divine ;
For then, should Heaven the happy change allow,
She would fair Venus be, blind Cupid thou.”

So much for the execution of Mr. Booth's task. Let us now offer some remarks on the subject of the book.

Except in the single article of length, or rather of shortness, the Epigram presented to us in the Garland of Meleager is essentially different from the Epigram of Martial and of the modern school. The Greek model is chiefly marked by simplicity

and unity, and its great beauties are elegance and tenderness. The other form of Epigram is, for the most part, distinguished by a duality or combination of objects or thoughts, and its excellence chiefly lies in the qualities of wit and pungency. The one kind sets forth a single incident or image, of which it details the particulars, in a natural and direct sequence. The other deals with a diversity of ideas, which it seeks to connect together by some unexpected bond of comparison or contrast. To minds familiar exclusively with the later style of Epigram, its more ancient namesake appears at first sight tame and insipid ; but a better acquaintance with the beautiful epigrams of the Anthology reveals by degrees their true merit, and their high place in literature.

In what way these two different forms of composition came to pass under the same name, is not very easily understood ; but perhaps the best explanation of it is that which has been suggested by Lessing. The original epigram was merely an inscription, and presupposed some column, statue, or other visible monument on which it was inscribed. The object thus presented was necessarily such as to excite attention and interest, and the inscription was framed to answer the inquiry to which the object gave rise. The more recent epigram is not properly an inscription, and has no visible or external counterpart to which it corresponds. But it supplies this want by something within itself. It sets out with some proposition calculated to excite curiosity, and to call for an answer or solution, which, after a short suspense, the close of the epigram proceeds to supply. From the nature of the case, the tendency of such a composition must be, to seek out relations of thought which will produce surprise ; and hence it will come to deal chiefly with those ingenious analogies which are the essence of wit : a paradox stated, and reconciled to common sense ; a groundless reproach turned into a compliment, or a compliment into a banter ; a foolish jest exposed and refuted by a clever repartee ; any difficulty propounded and dexterously evaded,—these, and similar developments of ideas, seem to constitute the true epigram of the more recent school. This view of Lessing's has been the subject of controversy, and it must be owned, that many things pass for epigrams that scarcely comply with his definition or description. Many a mere *bon-mot* receives, when versified, a name that it does not deserve. So also may a short story, or anecdote, or epitaph. But the model epigram of this class must, we think, consist of the two parts to which we have referred, and which may be termed the *preparation* and the *point*. Its best merits are exhibited in the startling or perplexing enunciation of the subject, in the unexpected and yet complete expli-

cation of the mystery or difficulty raised, in the dexterity with which the solution is for a time kept out of sight, and in the perfect propriety and felicity of the language employed throughout. The true epigram—whether serious or comic—whether sentimental or satirical—must always be short; for its object is to be quite portable, easily remembered, easily repeated, and easily understood, so as to pass freely from mouth to mouth, and fasten readily in every memory.

The respective merits of the *pointed* and the *pointless* epigram will always be differently estimated by different tastes. A man, celebrated in his time, Navagerio or Nagerius, a Venetian senator of high classical attainments, had such a dislike to the style of Martial, that he kept, with solemn observance, a day in the year, when he committed to the flames three copies of that author, as a sacrifice to the manes and memory of Catullus, of whom he was an ardent admirer. Perhaps, however, this exhibition of feeling on his part had not reference merely or mainly to the epigrammatical style of the two poets. It was connected probably with the known preference which Navagerio gave to the pre-Augustan Latin writers, over those even of the Augustan age. The best poems of Catullus are far superior in delicacy and tenderness to any of Martial's; and if the address to Sirmio is to be called an epigram, Catullus is about the first epigrammatist that ever wrote. But according to modern ideas, few even of his minor poems can properly be called epigrams; and anything that he has written in that epigrammatic style seems to us of no very high order. There is scarcely room, therefore, for a comparison between the two poets, and men of catholic taste will be content to admire both writers in their several spheres without seeking to disparage either. In the pointed epigram, it seems undeniable that Martial was eminently successful, and that his best specimens abound, not only with wit and ingenuity, but with good sense and good feeling.

We do not intend here to enter on the consideration of the Greek Anthology. That subject was, in our own time, and at our own door, so admirably and exhaustively illustrated by one whose genius as a poet was most conspicuous in his criticisms on poetry, that it would be unpardonable in us to re-open the theme without having some ideas to offer more new or more striking than any we can hope to bring to the task. Neither shall we attempt to travel over the wide extent to which Epigram has been diffused through all modern literatures, whether clothed in classical or in vernacular language. That field, though hitherto but little explored, is too large and comprehensive, and the relations of its different parts are too complex and recondite to be embraced in any discussion of ordinary dimensions.

The object of this paper will be to show the general principles which regulate the Modern Epigram, and to bring out the beauties and structure of our English epigrams, with such reference to compositions of that kind in other languages as may suggest the influences under which our native epigrammatists have written, and the sources from which their manner or materials have been derived.

We have scarcely any eminent English poet that can be styled an epigrammatist. Ben Jonson has a book of 133 epigrams, but not many of them are quotable, or ever quoted, except some of a serious cast, which are not truly epigrammatic. Harrington's epigrams have merit; but they also, for the most part, are harsh and obsolete. By far our best writer of epigrams is Prior, though his epigrams are comparatively few in number, and some of them are of inferior merit. The great bulk of this commodity among us is supplied by authors unknown, or better known for other things; and by translations or paraphrases of favourite epigrams from Martial and from modern French writers.

We subjoin here a few of the best English epigrams, not for their novelty, but as illustrating the rules as to this mode of composition which we before indicated, and showing the different ways in which curiosity and suspense, surprise and satisfaction, may be produced, as well as the occasional deviations that occur from the right standard.

We begin with two or three of Harrington's Epigrams, the first of which is one of the best in the language, and is often quoted, but very seldom referred to its author.

" OF TREASON.

" Treason doth never prosper, what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none doth call it Treason."

" OF SIXE SORTS OF FASTERS.

Abstinēt Aeger, Egens, Cupidus, Gula, Simia, Virtus.	Sixe sorts of folks I find use fasting days, But of these sixe, the sixt I only prayse. The sick man fasts, because he cannot eat. The poore doth fast, because he hath no meat. The miser fasts, with mind to mend his store; The glutton, with intent to eat the more; The Hypocrite, thereby to seeme more holy. The Virtuous, to prevent or punish folly. Now he that eateth fast, and drinks as fast, May match these fasters, any but the last."
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" OF ENCLOSING A COMMON.

" A lord that purposed for his more avayle,
To compasse in a common with a 'ayle,

Was reckoning with his friend about the cost
And charge of every rayle, and every post ;
But he (that wisht his greedy humour crost)
Sayd, Sir, provide you posts, and without fayling,
Your neighbours round about, will find you rayling."

" OF TWO WELSH GENTLEMEN.

" Two Squires of Wales arrived at a towne,
To seek their lodging when the sun was down ;
And (for the In-keeper his gates had locked),
In haste, like men of some account they knocked.
The drowzy Chamberlaine doth aske who's there ?
They told, that Gentlemen of Wales they were.
How many (quoth the man) are there of you ?
They sayd, Heer's John ap Rees, ap Rise, ap Hew ;
And Nicholas ap Giles, ap Stephen, ap Davy :
Then Gentlemen, adieu, (quoth he) God save yee.
Your Worships might have had a bed or twaine,
But how can that suffice so great a traine ? "

Those that follow we give almost at random, and without
reference to chronology :—

"DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS."

" ' Live while you live,' the epicure would say,
' And seize the pleasure of the present day.'
' Live while you live,' the sacred preacher cries,
' And give to God each moment as it flies.'
Lord, in my view let both united be,
I live in pleasure while I live to Thee."

Doddridge.

" None, without hope, e'er loved the brightest fair :
But love can hope where reason would despair."

Lord Lyttleton.

" On parents' knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled ;
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep."

Sir W. Jones, from the Persian.

" I loved thee, beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow ;
So altered are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now."

Lord Nugent.

" If all be true that I do think,
There are five reasons we should drink :

Good wine ; a friend ; or being dry ;
Or lest we should be by and by ;
Or any other reason why."

Dean Aldrich.¹

" THE METAMORPHOSIS.

" The little boy, to show his might and pow'r,
Turn'd Io to a cow, Narcissus to a flow'r ;
Transform'd Apollo to a homely swain,
And Jove himself into a golden rain.
These shapes were tolerable ; but by th' mass
H' as metamorphosed me—into an ass."

Suckling.

" If man might know
The ill he must undergo,
And shun it so,
Then it were good to know :
But if he undergo it,
Tho' he know it,
What boots him know it ?
He must undergo it."

Suckling.²

" Rich Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning bend
To increase that wealth he wants the soul to spend :
Poor Shifter ! does his whole contrivance set
To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get.
Kind Fate and Fortune ! blend them, if you can ;
And of two wretches make one happy man."

Walsh.

" Jack eating rotten cheese did say,
' Like Samson I my thousands slay.'
' I vow,' quoth Roger, ' so you do,
And with the selfsame weapon, too.' "

Anonymous.

¹ This is a translation of the following lines :—

" Si bene commemini, causæ sunt quinque bibendi :
Hospitis adventus ; præsens sitis ; atque futura ;
Et vini bonitas ; et qualibet altera causa."

² This is a translation of the Greek lines :—

Εἰ μὲν ἦν μαθεῖν
'Α δεῖ παθεῖν,
Καὶ μὴ παθεῖν,
Καλὸν ἦν τὸ μαθεῖν.
Εἰ καὶ δεῖ παθεῖν
Α δεῖ μαθεῖν,
Τί δεῖ μαθεῖν ;
Χρὴ γὰρ παθεῖν.

"With nose so long and mouth so wide,
And those twelve grinders side by side,
Dick, with a very little trial,
Would make an excellent sun-dial."

From the Greek.

"Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it:
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."

Rogers.

"To John I owed great obligation;
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit."

Prior.

"Ovid is the surest guide
You can name to show the way
To any woman, maid, or bride,—
Who resolves to go astray."

Prior.

"Brutus unmoved heard how his Portia fell;
Should Jack's wife die,—he would behave as well."

Anonymous.

"When late I attempted your pity to move,
What made you so deaf to my prayers?
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love;
But—why did you kick me down stairs?"

Anonymous.

"When Tadloe treads the streets, the pavours cry,
God bless you, Sir!—and lay their rammers by."

Anonymous.

This last epigram seems to have been a great favourite with our forefathers. It is the last quoted in his preliminary essay by the worthy editor of the *Festoon*, Mr. Richard Graves, the author of the *Spiritual Quixote*. He gives it as an innocent and allowable allusion to personal peculiarities, nowise derogatory from the maxims in those lines which he so earnestly cites to us, "Cursed be the verse," etc., and we quite agree with him.

One writer there is, of English, or rather of Welsh birth, who wrote exclusively in Latin, and who is well entitled to the name of epigrammatist. John Owen, or Audoenus, a native of Caernarvonshire, an Oxford scholar, and ultimately a poor country schoolmaster, published four successive sets of epigrams, which were collected into one volume, about the year 1620, and were received with great approbation both in this country and on the Continent. He appears to have been patronized and pensioned

to some extent by Henry Prince of Wales, to whom some of his books were dedicated. He died in 1622.

A regular epigrammatist must, we suspect, be a singular and rather unhappy sort of man, with some of the idiosyncrasies and sorrows of a comic actor, a paid writer in *Punch*, or a professed punster. What is other men's amusement is his business. He is perpetually in pursuit of materials to make epigrams of. The various incidents and relations of life, whether serious or ludicrous, are regarded by him in only one point of view: as affording secret analogies or antitheses that may be put into an epigrammatic form. Owen seems to have been thoroughly imbued with this spirit. An epigram was to him everything. All the arts, all the sciences, all ranks, all professions in life, all things in heaven or on earth, human and divine, were epigrammatized by him. He seems, like Antony, to have been ready and willing to lose everything for the Cleopatra of his affections, and a remarkable instance is given of a sacrifice thus incurred by him. One of his epigrams, alluded to by all his biographers, is in these terms :—

“ An Petrus fuerit Romæ, sub iudice lis est :
Simonem Romæ nemo fuisse negat.”

“ If Peter ever was at Rome,
By many has been mooted :
That Simon there was quite at home,
Has never been disputed.”

This playful allusion to the double relation of the name SIMON had a twofold effect on Owen's fate. It gained him a place in the Pope's *Index Expurgatorius*, and it lost him one in the will of a rich Catholic uncle. The same general idea we have seen elsewhere embodied in these lines—

“ The Pope claims back to Apostolic sources ;
But when I think of Papal crimes and courses,
It strikes me the resemblance is completer
To Simon Magus than to Simon Peter.”

It has been observed by Lessing that it is impossible to read much of Owen at a time without a strong feeling of weariness, which he ascribes to the fact that the style of his epigrams is pedantic, and that he deals too much in abstract ideas, without the life-like pictures that a man of the world would have presented. There may be something in this view ; but it should be remembered that epigrams are not food, but condiment, and that any large dose of them is both repulsive and unwholesome. The continued tension in which the mind is kept, and the rapid and renewed exertion that is constantly occasioned by passing

from one unconnected set of ideas to another, produce the same sense of fatigue that we feel in an exhibition of pictures, even when the individual works are of high excellence.

Owen's epigrams, which are many hundreds in number, are of very various merit; but they display a large amount of ingenuity and fertility of thought and fancy, with much rectitude of feeling, great neatness and terseness of expression, and no inconsiderable degree of learning and acquaintance with affairs. Some of them are not worth translating, and some are untranslatable, such as those which turn on mere verbal wit, as where Jacob and Esau are each said to have given *omne jus suum* to his brother. Others are excellent exercises in versification, and several translations of a great part of them have appeared. It is not within our purpose to dwell long upon them here; but we venture to subjoin a few of the more remarkable as a specimen:—

“Vis bonus esse? velis tantum, fiesque volendo:
Is tibi posse dabit, qui tibi velle dedit.”

“Would you be good? then *will* to be; you'll *be* so from that hour;
For He that gave you first the Will, will give you then the Power.”

Or thus:—

“Would you be good? the will is all you want: .
By merely willing it, your wish is gained:
For He the needful Power will straightway grant
From whom the rightful Will you first obtained.”

“VOTUM SALOMONIS.

“Cur Regis sapientis erat Sapientia votum?
Optasset Salomon, si sapuisset, opes:
Non optavit opes Salomon; sapientius optat:
Nam sapere optavit: Cur? quia non sapuit.”

“Solomon, had he been wise, would for Wealth have preferred his
petition;
Needless it were to have wished what he already had got:
Wisely he asked not for Wealth, but for Wisdom to mend his
condition;
Was it because he was wise? No, but because he was not.”

“Dat Galenus opes, dat Justinianus honores,
Dum ne sit Patiens iste, nec ille Cliens.”

“Physic brings wealth, and Law promotion,
To followers able, apt, and pliant;
But very seldom, I've a notion,
Either to Patient or to Client.”

- "Hoc quod adest Hodie, quod nomen habebat heri? Cras.
 Cras Hodie quodnam nomen habebit? Heri.
 Cras lentum, quod adest nunquam, nec abest procul unquam,
 Quonam appelletur nomine cras? Hodie."
- " 'This day which now you call To-day,
 What yesterday you called it, say :'
 We called it then To-morrow.
 'And what its name to-morrow, pray ?'
 Why then, the name of Yesterday
 'Twill be compell'd to borrow.
- "To-morrow, too, which ne'er is here,
 But ever is advancing near,
 A like fate will befall it :
 It will to-morrow change its name,
 And quite another title claim :
 To-day we then must call it."
- "Theiologis animam subjecit lapsus Adami,
 Et corpus Medicis, et bona Juridicis."
- "From Adam's fall behold what sad disasters !
 Both us and ours it sells to various masters :
 Our soul to Priests, our body to the Doctors,
 Our lands and goods to Pleaders and to Proctors."

While on the subject of Latin epigrams written by Englishmen, we may notice one of considerable merit, occasioned by the remarkable controversial incident said to have happened in the sixteenth century to the two Reynoldses, William and John: "Of which two brothers, by the way," so Peter Heylyn tells us in his *Cosmographie* (p. 303), "it is very observable, that William was at first a Protestant of the Church of England, and John trained up in Popery beyond the seas. William, out of an honest zeal to reduce his brother to this Church, made a journey to him; where, on a conference between them, so fell it out that John, being overcome by his brother's argument, returned into England, where he became one of the more strict or rigid sort of the English Protestants; and William, being convinced by his brother John, stayed beyond the seas, where he proved a very violent and virulent Papist: of which strange accident, Dr. Alabaster, *who had made trial of both religions*, and amongst many notable whimsies, had some fine abilities, made the following epigram, which, for the excellency thereof and the rareness of the argument, I shall here subjoin:—

"Lis et Victoria mutua.
 Bella inter geminos plusquam civilia fratres
 Traxerat ambiguus Religionis apex :
 Ille Reformatæ Fidei pro partibus instat,
 Iste reformandam denegat esse fidem.

Propositis causæ rationibus, alterutrinque
 Concurrere pares et cecidere pares.
 Quod fuit in votis, fratrem capit alterutroque,
 Quod fuit in fati, perdit uterque fidem.
 Captivi Gemini nullos habuere triumphos,¹
 Sed victor victi transfuga castra petit.
 Quod genus hoc pugnae est? ubi victus gaudet uterque,
 Et tamen alteruter se superasse dolet."

" Religious discord, when such feuds were rife,
 Two brothers roused to worse than civil strife.
 On Reformation's side the one was ranged ;
 The other wished the Ancient Faith unchanged.
 In wordy war, th' opponents, nothing loath,
 Rush'd on to battle, and were vanquish'd both.
 Each, as he wish'd, the other's doctrine shook,
 But each, as fate decreed, his own forsook :
 No triumph from such victory could flow,
 When both were found deserting to the foe.
 Strange combat ! where defeat with joy was hail'd,
 And where the conquerors grieved they had prevail'd !"

Another of the same.

" Upon opposite sides of the Popery question
 (The story's a fact, though it's hard of digestion),
 Two Reynoldses argued, the one with the other,
 Till each by his reasons converted his brother.
 With a contest like this did you e'er before meet,
 Where the vanquish'd were victors, the winners were beat !"

We shall here add a single but very celebrated epigram by one who received from a brother poet the highest possible tribute of praise—

(" Poet and Saint ! to thee alone are given
 The two most sacred names of earth and heaven :")

Crashaw, to whom we allude, is not, we think, very happy in his English epigrams ; but his Latin ones contain much beauty, and that which we have selected is among the best and most famous, though, strange to say, it is often misquoted.

" AQUÆ IN VINUM VERSÆ.

" Unde rubor vestris et non sua purpura lymphis ?
 Quæ rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas ?
 Numen (convivæ) præsens agnoscite numen ;
 Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit."

¹ Heylyn's reading is—

" Captivi gemini sine captivante fuerunt."

But we prefer what we have given in the text, which is taken from another source.

“Why shine these waters with a borrowed glow?
 What rose has tinged the stream as forth it gushed?
 Ye Guests, a present Deity thus know;
 The modest Nymph beheld her God, and blushed.”

There is, perhaps, a fault in this epigram, as introducing in the close, by the use of the word *Nympha*, a mythological idea into a sacred scene; and the line would perhaps be in better taste if we adopted the common but incorrect reading—

“*Lympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.*”

Of which there could be no better translation than the school-boy's *impromptu* :—

“The modest water, awed by power divine,
 Beheld its God, and blushed itself to wine.”

That our own countrymen may here not wholly be overlooked, we shall give one Latin epigram, if it be not rather an epitaph, by a Scottish writer, who belongs, indeed, to the post-Augustan age; but the specimen we select had the honour to be translated by the greatest English poet of his age or party. Dr. Archibald Pitcairn, whose writings, if well illustrated, would reveal a good many curious particulars as to his own times, was a thorough Jacobite and a firm Episcopalian; though these opinions were, by his enemies at least, thought to be quite compatible with an absence of any genuine religious belief. We insert his lines upon the Death of the Viscount of Dundee, with Dryden's version :—

“IN MORTEM VICECOMITIS TAODUNENSIS.

“Ultime Scotorum, potuit quo sospite solo
 Libertas patriæ salva fuisse tuæ :
 Te moriente, novos accepit Scotia cives,
 Accepitque novos, te moriente, Deos.
 Illa tibi superesse negat, tu non potes illi :
 Ergo Caledoniæ nomen inane vale ;
 Tuque vale, gentis priscae fortissime ductor,
 Ultime Scotorum, atque ultime Græmæ, vale.”

“Oh last and best of Scots ! who didst maintain
 Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign ;
 New people fill the land now thou art gone,
 New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
 Scotland and thee did each in other live ;
 Nor wouldst thou her, nor could she thee survive.
 Farewell, who dying didst support the state,
 And couldst not fall but with thy country's fate.”

Dryden.

If British epigrammatists who have written in Latin are

conceive. But the adaptability of the human animal is amazing, and there are those who can find satisfaction anywhere. Nay, there is a very genial picture of what are the enjoyments—the moral enjoyments—of a Gorbals or Stockwell Street, without steamers, in a clever little book called *Rambles round Glasgow*.

The stratum of transition, to use a geological phrase, where the love of waters passes on to their rocky banks, may be hit at Dunkeld, where the soft in forest and meadow blends into the wild. In Captain Slezer's hard engravings of Scottish towns and mansions, scratched about the period of the Revolution, there is just one in which an attempt is made to bring out picturesqueness in mountain scenery, and that one is of Dunkeld. The scene becomes still more picturesque when it is transferred into the *Délices de la Grande Bretagne* of Beeverell, printed in 1727, where it is said of Dunkeld that it stands "dans une campagne, où l'on voit d'un côté d'agréables forêts et de l'autre de hautes montagnes pelées et fort roides qui semblent la menacer de leurs cimes."

Towards the end of the last century, Highland scenery obtained a considerable rise in the market through the combined influence of four great social powers, all working separately and independently of each other, but all helping in one cause. These were, Pennant the traveller, Jane Duchess of Gordon, Robert Burns, and James Macpherson. Pennant, who is now much forgotten, was an eccentric man of genius. Perhaps he is less remembered for his books than for that enmity of his towards the prevailing fashion of wigs, which make his portraits look, even at the present day, as if there were something wanting that should accompany the single-breasted coat and huge waistcoat, and must have brought on him when in the flesh an amount of social torment, which nothing but the strongest sense of an imperious duty could strengthen any human being to endure. One story about him is, that in a tavern in Coventry he had taken such offence at the wig of a peppery old colonel, that nothing would serve him but to snatch it and throw it in the fire; whereupon he had to run for his life, and the community of Coventry—renowned for a rather remarkable procession in old times—were blessed with the vision of the bald traveller fleeing before a bald warrior with a drawn sword in his hand.

Pennant had great influence in his day. He described everything he saw, and described it with spirit. Pottering among his heavy quartos, written in an old-fashioned style, one might suppose that all his influence was through hard pounding, but it was not so. He was repeated in the periodicals of the day, for his was an age of many magazines, nearly all of which lived

rather beyond our present beat, those of other countries who have done so are still more excluded. It would indeed be an endless task to review the innumerable writers of epigrams that the Continent has produced. We do not profess to have equalled the industry or undergone the sufferings of a very respectable compiler, who made a collection for the use of Eton School, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and who declares that, in the performance of his task, he had read as many as 20,000 epigrams, the most of which would have been rather a disgrace than an ornament to his book. He is particularly severe on the ineffable silliness of those which occur in the *Deliciae* of the German poets: "*Ingentibus voluminibus ingentem absurdissimorum Epigrammatum numerum complexas.*"¹ This criticism is perhaps too indiscriminate. There are some excellent epigrams in several of the Italian and other Continental Latinists who are not Germans; and although the German mind is not peculiarly epigrammatic, we are disposed to believe that there, too, some pearls might be found hid among the rubbish. Of all collections we fear the rule must be what Martial at first laid down, *Sunt mala plura*. The writing of epigrams is like the casting of a net; we must be satisfied if an occasional good throw compensates for many failures.

We shall not, however, dismiss these Continental followers of Martial without giving a specimen of their compositions; and we shall first select for that purpose two of a peculiar character, which are models of their kind; but which are rather pointed descriptions of famous scenes than proper epigrams. The first is the celebrated description of Venice by Sannazarius, for which the Venetian Senate remunerated him at the rate of a handsome sum of gold for every line:—

"DE MIRABILI URBE VENETIIS.

- "Viderat Hadriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis
 Stare urbem, et toto ponere jura mari;
 'Nunc mihi Tarpejas quantumvis, Jupiter, arces
 Objice, et illa tui mœnia Martis,' ait:
 'Si pelago Tibrim præfers, urbem aspice utramque;
 Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos.'"
- "Neptune saw Venice on the waters stand,
 And all o'er ocean stretch her wide command:
 'Now, Jove,' he cried, 'boast those Tarpeian steep
 Where thy son Mars his state majestic keeps;
 Could Tiber match the sea, look here and own—
 That city men could build, but *this* the Gods alone.'"

¹ *Epigrammatum Delectus* Ex omnibus tum veteribus, tum recentioribus poetis accuratè decerptus. In usum Scholæ Etonensis. Londini, 1686.

The other is a pleasing description of the Seine at Paris by Santeuil, engraved on the Bridge of Notre Dame :—

"Super Pontem Nostre-Dame Parisiis Subtercurrente Sequana.

*"Sequana, quum primum Reginæ allabitur urbi,
Tardat præcipientes ambitiosus aquas.
Captus amore loci, cursum obliviscitur anceps
Quo fluat, et dulces nectit in urbe moras.
Hinc varios implens, fluctu subeunte, canales,
Fons fieri gaudet, qui modo flumen erat."*

*"When to the Queen of Cities Seine draws near,
Ambitious he retards his swift career ;
Enamour'd of the place, forgets his way,
And round it lingers with a fond delay ;
Through countless conduits loves his streams to pour,
A fountain now, that was a flood before."*

The allusion here, in the last couplet, is to the distribution of the waters of the Seine through pipes and wells for the use of the inhabitants of Paris. We find two epigrams on this subject in Vavassor's works, which seem to have led the way to the more finished composition above given.

"SEQUANA, POTUI FLUVIUS IDONEUS.

*"Sequana, vectandis rate mercibus utile flumen :
Sequana, fons puræ, potibus aptus, aquæ."*

"DUCTUS AQUARUM E SEQUANA.

*"Sequana nuper, ubi, regalem ingressus in urbem,
Magnificas avido lamberet amne domos ;
Circuitu gaudens, et captus amore locorum,
Quærebat longas ducere in urbe moras.
Ergo cavum subiit per mille foramina plumbum :
Flumen erat ; clausis fons quoque factus aquis."*

We shall add a third epigram, by Henry Harder, a Danish writer, who was Secretary of Legation at the Court of England in Charles the Second's time, and who, from that circumstance probably, came to take an interest in the subject of this epigram, where, with considerable elegance and much truth, he sets forth and accounts for the beauty of the English language :—

"LINGUA ANGLICANA.

*"Perfectam Veneris faciem picturus Apelles
Virgineos totâ legit in urbe greges.
Quicquid in electis pulchrum vel amabile formis
Repperit, in Paphiæ transtulit ora Deæ.
Excessit nova forma modum : se pluribus una
Debuit, at cunctis pulchrior una fuit.
Effigies Veneris, quam sic collegit Apelles,
Effigies linguæ est illa, Britanæ, tuæ."*

"Apelles, striving to paint Venus' face,
Before him ranged the Virgins of the place.
Whate'er of good or fair in each was seen,
He thence transferred to make the Paphian Queen;
His work, a paragon we well might call,
Derived from many, but surpassing all.
Such as that Venus, in whose form were found
The gathered graces of the Virgins round,
Thy Language, England, shows the magic force
Of blended beauties cull'd from every source."

We throw in here one or two shorter ones to complete our specimens of Latinity:—

- "Has Matho mendicis fecit justissimus ædes:
Hos et mendicos fecerat ante Matho."—*Vavassor*.
- "Grimes justly built this Alms-house for the Poor,
Whom he had made so by his frauds before."
- "Dum dubius fuit hæc aut illâc, dum timet anceps
Ne malè quid faciat, nil benè Quintus agit."—*Paschasius*.
(*Pasquier*.)
- "Tom, weak and wavering, ever in a fright
Lest he do something wrong, does nothing right."
- "Quid juvat obscuris involvere scripta latebris?
Ne pateant animi sensa, tacere potes."—*Sammarthanus*.
(*Sainte Marthe*.)
- "Why wrap your thoughts in phrases learn'd and long?
If you would hide your meaning—hold your tongue."

IN EFFIGIEM SCALIGERI IN BIBLIOTHECA SERVATAM.

- "Inter mille libros (nec sedes dignior ulla)
Quæ tulit immensus Scaliger, ora vides:
Mille libros, hospes, nimium ne respice, major
Hic, tibi quem monstro, bibliotheca fuit."—*Grotius*.
- "Here 'mid these thousand books, a fit retreat,
The likeness of great Scaliger you meet.
The books regard not, piled up shelf on shelf;
A vaster Library was He himself."

None of the modern languages is so well adapted for epigrammatic composition as the French; and the state of society in France, at least before the Revolution, was peculiarly fitted for the production and reception of a species of satire, by which absurdities of all kinds, and in all departments of life and affairs, could be so readily and effectively held up to ridicule. The epigram, in fact, came almost seriously to be considered as a practical check upon an absolute monarchy. Some of the best French writers have written excellent epigrams, and there is no end to those of anonymous authorship which lie scattered about through the popular literature of the country. The field

is too extensive for our attempting to traverse it here ; but we select a few miscellaneous specimens.

The following epigram on the Sacraments is attributed to Marshal Saxe ; but if he is the author of it, he must have had some one to correct his orthography :—

“ Malgré Rome et ses adhérents,
Ne comptons que six sacrements ;
Vouloir qu'il en soit davantage
N'est pas avoir le sens commun,
Car chacun sait que Mariage
Et Pénitence ne sont qu'un.

“ Whatever Rome may strive to fix,
The Sacraments are only six.
This truth will palpably appear,
When o'er the catalogue you run :
For surely of the Seven 'tis clear,—
Marriage and Penance are but *one*.”

The *jeu d'esprit* that we next insert, brings out, with some cleverness, the idea that the sex of the mind is not always the same as that of the body :—

“ Quand Dacier et sa femme engendrent de leurs corps,
Et quand de ce beau couple il naît enfans, alors
Madame Dacier est la mère ;
Mais quand ils engendrent d'esprit,
Et font des enfans par écrit,
Madame Dacier est le père.”

“ When Dacier jointly with his learned wife
Has children of the flesh that spring to life,
I'm quite disposed, as much as any other,
To hold that Madame Dacier is the mother.
But when good Dacier and his wife combined
Produce their books, those children of the mind,
I own I feel an inclination rather
To hold that Madame Dacier is the father.”

This couplet on a little figure of Cupid is well known :—

“ Qui que tu sois, voilà ton maître,
Qui l'est, le fut, ou le doit être.”
“ Whoe'er thou art, thy master see,
That is, or was, or is to be.”

We here give a rather neat epigram by La Monnoie on a bad specimen of a translation of Horace made by Pellegrin, which accompanied the original text :—

“ Il faudroit, soit dit entre nous,
A deux divinités offrir ces deux Horaces ;
Le latin à Vénus, la déesse des grâces,
Et le français à son époux.”

"AN APPROPRIATE DISTRIBUTION.

"Two Horaces, from yonder shelf,
I'll offer now with solemn vows :
The Original, to Venus' self,
And the Translation—to her Spouse."

Every one knows Piron's epitaph on himself in revenge for his exclusion from the Academy :—

"Ci gît Piron, qui ne fut rien,
Pas même Académicien."

"Here lies Piron, a man of no position,
Who was not even—an Academician."

The following on Medicine, also by Piron, is perhaps less known, but it seems to us to be very good :—

"Dans un bon corps Nature et Maladie
Étaient aux mains. Une aveugle vient-là ;
C'est Médecine ; une aveugle étourdie
Qui croit, par force y mettre le holà.
À droite, à gauche, ainsi donc la voilà
Sans savoir où, qui frappe à l'aventure
Sur celle-ci, comme sur celle-là,
Tant qu'une enfin céda. Ce fut Nature."

"In some strong frame Experience daily sees
Two foes contending, Nature and Disease.
A blind man brings his aid, the fray to end,
"The Doctor" named, and meant as Nature's friend.
But right and left, alike on friend and foe,
All in the dark he deals the random blow.
Sometimes poor Nature feels his heavy hand ;
Sometimes Disease can scarce his force withstand.
At last, with all his might, a blow is sped
That knocks *one* combatant upon the head.
Which of the two thus falls to rise no more ?
Alas ! 'tis Nature :—and the conflict's o'er."

The following, we think, is very pretty, very French, and we fear very untranslatable :—

"Quand un ami tendre et sincère
Prévient et comble vos souhaits,
Il faut divulguer ses bienfaits ;
C'est être ingrat que de se taire.

"En amour c'est un autre affaire ;
Il faut savoir dissimuler ;
Les faveurs veulent du mystère ;
C'est être ingrat que de parler."

"When some true friend, with thoughtful care,
Prevents and crowns the wish you feel,
The kindness you could then declare
'Twould be ungrateful to conceal.

"Love is a different affair :
 Mysterious silence is its aim :
 The favours that are granted there
 'Twould be ungrateful to proclaim."

Or, in a different style, thus :—

"Friendship and Love by different laws ordain
 How we should treat the kindness we obtain.
 Your favours, Priscus, promptly I reveal,
 But *yours*, my Celia, sacredly conceal.
 Honour and gratitude alike forbid
 To hide what should be told, or tell what should be hid."

The law and lawyers are, as might be expected, a favourite and fertile subject of epigrammatic merriment with the French ; and great lawyers were readily selected wherever they would prove appropriate butts. There are many epigrams on Cujacius the great civilian, who had an ill-behaved daughter ; but they are too abusive to quote. We venture to give the essence of several composed in French and Latin, on another great lawyer, Tiraquellus, or Tiraqueau, who had the reputation of producing every year a book, while his wife, with equal regularity, produced a bantling, till her number was said to have reached so high a figure as thirty. The jokes are endless against him for the equal number of *libri* and *liberi* that thus came into the world ; and as he was a teetotaller, he was all the more readily assailed by his less temperate brethren. Take these paraphrases of some of the squibs against him :—

"Tiraquellus and his wife,
 Vying in a genial strife,
 Every year, as sure as may be,
 Give the world a book, and baby.
 She, of course, has his assistance,
 When she gives her babes existence ;
 But has he, from her instructions,
 Any help in *his* productions ?"

"Tiraqueau, while drinking water,
 Has an annual son or daughter ;
 Wine or beer he ne'er partook,
 Yet he writes an annual book.
 Large already is the score,
 And we look for many more.
 But if he, on water merely,
 Can achieve these wonders yearly,
 What if wine with gen'rous fire
 Should a larger aim inspire ?
 Such increase his works might gain,
 As the world could scarce contain,
 And 'twould be a task bewildering—
 Where to put his books and children."

Our next is a very good imitation of Martial; but well adapted to satirize a faulty style of tedious and pedantic pleading that prevailed in France, and which is so admirably ridiculed in Racine's *Plaideurs* :—

“ Pour trois moutons qu'on m'avait pris,
J'avais un procès au bailliage ;
Gui, le phénix des beaux esprits,
Plaidait ma cause et faisait rage.
Quand il eut dit un mot du fait
Pour exagérer le forfait,
Il cita la fable et l'histoire,
Les Aristotes, les Platons :
Gui, laissez là tout ce grimoire,
Et revenez à nos moutons.”—*La Harpe*.

“ About three sheep, that late I lost,
I had a lawsuit with my neighbour ;
And Glibtongue, of our bar the boast,
Pleaded my case with zeal and labour.
He took two minutes first to state
The question that was in debate ;
Then show'd, by learn'd and long quotations,
The Law of Nature and of Nations ;
What Tully said, and what Justinian,
And what was Puffendorff's opinion.
Glibtongue ! let those old authors sleep,
And come back to our missing sheep !”

We forget whether the following is original in the French, or is imitated :—

“ Huissiers qu'on fasse silence,
Dit en tenant audience
Un président de Baugé.
C'est un bruit à tête fendre ;
Nous avons déjà jugé
Dix causes sans les entendre.”

“*TERMINER sans OYER.*

“ ‘Call silence !’ the Judge to the officer cries ;
‘ This hubbub and talk, will it never be done ?
Those people this morning have made such a noise,
We've decided ten causes without hearing one.’ ”

We shall now wind up our exhibition of specimens with a few English epigrams, which, for the most part, we believe to be unprinted, though some of them may be known by oral circulation. We cannot venture to say that all are good ; but we hope that a fair proportion of them are so, and that there are few which have not some epigrammatic interest :—

PROPOSED VALENTINE TO A GREEK PROFESSOR OF GREAT LEARNING
BUT ROUGH MANNERS.

"Thou great descendant of the critic line,
True lineal child of Bentley, Brunck, and Porson,
Forgive my sending you this Valentine—
It is but coupling Valentine with Orsot."

A GREEK IDEA EXPANDED.

"Of Graces four, of Muses ten,
Of Venuses now two are seen :
Doris shines forth to dazzle men,
A Grace, a Muse, and Beauty's Queen.
But let me whisper one thing more :—
The Furies now are likewise four."

RECIPROCITY.

From the Greek.

"Damon, who plied the Undertaker's trade,
With Doctor Critias an arrangement made.
What grave-clothes Damon from the dead could seize,
He to the Doctor sent for bandages ;
While the good Doctor, here no promise-breaker,
Sent all his patients to the Undertaker."

MEUM AND TUUM RECONCILED.

"The Law decides questions of *Meum* and *Tuum*,
By kindly arranging—to make the thing *Suum*."

THE DIVISION OF LABOUR.

"A parson, of too free a life,
Was yet renown'd for noble preaching,
And many grieved to see such strife
Between his living and his teaching.
His flock at last rebellious grew :
'My friends,' he said, 'the simple fact is,
Nor you nor I can *both* things do ;
But I can preach—and you can practise.'"

ON JANE DUCHESS OF GORDON DECLINING TO GO TO A WATERING-PLACE,
AS BEING VULGAR AND DULL.

"Vulgar and dull? you'll therefore stay away!
That is, methinks, as if the Sun should say,
'A cold, dark morning; I'll not rise to-day.'"

TO A MR. WELLWOOD WHO EXAGGERATED.

"You double each story you tell ;
You double each sight that you see :
Your name's W, E, double L,
W, double O, D."

A CONTRAST.

" ' Tell me,' said Laura, ' what may be
The difference 'twixt a Clock and me.'
' Laura,' I cried, ' Love prompts my powers
To do the task you've set them :
A Clock reminds us of the hours ;
You cause us to forget them.' "

FROM PETRARCH'S PROSE.

" You say your teeth are dropping out ;
A serious cause of sorrow :
Not likely to be cured, I doubt,
To-day or yet to-morrow.
But good may come of this distress,
While under it you labour,
If, losing teeth, you guzzle less,—
And don't backbite your neighbour."

TO AN ASTRONOMER.

" An Astrologer once, old authorities tell,
While he gazed at the stars, tumbled into a well :
For the Sages, whose optics to distances roam,
Very often o'erlook what may happen at home.
So you, by your skill (be it whispered between us),
Can foresee the conjunctions of Mars and of Venus ;
But all your astronomy doesn't discover
The proceedings, downstairs, of your wife and her lover."¹

DOUBLE VISION UTILISED.

" An incipient toper was checked t'other day
In his downward career in a rather strange way.
The effect of indulgence, he found to his trouble,
Was, that after two bottles, he came to see double ;
When with staggering steps to his home he betook him,
He saw always *two wives*, sitting up to rebuke him.
One wife in her wrath makes a pretty strong case ;
But *a couple* thus scolding, what courage could face ?"

A LATE REPENTANCE.

" Pravus, that aged debauchee,
Proclaim'd a vow his sins to quit ;
But is he yet from any free,
Except what now he *can't* commit ?"

¹ This seems an imitation of an epigram by Sir Thomas More, which thus concludes :—

" *Astra tibi æthereo pandunt sese omnia vati,
Omnes et quæ sint fata futura monent.
Omnibus ast uxor quod se tua publicat, id to
Astra, licet videant omnia, nulla mouent.*"

"GALLUS CANTAT."

"At Trent's famed Council, when, on Reason's side,
 A Frenchman's voice assail'd the Pontiff's pride,
 Some Romish priest, the Gallic name to mock,
 Exclaim'd, 'Tis but the crowing of a Cock !'
 'So call it,' 'twas replied ; 'We're well content,—
 If, when the cock crows, Peter would repent.'"

Whether, at the present time, Peter, *ad Galli cantum*, will repent of his late Encyclical Letter, or of any of his other errors, is a question which we shall not endeavour to determine.

We now bring to a close these rather desultory observations on a subject which, we think, is deserving of much more attention than it has lately received. Scholarship has not latterly been much in the ascendant among us. The literary past has been nearly swallowed up in the exciting interest of the present ; and as far as style is concerned, condensation and simplicity have given way to a multiplication of words and an unnatural vehemence of manner. We think it not unseasonable to attempt reviving, in some degree, the interest which a former generation felt in a form of composition, where, in its different aspects, wit or elegance combines with cleverness and brevity, to produce its effect whether in touching the feelings or amusing the fancy.

We do not seek to raise the Lower Epigram to the level of the Higher ; but the Lower has its own beauties and uses. In a serious view, it admits of some force and dignity, and it may sometimes serve as a vehicle of satire to unmask hypocrisy or punish vice. But its proper domain is that region of playful ridicule which, in a kindly and social spirit, points out and tends to rectify the harmless oddities and follies of human nature, and supplies one of the best relishes and relaxations of life, a source of joyous and innocent merriment, which many of our educationists of the present day, both of the romantic and of the utilitarian schools, seem very erroneously to leave out of view.

The subject that we have been considering has many and various bearings to which we have scarcely adverted in our remarks. In particular, we might suggest the literary interest which would attend a review of those circumstances in which individual epigrams of a special kind have been called forth, whether in connexion with personal, political, or social incidents. Such a history would introduce us to a great store of entertaining and even instructive anecdote ; but it would require an extent of knowledge and industry which are now but seldom met with, and which are certainly not possessed, or not displayed, by the editor of the volume which has led to the present notice.

- ART. III.—1. *Spanien und Seine Fortschreitende Entwicklung.* Von Dr. JULIUS FREYHERRN VON MINUTOLI. Berlin, 1852.
2. *Spain : her Institutions, Politics, and Public Men.* By S. T. WALLIS. London : Sampson Low. 1853.
3. *Historia Política y Parlamentaria.* Por DON JUAN RICO Y AMAT. Madrid, 1860.
4. *Trienta Años de Gobierno Representativo en España.* Por DON JOSE MARIA ORENSE. Madrid, 1863.
5. *The Attaché in Madrid.* New York, 1856.
6. *Das Heutige Spanien.* Von FERNANDO GARRIDO. Deutsch, von ARNOLD RUGE. Leipzig, 1863.
7. *Olózaga.* Por DON ANGEL FERNANDEZ DE LOS RIOS. Madrid, 1863.
8. *Spain, and the War with Morocco.* By O. C. DALHOUSIE ROSS. London : Ridgway. 1860.
9. *La Asamblea Española de 1854 y La Cuestion Religiosa.* Madrid, 1855.
10. *Etudes Littéraires sur L'Espagne.* Par ANTOINE DE LATOUR. Paris, 1864.

THE opening, in August last, of the line from Beasain to Olazagutia, through a country as rugged, although fortunately more beautiful than those strange Basque names, completed the railway communication between Madrid and Paris. Amongst many good results which will flow from this, not the least will be the invasion of the Peninsula by many travellers, who have hitherto taken, all too literally, the witty saying, that "Africa begins with the Pyrenees." Such travellers will belong, for the most part, to one of two categories: those who go abroad in search of novelty, and those who are attracted to the Peninsula by the love of art. To these two classes we do not address ourselves, for they have, in numerous well-known books, every literary help that they can possibly need.

May we not hope, however, that in addition to those who go to Spain as the nearest preserve of picturesque barbarians, or as one of the great Museums of the world, there will be some who will go with other views—some who will cross the Bidassoa in the hope of seeing for themselves whether the vague rumours of revival which reach our shores, are true or false; whether there is any hope that that nation, once so famous, is going to take part in the forward movement of Europe; or whether it is indeed true, as Mr. Buckle tells us, that "she lies at the further extremity of the Continent, a huge and torpid mass, the sole representative now remaining of the feelings and knowledge of the Middle Ages."

Travellers who have this purpose in view, will find that they have embarked upon an enterprise, which is made unnecessarily difficult by the erroneous notions about Spain, which prevail even amongst well-informed persons in England, as well as by the scantiness of the information with regard to her condition, which is readily accessible. It is mainly for the purpose of clearing away from the path of such investigators some preliminary difficulties that we have drawn up this paper—not without hope that some one who may be benefited by its hints may repay the obligation with interest; may give us, in a not too bulky volume, a full and accurate estimate of the state and prospects of Spain.

This is perhaps the place to say a word or two as to some books which such an investigator may take with him, or may buy in Madrid. They are not very numerous, and none of them is by itself of surpassing importance; but they are the best that exist, written by persons of very different views and characters, and one who is anxious to ascertain the truth may, by a sensible use of them, arrive at pretty correct conclusions.

First, we have Minutoli, whose work may be taken as a very exact inventory of Spanish affairs in 1851. Minutoli writes from the *Standpunkt* of a Prussian bureaucrat who thinks that Berlin is illuminated by *Intelligenz* in a quite supernatural manner, and who believes that the *via prima salutis* is to have an efficient and upright *Beamten*thum. He is anxious for the development of all manner of wealth, and for the furtherance of the happiness of the greatest possible number, but he distrusts the power of the people to work out its own well-being, and is consequently a good friend to the Moderado régime which extended from 1843 to 1854. His book is, it will be observed, somewhat out of date, but it still is serviceable, though we must warn those who would read it that it stands in the same relation to the typical blue-book in which that stands to a sensation novel.

Then we have Mr. Wallis, who wrote in 1853, and who looks at Spain through the spectacles—and very colourless ones they are—of an accomplished, highly cultivated American gentleman, a warm friend to free institutions, but possessed of a more than aristocratic hatred of popular clap-trap. His book is only too easy to read; but his means of information were ample, his head is clear, and his conclusions, after making allowance for a little unsoundness on questions of trade, will commend themselves to most Englishmen.

Next comes Rico y Amat, a prejudiced Tory writer, but very useful for giving the sequence of events down to 1854, discussing all Parliamentary matters in great detail, and quoting many

important documents at full length. In strong contrast to him is the go-ahead Orense, Marquis of Albaida, who, dissatisfied with the conduct of his brother Progressistas, has cast in his lot with the Democrats. The views of the politicians who were hurled from power in 1854 may be gathered, by one who has eyes to look for them, from a very slight but clever little book called the *Attaché at Madrid*, which, professing to be translated from the diary of a young German diplomatist, who spent part of 1853 and 1854 in the Spanish capital, and published in America, really owes its origin to one who had the best information, and excellent reasons for wishing well to the cause of Sartorius. When the reader has laid it down, he may take up Garrido's work, which we have used in its German form. Garrido belongs to the extreme left, as may be guessed when we mention that his book was translated by Arnold Ruge, and that he was introduced to the ex-editor of the *Hallischen Jahrbücher* by Dr. Bernard. It would be as imprudent, unconditionally to accept his view of matters, as to find nothing to object to in those of Rico y Amat, or of the author of the *Attaché at Madrid*, but his pages are full of statistics and information of all kinds, deserving to be read and weighed most carefully.

The articles in the *Annuaire des Deux Mondes*, which extend in unbroken succession from 1850 to 1864, are somewhat Moderado in tone, but extremely valuable and interesting. The Spanish papers in the *Revue* itself are not, perhaps, so happy as those on several other countries; but some of them, such as C. de Mazade's on Larra, and on Donoso Cortes, will repay perusal even now. The life of Olozaga, lately published—surely the hugest political pamphlet which ever appeared—should also be consulted.

No one, of course, will omit to read the *Handbook* and the *Gatherings*, both full of that wisdom of Spain which is treasured up in her proverbs, and quite indispensable, in spite of their constant offences against good taste. Captain Widdrington's works are still valuable, while most of the modern English books of travel in the Peninsula are absolutely worthless.

Spain has slipped of late years so thoroughly out of the notice of Englishmen, that it would be mere affectation to pretend to imagine that one in a thousand knows even the A B C of her recent history and politics. We must, therefore, briefly relate the events of the present reign, for some knowledge of these is quite necessary to those who would comprehend her actual position.

The Cortes of Cadiz, in 1812, devised a Constitution, which, in spite of many blemishes and shortcomings, was on the whole most creditable to its framers. It sinned, indeed, against

several of the first principles of Liberalism ; but it cordially accepted many others, and, considering the circumstances of the country, it unquestionably went too far in a democratic direction. In 1814, Ferdinand VII. overthrew this Constitution, restored the Inquisition, and ruled for six years despotically. In 1820, the revolt of Riego, and the movements which followed it, again inaugurated a brief period of liberty, which continued until the Spanish patriots were put down by the French, under the Duc d'Angoulême, and the *re dissolved* was once more able to ride rough-shod over all that was honest and virtuous from the Bidassoa to the lines of Gibraltar. This terrible time lasted until the day when Ferdinand VII. was trundled off to his last home in the Escorial, in the way which Ford has described with so much grim humour. The last act of importance in the wretched man's life had been the confirmation of the right of succession of his daughter Isabella II., as against his brother Don Carlos. The pretensions of that personage had been already loudly proclaimed, and he hardly waited for the challenge of the Royalists to erect his standard. That challenge soon came, for on the 24th October 1833, the voice of the herald, according to ancient custom, was heard in Madrid, proclaiming, "Silencio, silencio, silencio, oyid, oyid, oyid, Castilla, Castilla, Castilla, por la Senhora reina Doña Isabel II. que Dios guarde." Bilbao was the first place to pronounce for the Pretender, and ere long the whole of the North was in arms, and the civil war had begun. How that war raged, and how many souls, heroic and other, it sent to Hades, it is unnecessary to say. How it ended we shall presently have occasion to relate, but we must confine our narrative, for the present, to that portion of Spain which acknowledged the rightful sovereign, merely reminding the reader that Don Carlos represented two totally distinct interests,—first, that of bigotry and corruption generally, in all parts of the Peninsula ; and, secondly, the infinitely more respectable aspirations of the Basques, who, attached to liberty, but possessed of little enlightenment, desired to remain a semi-republican island in the midst of an absolute Spain, rather than to lose the local franchises which they knew, in the general freedom of a constitutional Spain, which had not yet come into existence, although its advent was near at hand.

The queen-mother, obliged by the force of circumstances to rely on the support of the Liberal party, but anxious to be as little liberal as possible, accepted the resignation of Zea Bermudez, who represented the party of enlightened despotism, and called to her councils Martinez de la Rosa, who had suffered much for his attachment to constitutional principles during the late

reign, but who from 1833 till his death in 1862, was one of the most eminent of the Moderado or Conservative statesmen of Spain. By his advice she promulgated the *Estatuto real*, a Constitution incomparably less liberal than that of Cadiz, but still a Constitution, and one professing to be founded upon the ancient and long-disused liberties of the land. This document, we may observe in passing, may, like that of 1812 and all its successors, be read at length in Rico y Amat's History. By the *Estatuto* were created an upper house of "Proceres," and a lower house of "Procuradores." These soon met, and the discussions which took place in them, combined with the agitation out of doors, and some diplomatic misadventures, soon obliged Martinez de la Rosa to retire. He was followed by Toreno; but he, too, was unable to hold his own. A far more energetic and enlightened minister was required, and that minister soon appeared in the great reformer Mendizabal.

He it was who concentrated the forces of the revolutionary agitation, which had already broken out in the provinces, and gave them a definite direction. This he did chiefly by three great measures, which will cause his name ever to be held in honour by all Spanish patriots. These three measures were the closing of the monasteries, the sale of all the lands belonging to the regular clergy, and the organization, on a thoroughly popular basis, of the National Guard. All this he effected in a very short space of time, for his Cabinet, attacked at once by the most impatient Liberals, by the retrograde party, and by French intrigue, had a hard battle to fight, and soon gave way to an administration, of which the leading spirits were Isturiz, and the once impetuous, but now tamed Galiano. These politicians, however, utterly failed to carry the country with them, and their days of power were few and evil. Readers of the *Bible in Spain* will recollect the strongly contrasted descriptions of Mr. Borrow's visit to Mendizabal at the zenith of his power, and to Isturiz, when that Minister had already begun to hear the mutterings of the storm which was soon to burst upon his head. That storm was the mutiny which broke out amongst the troops stationed at the royal residence of La Granja, which is situated in the mountainous country to the north of Madrid. The leader of this mutiny was a certain Sergeant Garcia, and the chief objects of the discontented soldiery were to force the Queen Regent to dismiss her ministers and to proclaim the Constitution of 1812. In these objects they were completely successful. Christina yielded to the threats of the mutineers, and power passed once more into the hands of the movement party.

After the assassinations, disorders, and escapes across the frontier,

which are usual in Spanish political crises, the new Government, which was of course composed of men of Liberal politics, convoked the famous Constituent Cortes of 1837. Out of its labours arose the new Constitution, which was based on that of Cadiz, but differed from it in many particulars. Argüelles, who had been one of the principal authors of the former, was also concerned in the latter, and was indeed a member of the committee which drew up the resolutions on which it was based. Its tone is much less democratic than that of its predecessor; and the fact that Olozaga and other distinguished Liberals supported it, created much dissatisfaction in the ranks of their followers. We are far, however, from thinking, that in the circumstances of Spain, the changes which they introduced were otherwise than necessary. With regard to the one point in which the Constitution of 1837 made more concession to Liberal opinions than that of 1812, there can be no great question among honest and intelligent men. The Cortes of Cadiz proclaimed the Roman Catholic religion to be the only true one. The legislators of 1837 contented themselves with asserting as a fact that the Spanish nation professed the Roman Catholic religion, and bound itself to maintain that form of faith.

This great work had not been long completed, when the Ministry which had been called into existence by the mutiny of Granja succumbed in its turn to another military revolt, excited by the partisans of those whom it had so summarily displaced, and Espartero, whose military reputation was already great, became for a brief period the President of the Council; for a brief period, we say, for, defeated in the elections, he was succeeded by the reactionary Ofalia; he again by others of little note, till the Convention of Vergara came to alter the whole position of affairs.

The reader will recollect that during all these ministerial changes, revolutions, and making of Constitutions, the Philistine was still in the land. The advanced posts of Don Carlos had been seen from the walls of Madrid, Gomez had made a sort of military progress from one end of the country to the other, La Mancha was in the hands of one rebel, Valencia was overrun by another, and the whole of the mountainous north was a camp of the factious. Fortunately for the cause of Queen Isabella, there were dissensions in the enemy's ranks not less bitter than those which distracted the capital. The military party and the clerical party hated each other with a deadly hatred; and at last their animosity became so embittered that Maroto, the most important of the lieutenants of Don Carlos, took the law into his own hands, and put some of the most conspicuous of his opponents to death. This was the beginning of the end; and

after infinite intrigues, the little Basque town of Vergara saw the signature of the document which assured the throne of the young Queen, put a period to the war of Navarre, and made the pacification of Aragon merely a question of time. Espartero's attitude had now been for some time of the greatest possible interest to all who watched the politics of Spain. He was evidently inclining more and more towards the Progressista party, while his relations with the Moderado Government became ever colder. A letter addressed by his secretary to one of the Madrid papers had openly condemned the conduct of the Ministry in dissolving the Cortes, with a view to get rid of the Progressista majority; and the party which was now about to resort to revolutionary measures in Madrid, reckoned on his assistance.

The struggle in the Cortes of 1840 was fierce but short. The galleries, as was usual in those stormy times, took an active part in the political combat; and on one occasion the scenes of 1793 seemed about to be repeated. In spite of the gallant resistance of the Progressista party, the Government carried several reactionary laws,—the most important of which was one for the modification of the municipal system, which would have had the effect of very much diminishing the influence of the Liberals throughout the country, and of strengthening unduly the powers of the Crown. Just at this crisis, when Madrid was in a most uneasy state, and nearly all the large towns hardly more tranquil, the young Queen was advised to take warm sea-baths at Barcelona, and to that place she repaired, accompanied by her mother. Christina had not been long in the Catalan capital, when she announced to Espartero that she had given her assent to the law relating to the municipalities. To this ungracious declaration he replied by resigning his position as commander-in-chief. His resignation was not accepted; and he then informed the Regent that he was about to retire from the city, as he could be of no further use to her. Hardly had he done so than Barcelona broke into full revolt, and the Ministers who had accompanied the Queen fled hither and thither. The movement begun amongst the turbulent Catalans, rapidly spread all over Spain. Madrid pronounced on the 1st of September, whereupon the Regent gave way, and Espartero was ordered to form a new Government. Her new advisers insisted that she should issue a manifesto, in which she should throw upon the late Cabinet the whole responsibility of the recent attempts at reaction, that she should solemnly promise that the law relating to the municipalities should not be carried into execution, and that the Cortes should instantly be dissolved. These terms she refused, resigned the regency, and took refuge in France,

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addressing from Marseilles to the Spanish people a proclamation, in which the sentiments of her heart were expressed, or disguised, in the ornate language of Donoso Cortés. The abdication of Christina left the first place in the State without an occupant, and it was necessary to fill it as speedily as possible. The question which now became urgent was, How should this be done? Two opinions divided the suffrages of the victors in the recent struggle. The advanced Progressistas were in favour of a regency of three. The immediate *entourage* of Espartero desired the elevation of their chief to undivided authority. It was this last view which prevailed; for the Moderados, seeing that the question was an apple of discord to their enemies, threw all their influence into the scale of Espartero, feeling sure that they should succeed in embroiling him, with the majority of those whose alliance had placed the successful soldier in a position to play the great game of politics. So it came about that on the 8th of May 1841, Espartero was chosen by the Cortes to be sole Regent; and no sooner was he fairly installed in his office, than the edifice of his power began to crumble under his feet. His descent was more rapid than even his rise, for the circumstances in which he found himself required infinite skill in intrigue,—a quality of which the honest and well-meaning Duke of Victory had a very small share. His great mistake was his surrounding himself from the very first with Ministers and private advisers who had not the confidence of his party, and who soon became known to the public by several injurious epithets. Some called them *Ayacuchos*, from the name of one of the battles in South America which had been most disastrous to the Spanish arms,—the insinuation being that they were a mere clique of military *old fogies*; while others spoke of them as *Santones*, intending thereby to ridicule their want of revolutionary energy.

The Moderado party soon took advantage of the weakness of the Government; and in October 1841 a military revolt broke out at Pamplona, at Madrid, and elsewhere, in the interest of Christina. The Regent showed a good deal of decision. A file of soldiers at Vittoria sent to his account Montes de Oca, who had been Minister of Marine in the former Government. General Leon met a similar fate at Madrid; while O'Donnell got safe to France, living "to fight another day."

Espartero, however, had other adversaries more formidable than even the Moderados. More than once he was obliged to put down with a strong hand the Democratic agitations of Barcelona; and each successive act of vigour directed against those who, after all, formed the extreme left of his own party, cost him a large portion of his popularity. Then the

French Government did all it could by underhand methods to assist Christina, and to discredit Espartero, and at last a hostile vote in the Lower House destroyed his Ministry. By this time the Progressista party was so disorganized that his second Cabinet was not more generally satisfactory than his first. His third, at the head of which was Lopez, who had distinguished himself very much as a popular orator, came too late, and was too short-lived. Its fall, which was the result of Espartero's firm support of his friend Linaje against it, was another blow to his influence; nor did the friendship of England at all tend to his greater popularity amongst a proud and ignorant people. Of the many accusations brought against him, not the least potent in exciting hatred was his alleged subservience to our commercial policy. And now the end came fast. A coalition, which comprised large numbers both of the Progressista and Moderado party, was formed throughout the country. *Pronunciamientos* followed. Narvacz, O'Donnell, and many of the exiled or fugitive generals, entered Spain. Treachery helped the work that disunion had begun; and in the beginning of August 1843 the idol of September 1840 was on his way to England, whither he was presently pursued by a decree which stripped him of all his titles, honours, and decorations.

Lopez was the next First Minister. His intentions were, we believe, not otherwise than honest, but his position was an untenable one. Himself an advanced Progressista, he found himself obliged to place all the military powers of the country in the hands of the Moderado generals, who had borne the brunt of the contest with the Duke of Victory. He soon saw that the game was up, and passed through the Cortes a measure for proclaiming the Queen of full age eleven months before the time which the Constitution prescribed. This done, he placed his resignation in the hands of Her Majesty, and retired from power a sadder and a wiser man. He had much occasion for sadness, for the knell of his party was very soon to sound; nevertheless it was a Progressista Ministry which succeeded his, and there was still one act of the play to be played out.

The new President of the Council was Olozaga, who was then a foremost, and now perhaps *the* foremost, figure amongst the Progressistas.

Hardly was he fairly in the possession of power, when there occurred an incident of so strange a kind, that it only requires to be seen through the mist of ages to have the romantic interest of the Gowrie conspiracy. The President of the Council could reckon upon the ardent support of a minority in the Cortes, but of a considerable majority in the Electoral body. It was therefore his obvious interest to appeal, as soon as pos-

sible, to the country, and a decree dissolving the Legislature shortly appeared. Hardly, however, had it been promulgated, when strange rumours arose in Madrid, to the effect that the decree for the dissolution of the Cortes, to which the young Queen owed the declaration of her majority, had been obtained, not only by undue moral pressure, but by personal violence; and these rumours acquired additional confirmation, after a decree had appeared revoking the former one and dismissing the Minister. Expectation was raised to its height, when, on the day appointed for the discussion, a personage new to such functions, took his seat in the Congress, with the ministerial portfolio under his arm. This worthy defender of the Throne was no other than the editor of the Spanish "Satirist" of that day—Gonzalez Bravo; and the paper which he proceeded to read was a full account, signed by Her Majesty, of the violence which had been employed by the late Premier. The discussion was long and stormy. Its principal feature was of course the speech of Olozaga, which even his adversaries admit to have been a very great effort, and in which he contrived to exculpate himself without bringing home to his Sovereign the charge of falsehood. The real history of the matter was probably that the Minister was somewhat more peremptory in his manner than is usual, as a man of Olozaga's character and commanding appearance might well either be, or appear to be, when urging a matter of pressing national importance upon a puzzle-headed young woman, and that the worthless persons who surrounded the Queen, and who were entirely in the hands of the opposite party, magnified the importance of the incident in her eyes, until they actually brought her to sign a paper in which she perhaps hardly knew how to distinguish the false from the true.

Olozaga, after his defence, fled to Lisbon to avoid the by no means chimerical danger of assassination; and the meaning of the intrigue gradually unfolded itself, as it was seen that Gonzalez Bravo was merely an instrument in the hands of Narvaez—the bridge, as some one said at the time, by which that ambitious warrior meant to arrive at power with his pure Moderado following. When the bridge was passed, the Ministry of Gonzalez Bravo disappeared, and the Duke of Valencia, whom he had served so well, ruled in his stead, and advanced with firm steps upon the road of reaction. The leading measure of his Government—its flower and crown in the eyes of the Moderado party—was the revision of the Constitution, and the promulgation of the new Constitution of 1845. We have already seen that the Constitution of 1837 was less liberal than that of 1812. That of 1845 was in its turn far less liberal than its predecessor. The liberty of the press was curtailed; the Senate became a

nominated, not an elective body; the Cortes lost its right of assembling by its own authority, in case the Sovereign neglected to summon it at the proper time, and the principle of the national sovereignty disappeared from the preamble. The most significant change, however, in the circumstances of the hour, was that which precluded the necessity of the approbation of the Cortes as a preliminary to the royal marriage. This was the event which was the pivot of intrigue for several years.

Those who would understand the complications of Spanish politics during the period that immediately preceded and immediately followed the marriage of the young Queen to her cousin Don Francisco de Assis, must find the clues of half a dozen plots, in which the interest of courtiers, ministers, and confessors were strangely interwoven with the hopes of Carlist, French, Neapolitan, and Portuguese competitors for the doubtful blessing of the royal hand. Most readers will, we presume, be satisfied to remember that no less than six Ministries rose and fell in an incredibly short space of time, and that all of them were more or less of a Moderado complexion. At length a Cabinet was formed, in which the chief places were filled by Narvaez, and Sartorius, Count of San Luis, a very young man, who had acquired fame first as a journalist, and then as a politician. It was this Government which was in power when the events of February 1848 threw Europe into confusion. It contrived to pilot Spain through that stormy time with tolerable success. More than once the democratic party took up arms. There was fighting in the streets of Madrid, and many persons were transported, but the amount of bloodshed was not very great. This Ministry fell, like so many of its fellows, before a palace intrigue, the wire-pullers in which were ecclesiastical persons. Their successors, however, only remained in place twenty-four hours, long enough to win a place in Spanish history as the "*ministerio del relampago*"—the lightning ministry—so rapidly did they flash out of and into obscurity. Narvaez and Sartorius returned to power with a somewhat modified list of colleagues, and tried to fortify their power by new elections, in which the authority of the Government was exercised in so barefaced a manner, that it scandalized even Madrid, and the assembly which resulted from this pressure was called the "*Congreso de familia*." All this zeal was, however, in vain. The intrigues of Christina, who had quarrelled with Narvaez, were too much for him, and down once more went the Sartorius Ministry. It was now the turn of Bravo Murillo, who claimed the confidence of the country as a financial genius and economical reformer. So determined was he to have this confidence entire that he actually succeeded in excluding from the new Cortes the very

man who had peopled the last one with his creatures, and Sartorius found himself for a time in private life. The rock upon which Bravo Murillo ran was an attempt to imitate the *coup d'état*, and to remodel the Spanish Constitution by getting the Cortes to sanction *en bloc* nine new laws, which would have undone nearly all that had been done since the death of Ferdinand. His attempt, eagerly backed by the Court *camarilla*, utterly failed. In vain he sent Narvaez across the frontier. The country would have none of his reforms, and he too passed into nothingness, leaving behind him as his legacy the Concordat of 1852, by which the Pope to a certain extent accepted the measure of Mendizabal in 1836, and other accomplished facts, obtaining in return many concessions. Several short-lived Cabinets succeeded, and on the 18th September 1853, Sartorius was again the President of the Council, with the Marquis of Molins, Calderon de la Barca, General Blaser, and others, to assist him.

The last months of 1853 and the first of 1854 passed un- easily. Every day the scandals of the Court and of the Ministry became more flagrant, and the measures of repression more severe. General after general was sent out of Madrid, and the persecutions of the Government fell, be it observed, not on the Progressistas, who were keeping quite aloof from public affairs, but upon all the sections of the Moderado party, except the immediate followers of Sartorius. Accusations of the grossest pecuniary corruption against many persons in high places were bruited about, and almost universally believed. The crisis came in June 1854. "Will you not come with us?" cried General Dulce to the Minister of War, as he rode in the grey of the morning out of Madrid, to try, as was supposed, a new cavalry saddle. "I should like nothing better," answered General Blaser, "but I am too busy." In a few hours it was known that Dulce had been joined by O'Donnell, and that the long-expected revolt had taken place. An indecisive action took place between the Queen's troops and the revolted generals at Vicalvaro, whence the name Vicalvarist—which is now very generally given to the followers of O'Donnell; and that commander issued a proclamation at Manzanares, explaining that the *pronunciamento* was made in favour of constitutional government and of morality. Up to this point the rising, it cannot be too distinctly understood, was a Moderado rising, and Narvaez himself, as afterwards appeared, was deeply implicated in the conspiracy. But on the 17th of July the whole aspect of affairs changed. A popular rising took place in Madrid, and the revolt of O'Donnell was swallowed up in a revolution. After a very agitated period, things began to

settle down. The Moderado *régime* of eleven years was fairly at an end, and the Queen, with the Counts of Lucena and Luchana, O'Donnell and Espartero, was awaiting the meeting of a Constituent Cortes, which was to decide, amongst other things, whether the Bourbon dynasty was to continue to rule in Spain. It met on the 9th November 1854, and soon decided that question—194 as against 19 were quite willing to keep Queen Isabella on the throne if she would conduct herself with tolerable propriety. The discussions on the other bases of the new Constitution took more time. There was a very long one early in 1855, upon the question of religious toleration, and other matters were hardly less warmly debated. The greatest work, however, of the Constituent Cortes was their carrying out to its legitimate issue the leading measure of Mendizabal's administration, and freeing the soil of Spain, with inconsiderable exceptions, from the tyranny of the dead hand, and from the colossal entails under which it had so long suffered. The Queen resisted, in the interest of the Church, but yielded after a private interview with O'Donnell and Espartero at Aranjuez. Next to this great measure, which, although one of its immediate results was a Carlist rising in Aragon, gave very general satisfaction, the best acts of this Assembly were those which it passed in furtherance of the material interests of the country. Its other purely political performances were not so successful. It settled the Constitution, but never promulgated it, and several of the most important laws which were necessary to supplement that Constitution were never finished. It should be the first care of all such bodies to do quickly whatever their hand finds to do, for if their deliberations continue long, they invariably become unpopular, since they are always accused of wishing unduly to prolong their own power, while agitators are quite sure to take advantage of a provisional state of things to pursue their own objects. So it happened in Spain in the spring of 1856. Disturbances, and above all incendiary fires, became the order of the day. By the middle of 1856 people began to weary. The conflicts in the Cortes between the moderate Progressistas, on the one hand, and the advanced Progressistas, backed by the Democrats on the other, were frequent and severe. Not less marked was the division in the Cabinet between O'Donnell and Espartero. At length a quarrel, occasioned by an attack which was made by Escosura, the Minister of the Interior, upon the Moderado views of O'Donnell, brought about an open rupture, and at four o'clock in the morning, on the 14th July, a ministerial crisis took place. (In Madrid, ministerial crises always seem to take place in the small hours, thanks to the

owl-like habits of society in that capital.) When the Madrileñan housewives came back from market, they were able to tell their lords that a revolution had taken place since they went to bed. Their lords committed the imprudence of flying to arms, and thereby gave O'Donnell and the Queen the excuse they wanted for a little *coup d'état*. O'Donnell and his colleagues, the most important of whom was Rios y Rosas, straightway dissolved the Cortes, and as the Constitution which it had elaborated had never been promulgated, fell back upon the Moderado Constitution of 1845, supplemented by an additional act of their own, good as far as it went, although of extra-legal origin.

Henceforth they worked steadily, and with no unnecessary severity to bring back matters to the position in which they would have been if the military revolt begun by O'Donnell and his friends in 1854 had not been followed by a revolution. This, considering their views, which were those of Liberal Conservatives (Union Liberal), was natural enough; but it was also quite natural that when the Court and its corrupt adherents saw that it was possible to go so far in a reactionary course, they should wish to go a little further; and so after three months of power O'Donnell was tripped up, and Narvaez came in with a Cabinet in which he was by no means the most anti-liberal element. He pushed the reaction a good deal further, and above all, made an arrangement with Rome by which the sales of Church lands already effected were recognised, but all further sales were stopped, and other concessions were made to the clergy. The Constitution of 1845 was likewise altered in so far as the composition of the Senate was concerned. Narvaez fell in the autumn of 1857, overthrown partly by the results of his interference in one of those bed-chamber questions which are so constantly arising in the palace of Madrid, and partly by the odium excited by the rabid reactionary tendencies of his colleague Nocedal. He was succeeded by General Armero, who took for his motto: "The Constitution of 1845—neither more nor less."

As, however, the Narvaez Government had turned out too reactionary for its own party, the Armero Government turned out to be too much the other way. In other words, the Moderados hardly knew their own mind. One combination more was tried. M. Isturiz, the *vir pietate gravis* of his side of politics, was sent for and formed an administration, which had no particular fault, except that it commanded the sympathies of nobody, and when it followed its predecessors, as it very soon did, the Queen once more called O'Donnell to her councils. O'Donnell came back, determined to represent the Union Liberal more

thoroughly than ever, and to construct, if possible, some machine by which, amidst the decomposition of parties, he might contrive to guide the politics of Spain. So conciliatory was he, that in one province it is said he had a Progressista civil governor, a Moderado secretary, and a military commandant who belonged to the Union Liberal. The new Congress was composed of equally diverse elements, and gave him infinite trouble, when very luckily the Italian war of 1859 came to call off the attention of the people from internal affairs; and so kind were the influences of the Palmerstonian star under which he was born, that no sooner was that contest over, than the Moors began to make themselves so intolerably unpleasant, that he had an excellent excuse for proposing to his countrymen to go to war on their own account.

The speech of the President of the Council, announcing the commencement of hostilities with Morocco, caused the greatest rejoicings in all parts of the country; and through the five months during which the war lasted, the Government had little to complain of, even from the Opposition press. The Spanish arms were, of course, victorious, and peace was soon restored. It was fortunate that this was so, since, if the struggle had lasted longer, the attempt of Ortega, who, in the beginning of April 1860, landed at the mouth of the Ebro with the garrison of the Balearic Isles, of which he was captain-general, with a view to renew the Carlist wars, might have been more inconvenient. As it was, the danger did not last above twenty-four hours; Ortega was taken and shot, the Conde de Montemolin and his second brother were arrested, and liberated after signing a renunciation of their supposed rights,—a renunciation which, as they had pledged their honour in it, and were their father's sons, they naturally made haste to disavow, so soon as they were in a place of security. Their sudden and most strange deaths at Trieste, a few months after, deprived these transactions of any importance, and left their brother Don Juan at the head of the family. With the return of tranquillity the struggle of parties recommenced, and was envenomed as well by the severities which were exercised, or alleged to have been exercised, in putting down a sort of Socialist rising or Jacquerie which broke out during the summer of 1861 at Loja, not very far from Malaga, as by the constantly increasing influence of the clerical *camarilla*. O'Donnell, who had now been in power for a longer time than any Minister since Spain became a constitutional country, had become fond of office, and, in order to keep it, allowed his measures to be far too much moulded by the Court, which was under the control of the Nuncio, acting chiefly through the Nun Patrocinio, one of those personages, half-

rogue, half-enthusiast, who are so common in Catholic countries. In the end of 1861, the attacks in both branches of the Legislature became very frequent and fierce. Olozaga particularly distinguished himself by his plain speaking, and when O'Donnell, with a strange want of tact, appealed from him to the other great Progressista leader, Don Pascual Madoz, it was only to draw from that statesman a warning to the Administration to change its ways, "lest some one might say, at the head of 2000 horse, that he would no longer serve a Government which was dishonoured by a *camarilla*,"—the quotation being taken from O'Donnell's own rebel manifesto. A more dangerous adversary perhaps than two men so well known for their advanced Liberal opinions, was Rios y Rosas, who, as we have seen, was the leading spirit of O'Donnell's Cabinet in 1856, the very incarnation of the Union Liberal. When a politician of his colour reminds the Sovereign that princes who are too long obstinate generally finish their lives in exile, the state of affairs has become alarming. O'Donnell, knowing that his internal policy would not bear inspection, and satisfied with the success of his Moorish diversion, still continued to try to distract popular attention by bold diplomatic strokes. If the additional Concordat, published in 1860, made too great concessions to the clerical interest, had he not soon the re-incorporation of St. Domingo, and the impetuous action of the Spanish commander on the Mexican coast, to flatter the national vanity? The Liberal party from the first pointed out what these measures must lead to; but Ministers live from hand to mouth in Spain, and that is the best course which keeps things quiet for the moment.

The O'Donnell Cabinet continued all through 1862, reaped what little glory was to be gained from the successes obtained, in concert with France, in Cochin-China, and incurred much additional unpopularity from the results of the Mexican expedition. It fell at length early in 1863, and the Marquis of Miraflores, who had been a supporter of the proposals of Bravo Murillo in 1852, succeeded the Duke of Tetuan. The liberalism of the new chief did not, however, go far enough to prevent his allowing one of his colleagues to issue a most imprudent circular, restraining, after the model of Imperial France, the right of electoral meetings. The result of this mistake was, that the whole Progressista and Democratic parties refused to take part in the elections. Miraflores succeeded in getting a Congress, composed of various fractions of the several Conservative parties, but fell before an adverse vote of the Senate, on the question of reforming the composition of that body, as arranged in 1857.

The Mon Cabinet settled for a time the difficult question

about the composition of the Senate by restoring in its integrity the Constitution of 1845, but agitated by rumours of revolutionary projects in various quarters, they acted in an extremely arbitrary manner, exiling Prim, for example, to Oviedo, and trying obnoxious journalists by councils of war. In the meantime, the conflict with Peru and St. Domingo, and the state of the finances, got more and more desperate. In September last, Narvaez was sent for, and came into power with a Cabinet which contained, besides himself, no less than four ex-Presidents of the Council. So far as we can divine his intentions, they are to carry on the Government by means of the various sections of the Moderado party; but to modify the traditions of that party, to a certain extent, in a Liberal direction. It may be hoped, too, that necessity may ere long oblige him to take some step to improve the credit of Spain. The press in this country has, with one voice, applauded his conduct in the matter of St. Domingo, but the state of Spain is still excessively dangerous. The Liberal party continues to abstain. Recent experience has shown that the Queen has not learnt wisdom, and one of her unsuccessful attempts to create a Government in lieu of her present advisers, might, if it had been a little more successful, have cost her dear. Until the whole system of government is thoroughly altered, another 1854 is at any moment possible.

The reader who has followed us thus far will be able to judge for himself whether the country which has passed through so many political vicissitudes in thirty years can be fairly described, in the words of Mr. Buckle, as "a torpid mass." We shall now briefly sketch its existing Government, endeavouring to answer as shortly as possible the more important questions which an intelligent inquirer into the state of an European community is likely to ask. It will be seen, we hope, that the Spain of to-day, with all her faults, is hardly a representation of "the feelings and knowledge of the Middle Ages."

Doña Isabel Segunda, Queen of the Spains, rules over the conterminous but most heterogeneous provinces of Spain proper (*la Peninsula*), over the "adyacentes," including the Canaries, the Balearic Isles, the small places (*Presidios*) on the north coast of Africa, with Fernando Po and Annabon in the Gulf of Guinea, and over certain colonies in America and Asia (*Ultramar*). *España* presidial is in some respects under the same, in others, under different regulations, from the rest of the monarchy. The colonies, of which we shall speak hereafter, are subject to an exceptional *régime*.

By the Constitution now in force, which is, as we have seen, that of 1845, the Sovereign can do no wrong, and Ministerial responsibility is fully recognised. The legislative power resides

in the Crown and in the Cortes, but far too large a space is left for the arbitrary action of authority, and royal decrees often do the work which ought to be done by the Legislature. The Cortes consists of two bodies: a Senate whose members are, with the exception of those sons of the monarch and of the heir-apparent who have attained the age of twenty-five, nominated for life by the Crown, out of certain specified categories of persons; and a Congress of Deputies, who are chosen by those possessing the franchise in the various electoral districts. The number of the Senate may be at any time increased at the royal pleasure, and the conditions now required may be altered by law. In practice, a Ministry supported by the Crown can create a majority in the Senate at any moment.

The number and qualifications of the members of the Congress of Deputies depend on the electoral law for the moment in force. At present there are 349. Parliaments are quinquennial, and there is a property qualification. In practice, the system is so worked that the Government in power can always get a reliable, and, in general, an overwhelming majority. It does not fare much better with the guarantees of public and individual liberty common to most constitutions. They are pompously paraded in this Moderado great charter, but convenient little clauses are introduced, which leave the Ministers free to do pretty much what they please. In short, the existing Spanish Constitution deserves what has been said of it by many persons, and by none more pointedly than by Gonsalez Bravo, the present Home Minister. It is neither one thing nor another; the product neither of frank despotism, nor of frank constitutionalism.

The Government of Spain is carried on by nine Ministers. The Premier, who is, unhappily, but too often a soldier, is called the President of the Council, and is supposed to direct the general policy of the country. His colleagues are—

The Minister of Grace and Justice.

The Minister of the Interior (*de la Gobernacion*).

The Minister of Public Welfare (*de Fomento*).

The Minister of Finance (*de Hacienda*).

The Minister of War.

The Minister of Marine.

The Minister of the Colonies.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs (*de Estado*).

To the province of the Minister of Grace and Justice belongs everything that is connected with the administration of the law, both in the civil and ecclesiastical courts, and he superintends the proceedings of all legal functionaries, from the judges of the supreme tribunal at Madrid, down to the *Alcaldes*, or mayors of the towns, and to the *juges de paix* in the country districts.

The state of the department committed to his charge is not one of the things upon which Spain can be congratulated, for the confusion, delay, and uncertainty of Spanish law is a frequent subject of complaint in the country. According to Mr. Wallis, the last collection of laws which had any pretension to completeness was published in 1806. This *Novissima recopilacion* was founded on the *Nueva recopilacion* of Philip II. Neither of these two documents, however, quite excludes the authority of some more ancient codes, which are understood to be in force, in cases not otherwise provided for. We need hardly say that the laws promulgated in 1806 have been altered in a thousand ways since.

The criminal law, as revised in 1853, is decidedly humane. The punishment of death is inflicted only in cases of wilful murder. The gallows, to which the Iberian mind has a peculiar objection, has been superseded by the garotte, to which it attaches, for some reason or other, more agreeable associations. Corporal punishments and the pillory have been abolished. Trials take place in public, but there are no juries, and have never been any, except in cases connected with the press. A curious description of his own trial, at Lerida, for publishing a pamphlet which was charged with a seditious tendency, is given by Garrido. The jury was however once more abolished in press cases after the counter Revolution of 1856, and now forms no part of the judicial procedure of Spain. Prisoners are often detained a most unreasonable time before they are tried; while caprice, bribes, and the protection of the powerful, have still far too much influence upon the lot of the criminal. Mr. Wallis, himself a lawyer, and with a keen interest in all that relates to his profession, bears testimony to the high character of the leading advocates at Madrid, and was evidently much struck with the advantage which they have over American lawyers, and, to a certain extent, over English barristers, in finding all the lower and mechanical part of litigation taken off their hands by the attorney and the notary, or *escribano*. This last-named personage is a kind of middleman between the attorney and the court. "Every picture," says Mr. Wallis, "that is painted of the law's delay, and of the costly injustice, for which men curse it, has for its chief figure the *escribano*."

"Con semblante infernal y pluma en mano."

All evidence "goes before the judge in the shape of declarations made before the *escribano*, and reduced by him to writing. Indeed there is nothing which concerns the case, in law or in fact, of which the *escribano* is not the conductor, from the judge to the parties, and from the parties to the judge and to each other."

This is an evil inherent in the system. We fear, however, that whatever evils there are inherent in the system of Spanish justice, they are far surpassed by the evils which have been engrafted on it. The worst of these is the venality and partiality of the judges. As long as these prevail there is a canker at the root of all prosperity.

In the office of the Minister of the Interior, all the threads of a most elaborately centralized system meet in one point. France, as France was under Louis Philippe, supplied the model upon which the victorious Moderados of 1845 re-organized their own country; and the changes which have been introduced since, have not been favourable to local liberties.

The whole mainland of Spain is divided, for administrative purposes, into forty seven provinces. Over each of these is an officer who bears, in the province of Madrid, the title of Political Chief, and in the other forty-six that of Civil Governor. Each of these personages is assisted by counsellors, appointed, like himself, by the Crown, and by a consultative body whose members are elected by the province. The local administration is carried on by *Alcaldes*, who are also nominees of the Government, and are helped in the discharge of their functions by elected councils, larger or smaller, according to the population of the district; those same *Ayuntamientos*, or municipalities, of which we have already spoken, and whose power, before the reaction abridged it, was the mainstay of the Liberal party. In the very smallest places there is a still humbler administrator, who is called the *Alcalde pedáneo*.

All these Alcaldes, great and small, must do as the Minister of the hour commands, and they are the principal instruments by which the elections are worked, so as to produce the results which are desired by the party in power.

The management of the police forms another part of the multifarious duties of the Minister of *Gobernacion*. Minutoli speaks well of it; and all men speak well of the allied service called the *Guardia Civil*, which looks after the safety of the roads, and is due to General Narvaez. The danger to which the traveller is exposed from robbers in Spain has, of course, been materially diminished by the increase of railways; but even the common roads are much safer than they were.

There is really hardly anything that does not fall within the province of the Minister of whom we are writing, and Minutoli, in describing his functions, speaks *de omni scibili*. Of the charitable institutions of Spain he expresses warm approbation, and on this head the reader will do well to consult the *Attaché in Madrid*, always remembering that he is reading the work of a Roman Catholic neophyte.

Of the lunatic asylums, the state of which Ford describes as very bad, Minutoli also gives a painful account. On the other hand, he says that the prison at Valencia was under the management of Col. Montesinos, the very best which he ever saw in Europe, except that of Munich under Obermayer, and he certainly adduces some most remarkable facts in support of his opinion. The aptitude of Col. Montesinos for his work must have been quite exceptional, and his prison very unlike some others in Spain; for about the very time that he was doing wonders at Valencia, the Carcel del Corte at Madrid was, as we know from Borrow, in a frightful condition.

The management of the post in Spain does scant credit to ministerial wisdom. Nothing more ridiculous can be imagined, and its irregularities are complained of by all travellers. Out of six letters recently addressed to the writer at Barcelona, according to the form advised by Ford, not one ever reached his hands. Tourists cannot be too earnestly cautioned not to have letters of importance addressed to them at the Post-office in Spain. They should always be sent to the house of some banker, or other well-known person.

The persecution of the press is another most important part of this Minister's functions, and whatever else he may neglect, he generally fulfils this part of his duty with great zeal. Two hours before a newspaper is published, a copy must be in the hands of the police, and they often exercise their right of confiscating the whole impression, and of prosecuting the editor. Bad as things are, however, there is certainly at this moment more freedom for public writers in Spain than in France.

The Ministry of Public Welfare has the care of the mines, of agriculture, of the scanty but priceless forests, of all public works, of the studs, of the telegraphs, in short, of commerce and material improvement of every kind.

The rapid development of the wealth of Spain during the last twenty years has excited more attention beyond her own boundaries, than any other phenomenon connected with her recent history; but the very reasonable and proper attitude of the London Stock Exchange towards a defaulting State, has had the indirect effect of closing the channels by which we in England would in the natural course of things have heard of her prosperity. It is chiefly from France that those supplies of capital have come which have swelled the not inconsiderable hoards of the natives, which appear to have been kept out of harm's way during the troubles, and to have come to light in recent and more peaceful times. Travel where you will in Spain, you will see more evidence of poverty than of abundance; but even in the poorest districts, let there be a piece of clerical or other land

to be sold by the authorities upon advantageous terms, and it is curious to see how many people are able to offer for it. Not less interesting is it to notice that the ill-will of the Church has had so little effect in preventing the acquisition of estates once devoted to pious uses.

On the subject of the material revival of Spain—a revival to which nothing save peace has contributed so much as the sale of lands which belonged to the clergy—a long array of most carefully marshalled and significant figures appeared in an article of our too short-lived contemporary, the *Home and Foreign Review*. The writer, who had peculiar means of information, shows that the population is steadily increasing, having risen more than five millions between 1797 and 1860; that there is every reason to suppose that agricultural production has increased during the same period more rapidly to the south than to the north of the Pyrenees; that the use of meat is becoming more common, and the number of cattle and other domestic animals rapidly multiplying. Not less cheering is it to learn that the consumption of coal has more than quadrupled in the last few years, and that the possessors of iron mines are not less prosperous, while exports and imports had increased by 350 per cent. between 1843 and 1860.

There is no more agreeable feature in the last ten years of Spanish history than the rapid development of railway communication. We have seen that the line from Bayonne to Madrid is quite finished.

A gap of twenty hours occurs in the railway communication between the capital and Cordova, but when that city is once passed, there is no interruption till the traveller arrives at Cadiz. Fifteen hours of very comfortable railway travelling connect the seat of Government with the port of Alicante, and with the capital of the wealthy and important province of Valencia, while in less than two years we may hope to see the locomotive traversing the whole length of the coast line from the city of the Cid to Perpignan. Already passengers are set down at the Saguntum station, and are, indeed, carried considerably past it to the northward.

From Barcelona the line is only completed along the Catalonian shore as far as Gerona, but one can go straight across the country from sea to sea, without any diligence-travelling. Montserrat, Manresa, so famous in the life of Loyola, Lerida, the Ilerda of Horace, Calahorra, the ancient Calagurris, and Tudela, are all stations upon this line, the latter half of which is singularly picturesque, ascending as it does the upper valley of the rapid and beautiful Ebro, and descending the course of the Nervion, affording through almost every mile the most beautiful

views, and doing infinite credit to the engineering skill of its daring constructors. The journey from Miranda to Bilbao is the very poetry of railway travelling. The railway already connects Pamplona with Saragossa, and Saragossa with the metropolis, while the lounge of the Puerta del Sol can hurry to the fresh breezes of Santander without any of "les belles horreurs," which Mr. Borrow has so feelingly described. Even Zamorra, whose desolation had become as much of a jest in Spanish literature as that of Cumæ in the days of Juvenal, can now be reached by railway, and if only the lines from Santa Cruz to Cordova, and from Madrid to Badajoz were completed, the tourist would really have very little reason to complain. Several other important lines are in progress, and not a few minor lines are already completed, but we need not give further details, as Spain has already an *Indicador* of its own, on the plan of the well-known French publication. We would not have given even these, if it had not been that a good deal had been done, even since the publication of Hans Andersen's *In Spanien*, the most recently published book of Spanish travel which any of our readers is likely to have seen.

The roads that are to feed these railways advance more slowly, but still they advance. We can well believe that the Marquis of Albaida tells an "over true tale," when he says that the promise of a road or a bridge is one of the commonest bribes held out by the Alcaldes to induce their fellow-townsmen to vote for the Government candidates,—the "Diputados di Amen," as they are wittily called. Not less true, we fear, is it that these roads and bridges are oftener promised than made.

The coasting vessels and those for foreign trade advance in numbers, and in the frequency of their voyages, while something is being done for the harbours, which, especially along the eastern coast, are far from being what they must be, if Spain is to become, as she surely one day will, a great maritime power.

Judging by the number of houses which bear upon them the device of some insurance company, we should have thought that fire insurance was more generally practised than the figures before us would lead us to believe. Banking is very far behindhand, and credit walks still with lame and staggering feet.

Turn where we will, we see what marvellous changes an increase of science would work in this splendid country. There are rivers of wine, but it is rarely fit to drink. There are lakes of oil, but it is equally abominable. There are acres of peaches, but the fruit is a sort of turnip. There is no want of industry. The Spaniard works hard with his hands, as those of our engineers who have superintended railways in Spain are ready to testify. Sobriety is a common virtue. Intelligence is not

wanting, and elementary education is not so very backward. It is intelligent direction which is wanted, central direction, if nothing better can be got, independent local direction where that is possible. How many Spaniards, however, are there who have imitated Espartero, who devotes the greater portion of his time to making his property near Logroño a model for his neighbours?

It is melancholy when we reflect that vast spaces of fertile land in Spain have been utterly waste since the days of Philip III., to know that every year large numbers of industrious persons emigrate to Oran and elsewhere, and that the attempts at colonization in Andalusia have not been crowned with any great success. The religious difficulty here, as elsewhere in the old world, has done much to keep far from the borders of Spain the most hardy and useful colonists.

Garrido has accumulated, in his fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, statistical tables illustrative of the commerce and manufactures of Spain. We should be more tempted to quote their principal figures, if they were more complete, and if some of the more important industries, as, for instance, the cotton spinning of Catalonia, were not exotics fostered by unwise laws. Of all Spanish exports, the most important is wine, and of all Spanish wines, the most important is sherry. We observe that the amount sent out of the country doubled between 1841 and 1861, though the price advanced by about 80 per cent. It should not be forgotten that, as Ford points out, sherry, although grown in Spain, is chiefly made by and for foreigners. There is less wine drunk at a Spanish *table d'hôte* in a month than at a German one in a day.

One of the most important matters to which the department of Fomento could devote itself, would be the increase and better distribution of the water supply of Spain. Drought is, next to misgovernment, the great curse of the country. The formation of reservoirs to catch the winter rains must one day be set about in good earnest, if Spain is ever to support a population at all equal to that which we see in many other countries. The re-plantation of those forests which human shortsightedness and folly have destroyed is another urgent necessity, but its difficulty is, alas! proportionate to its importance.

The multiplication of canals for purposes of irrigation would be another great boon, but unfortunately this too is, from the character of the Spanish rivers, far from easy. Long and loud has been the clamour in favour of making the upper Tagus and upper Douro navigable, but neither they nor the Ebro are as yet of much use for purposes of transit. One is tempted to believe that the Moors, as they quitted the soil of Europe, laid a

curse on the waters of Spain,—so unsuccessful have their conquerors been in imitating their dealings with that wayward element.

It was the brilliant and unfortunate Larra who proposed to inscribe over the gate of the Madrid Exchange, “Aqui yace el crédito Español,” and who observed, that when that was done, everybody would compare the building to the Pyramids of Egypt, marvelling that a work so vast should be raised for the sepulture of a thing so little. The English translation of the suggested inscription has the advantage, as Ford perceived, of the double meaning of the verb. Things are somewhat better than they were in those days of repudiation and bankruptcy, but still the Spanish Finance Minister has a bad time of it.

The best source of information to which we can refer those who wish to know the most important facts about the public debt and the actual state of the money matters of Spain, are two sections of the article “Espagne,” in Block’s *Dictionnaire Général de la Politique*. They are both written by Barzanallana, who is at this moment the Spanish Chancellor of the Exchequer. He gives as the total amount of the debt on the 1st January 1862,—14,603,231,950 reals, but it has of course increased since. He also states the amount of the budget voted on the 4th March 1862 at 2,003,853,536 reals, for the ordinary expenses of the State, as against 2,009,938,000 reals, the estimated ordinary revenue, while more than 560,000,000 reals were assigned to extraordinary expenses, which it was expected would be met by receipts not forming part of the ordinary revenue. We may remind our readers that a sum in reals may be converted into one in pounds sterling, with sufficient accuracy for ordinary purposes, if it is divided by 100.

Many of the methods of raising the revenue are much complained of by intelligent Spaniards. The tariff is still ruinously protective. The tobacco and other monopolies are opposed to the most elementary principles. The barbarous *octroi* minimizes the internal commerce of the country, loses many hours of every day to thousands of industrious people, and fosters the vicious propensities of a whole army of officials, whose illegitimate gains, as every traveller knows, are far greater than their honest ones. An elaborate and vexatious system of stamps interferes with almost every transaction of life. With one hand, the Minister of Finance beckons into existence a host of *contrabandistas*, and with another an army of *carabineros*, to keep them in check. The lottery still sows demoralization broadcast over the whole Peninsula. In short, there are few economical heresies which are not embraced as great truths by Queen Isabella’s Government, in spite of the efforts of many enlight-

ened persons who translate Bastiat, and otherwise attempt to dispel the darkness of the land.

Of the wrongs of the bondholders we will say nothing. There are few Spanish topics which are so familiar to the newspaper reader. Those, however, who would learn what can be advanced on the Spanish side of the case, might look with advantage at the pamphlet called *Spain and Morocco*, by Mr. Owen Ross.

So obvious are the benefits which would accrue to Spain from an honest arrangement with her creditors, and so perfectly able is she to make one which would be accepted as satisfactory, that we cannot doubt that such will be made. Made it would have been ere this, if the present state of things had not been useful to speculators, whose influence at Madrid is more powerful than any consideration of national prosperity, to say nothing of national honour.

We have seen that in the year 1858 the neo-Catholic party, which had attempted to stop the sale of the national Church lands, was obliged to give way to the politicians of the "Union Liberal." They re-commenced the good work, and an enormous amount of real property has now passed from the dead to the living hand. The money received by the State has been and is being applied to many good objects—*inter alia*, to the construction of harbours and lighthouses, to canals, roads, and bridges. Unfortunately, vast sums have been squandered on preparations for and munitions of war; while, according to Garrido, not one penny has been spent in promoting the increase of knowledge,—*the great want of Spain*.¹

Assuredly finance is not the bright side of Iberian affairs. And yet let any one compare the figures of recent budgets with those of the days of Spain's prosperity and pre-eminence, asking himself after he has done so what people mean when they say that she has declined. Her relative position has changed, and she has not advanced as she ought to have done; but how much of that halo of greatness which surrounds her past is mere delusion. It should not be forgotten that the figures we have cited are only those connected with the central Government. Very large sums are raised for public purposes by the provincial councils and by the municipalities. It should also be borne in mind that the debt has been much increased by the State's having given to the former owners of lands held in mortmain,

¹ As these sheets were passing through the press, the news arrived of the generous step taken by the Queen of Spain. It would be vain at present to speculate on the effect likely to be produced on the Spanish finances by the sale of the Crown lands; but the measure is a certain sign that our hopes for Spain are not unfounded, and it goes some way to remove our fears for the Spanish dynasty.

obligations upon the National Treasury instead of the estates which they lost.

The events of the Peninsular War left on the English mind a somewhat too unfavourable impression of the Spanish soldier. Faults, which were really attributable only to his officers or to the War Department, were unhesitatingly ascribed to him; and his demerits are even now popularly accepted as part of the low estimate of Spain, which is usual amongst us. And yet the great Captain who freed the Peninsula by no means shared these views. He did not hesitate to express the highest opinion of the warlike virtues of the Spanish private; and a person is still living who can testify to his having said, "The British soldier—if you treat him well—if you feed him—if you clothe him—will go anywhere, and fight anybody; but the Spanish soldier—if you *don't* treat him well—if you *don't* feed him—if you *don't* clothe him—will do the same."

The necessities of the civil wars directed very great attention to the better organization of the royal troops in Spain; and when peace returned, the wants of the service were not lost sight of. Minutoli, who had himself served for twenty-four years in the Prussian army, gives a most detailed account of the whole military system, satisfying in his scrupulous pages alike the curiosity of the drill-sergeant and of the army tailor. His summing up is highly favourable to the efficiency and high character of the troops of Queen Isabella, who, when he wrote, had been for some time reposing on their laurels. When, a few years afterwards, they were called to make proof of their valour and endurance in the war with Morocco, they earned, it will be remembered, much praise at the hands of the *Times* correspondent, whose letters have since been re-published, and should be referred to by those who are anxious to form an opinion as to the real importance of Spain.

Official returns of the year 1863, quoted in the *Statesman's Year-book*, gives 151,668 men as the total strength of the Spanish military forces; but more than 22,000 of these belong to the Carabineros and to the Guardia Civil, while more than 44,000 are militiamen. There are also troops in the Canaries and in the Colonies, which are not included in the above. The army is recruited by conscription; but great privileges are given to volunteers, who receive a large bounty, and substitutes are freely permitted. Minutoli calls particular attention to the artillery, which is destined to act in mountainous districts,—an arm of the first importance in the land of Sierras. The exercises of the army in general, and of the cavalry in particular, are arranged on the French model. We have no very certain information as to how far Spain is

keeping pace with the latest improvements in military science, but the recent educational programme for the Prince of Asturias inclines us to think that it will not be in this direction that Narvaez is likely to err. The Spanish navy, which had sunk very low, rose rapidly into importance under Charles III., and at the commencement of the present century was still in a very flourishing condition. The great disaster of Trafalgar inaugurated another period of decline, from which it is only now recovering. Perhaps it is to the filibustering expeditions against Cuba, more than to any other cause, that we must attribute the very marked improvement that is now visible in the Marine Department. Some credit is also due to the Marquis of Molins—better known by his name of Roca di Togores—whose poetical and rhetorical merits raised him to the office of First Lord of the Admiralty about the time that the Cuban question became alarming. As early, however, as 1845, things had begun to mend; and Minutoli speaks of as many as 78 vessels being in process of construction, or undergoing large repairs, in the spring of 1851. Ever since, there has been a gradual advance, and now, like other and greater powers, Spain is turning her attention to the construction of ironclads, of which she has several afloat.

The officers of the Spanish navy are very highly spoken of by Mr. Wallis and others. Both the war and commercial marine suffer much from the obstinate adherence of the authorities to a system based upon the French maritime inscription. The sailor too has, it would appear, other grievances, of which the chief are a low rate of pay and severe punishments. It is probable that the Spanish Government will follow in the wake of their great neighbour in undoing the mistakes of Colbert; but Garrido says that it as yet is only the Democratic party which urges this change.

The Minister who now presides over the colonies of Spain has not a very laborious office. Her gigantic colonial empire has now sunk to Cuba, Porto-Rico, a corner of the Virgin Islands, part of the Philippines, the Marian Archipelago, with the far scattered Carolinian group. The whole population of these possessions may be 8,000,000, so that Holland has now many more colonial subjects than her once terrible antagonist.

The want of good faith the Spanish Government has displayed in all that relates to the slave-trade, has been a frequent subject of complaint in this country. Since the treaty of 1817, the slaves in Cuba have enormously increased, and almost every Captain-General has made large sums by conniving at the importation of slaves from Africa. The most conspicuous exception to this rule was General Valdez, who administered the island during the regency of Espartero, and whose name is a synonyme

for honour. The Democratic party is of course thoroughly opposed to the existing system, and its writers do not cease to point out that sooner or later the sins of the past and present will be washed out in blood. The absolute stoppage of the slave-trade, with gradual emancipation immediately begun and steadily persevered in, are the only possible methods of conjuring the frightful calamity which impends over the Queen of the Antilles.

The really Liberal party in Spain, as we have seen, is altogether opposed to attempts at "re-vindications" of colonial empire. Garrido even goes so far as to say, that Spain, if she lost the Colonies which she still has, would be all the stronger, and there is much to be said on that side of the question. He admits, however, that public opinion is not ripe for such a change as this, and Spain will have done all that England can expect, if she tries to imitate what we have done during the last thirty years, without attempting to place herself abreast of our most advanced colonial politicians. Her dependencies are still governed by an arbitrary system, for the laws procured in the Constitution of 1837 have never been introduced. The Captain-General of Cuba, if we believe the Democratic press, is as despotic as a pasha.

The Secretary for Foreign Affairs is generally placed in the list of Spanish Ministers immediately after the President of the Council. We have put him last, wishing thereby to indicate that there is none of his colleagues who does not occupy a more really important position. The advice of every man of common sense, who desires the welfare of Spain, to the Spanish Foreign Minister, will, if he understands the circumstances of that country, be, for some time to come, a very simple one. "Instantly recognise all accomplished facts in Italy or elsewhere, and then withdraw for the next quarter of a century into a masterly inactivity. Try to forget that Spain has ever exercised any influence beyond her own borders. Instruct all your ambassadors to confine themselves to protecting the lives and rights of their countrymen in foreign lands, and to keeping you well informed, taking especial care to hear as much and to say as little as possible." If this policy were persevered in, and the other Ministers were as active as their colleague was tranquil, Spain would not, at the end of the period we have named, have to ask humbly to be admitted into the councils of Europe. She would be one of the "Great Powers," in virtue of being a *great power*.

The most important member of the present Cabinet is Narvaez, who is President of the Council, and who is just as old as the century. In 1822, he took the side of the Liberal party, and

after the French invasion was obliged to live very quietly at Loja, his native place, until the death of Ferdinand. In 1834, he returned to the army and distinguished himself upon several occasions, more especially in 1836, when he overtook, and defeated the famous Carlist leader Gomez. From this time forward he became sufficiently important to be considered as a sort of rival to Espartero. His first attempts were however unsuccessful, and after a fruitless endeavour to put himself at the head of a party, he fled to France, whence, in 1843, he returned, as we have seen, to take a decisive part in the overthrow of the best and most patriotic of Spanish politicians. His history from that date has been sufficiently commented on in the preceding pages.

Avrazola, the Minister of Justice, was originally an advocate, but early took to politics, and has been long one of the most prominent Moderados. He also held for many years high judicial office, but is remarkable for the subtlety rather than the breadth of his intellect.

Gonsalez Bravo, the Minister of the Interior, was in his youth a violent Progressista, as he who cares to turn to the furious papers, quoted from the *Guirigay* in Rico y Amat, will readily see. Since he took office in 1843, he has, of course, become very different; witness his recent circular against the press. He is, however, we suspect, too clever a man not to see that in the present state of Spain some concessions to the Liberal party have become quite necessary, and it was probably his influence that gave so liberal a tone to the professions which the Narvaez Government made, when it first came into power.

Alcalà Galiano, the Minister of Fomento, approaches the end of his long career. He was born at Cadiz in 1789, entered the diplomatic service in 1812, took an active part in the Revolution of 1820, and was banished for his share in it. During the eight years that he passed in England, he was a frequent contributor to the *Westminster and Foreign Quarterly*. On his return to Spain he again entered political life; was a bitter opponent of the first two constitutional Ministries, and a supporter of Mendizabal. Like the Duke of Rivas, however, and many others, he soon changed his politics, and the second half of his life has been passed as a Moderado. He enjoys a great reputation as an orator, and his lectures at the Madrid Ateneo were in their day extremely celebrated. Of the remaining Ministers, the most distinguished is Benavides, one of the best debaters in the Cortes, who a few weeks ago succeeded Llorente as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Parties in Spain at the present time may be thus divided:—

I. The Royalists, "pure et simple," who are again split into three fractions: the Carlists, the Neo-Catholics, and the Royalists of Isabella II.

II. The Constitutionals, who are either—

Moderados;
Men of the Union Liberal;
Moderate Progressistas;
Advanced Progressistas.

III. The Democratic party, which has two sub-divisions, according as its members, are—

Democratic Progressistas, or Socialist Republicans.

Neither the Constitutional Progressistas nor the Democrats have taken any part, as we have seen, in the recent elections, but they, like all the other sections, have their representatives in the press.

The Carlists have for their principal organ the *Esperanza*, a large paper, of very little merit, but which has, we believe, a great circulation. Practically, this party, of course, can only strengthen the hands of the clerical faction, the Neo-Catholics, whose chief paper is *El Pensamiento Español*. It must be remembered that Neo-Catholicism in Spain means something very different from the comparatively moderate views to which it is applied in France. In the latter country, we connect it with the name of Montalembert, and with certain *vellétés* towards Liberalism, while in Spain it is the creed of the "real old bats of bigotry." The only paper in Spain which supports the principles of the *Correspondant* is, so far as we are aware, the *Diario de Barcelona*, an old-established journal, which is now under the direction of M. Mañe y Flaquer, a man of intelligence and ability. The Royalists, who have rallied round the present dynasty, have the *Regeneracion* for their organ.

The Moderados have the *Reino*, the *Contemporaneo*, and several other journals.

The Union Liberal has the *Epoca*, the *Politica*, etc.

The Progressistas have, amongst others, the *Novedades* and the *Iberia*, the latter of which is perhaps the best Spanish paper which now appears. It is strange that it is hardly ever quoted by the English press, while the names of very inferior journals appear frequently.

The *Democracia*, which is edited by Castelar, a professor at the University of Madrid, who has attracted much attention by a series of lectures at the *Ateneo*, upon the civilisation of the first five centuries, represents the opinions of the Democratic Progressistas; while the *Discusion* is the organ of the Socialist Republicans. Till recently, that journal was under

the guidance of a Catalan, M. Pi y Margall, and it still has great influence in Barcelona and its neighbourhood. In literary merit it seems to us very inferior to the *Democrazia*, with which it lives on the worst possible terms.

There is at present no Spanish review. One was tried a few years ago, but its success was not sufficient to justify its continuance. Altogether, indeed, this is not one of the happiest moments of the Spanish periodical press. The laws which restrain it are severe, and they are not justly applied. Still, however, there is quite enough liberty to make very good writing possible, if there was in the journalist class the requisite amount of talent and information. The reader must not jump to the conclusion that the press of Madrid is to be despised, but the proportion of its words to its ideas is certainly too great.

Garrido gives 279 as the number of the journals of Spain. Of these, 62 were daily and political, 52 belonged to the bishops, 58 to the Government, and the other 93 were devoted to particular branches of knowledge, to commerce, and so forth. These figures have probably not been very much altered in the last two years; and although the state of things which they disclose is not one to make us over-sanguine, yet compare it with the accounts which we have of Spain from 1823 to 1833, and we seem to have entered a new world.

Students of Spanish literature who have been led down to the reign of Charles IV. by the learned and only too painstaking Ticknor, may well be excused if they decline to pursue its history to our own times with such imperfect helps as they can find. They must not, however, conclude, as too many do, that nineteenth century Spain has no literature worthy of the name. The only substitute for Ticknor which we can suggest to them, of course a very imperfect one, is the two-volume collection of extracts from Spanish contemporary writers, edited by Ochoa for Baudry in 1840. A biographical notice of each author is prefixed to the passages taken from him. Amongst many now dead they will find the names of Hartzenbusch, Pacheco, the Duke of Rivas, Ventura de la Vega, and not a few others who are still alive. There are also several writers who have appeared since Ochoa's collection was given to the world. Such is Campoamor, whose short pieces, called *Doloras*, are of really very great merit, and may be most strongly recommended to those lovers of fugitive poetry who have come to the end of all the better known literatures have to offer in this kind.

If quantity were of great importance in literature, great would be the place which would be filled in the eyes of his contemporaries by Don Modesto Lafuente, the twenty-second volume

of whose history of Spain only brings us down to 1814; but those best entitled to speak with authority upon such a subject accuse him of much too great haste, and of pandering to some of the worst prejudices of his countrymen. The history of the reign of Charles III., by Ferrer del Rio, relates in minute detail the annals of a period which is very imperfectly known, and has been favourably received by foreign critics. Like these the great statistical work of Don Pascual Madoz, has found its way into good English libraries. Amador de los Rios is retracing in fuller detail the ground already so well traversed by Ticknor. Beginning, however, with the beginning, he thinks it necessary to go back not only to Lucan and Martial, but even to Portius Latro, the worthy rhetorician who was the teacher of Seneca.

The Marquis of Pidal, long prominent in politics, is an historian of a higher order, and unlike Lafuente, who is said to have spent only five days at Simancas, has brought many new facts to light.

The lady who writes under the assumed name of Fernan Caballero, is perhaps better known out of her own country than any living Spanish writer, and at least one of her novels has been translated into English. It is unfortunate that her influence, such as it is, is thrown into the scale of the anti-liberal party. This is the case, too, with the popular poet and romance writer, Don Antonio de Trueba. Those who care to know more about living Spanish writers may turn to the work of Latour, which we have placed at the head of this article. We should warn them, however, that this author is but the one-eyed in the kingdom of the blind, and we only recommend him because, superficial and prejudiced as he is, we know no better guide. When will some one do for Spain what Marc Monnier in *L'Italie est-elle la Terre des Morts?* has done for the sister Peninsula?

Although the state of education in Spain is very far from being satisfactory, even when compared with other Catholic countries, it would be a sad mistake to suppose, as too many do, that it is no better than Mr. Borrow found it. In the year 1832 there were in the whole country only 700 educational establishments, and in 1839 these had, thanks to the civil wars, increased only to 900. In the end of 1851, Minutoli calculated that there were—

17,009 Boys' Schools, attended by	.	626,882 scholars.
5,021 Girls' Schools, attended by	.	201,200 „
287 Asylums for Children, educating		11,100 „
Total,		839,182 „

On the 1st of January 1861, according to official returns quoted
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by the writer in the *Home and Foreign Review* already alluded to, the number of children receiving instruction had risen to 1,046,558, and the proportion between the sexes had materially altered, for whereas in 1851 there were three times as many boys as girls in the schools, the ratio in 1861 was as nine to four—a change which can hardly fail to be fruitful of good to the next generation. Minutoli, speaking from personal observation in many parts of Spain, says that in spite of their low salaries the schoolmasters are in general very tolerable, and that he came from time to time upon schools which were quite excellent.

All this progress has been made in little more than a quarter of a century, for the first school-law that seems to have had any effect was framed in 1838. In 1797 there were not 400,000 children attending the primary schools.

Very little good, we fear, can be said of the class of schools corresponding to the French Lycées. They are few in number, and ill attended. Hence the Universities have to do much of the work that ought to be got over in the years of boyhood—an evil of which we know something nearer home. In Spain, Greek, which in the sixteenth century had a very heretical flavour, has never been much studied, and we were recently assured by an eminent Professor of the University of Madrid, that the instruction in Latin usually given in Spanish schools, was extremely imperfect.

The Universities are ten in number, but of these Madrid is the only one which is organized on the scale of a great national establishment. It represents the famous University of Alcalá—whose name we connect with Cardinal Ximenes, and the Complutensian Polyglot. It alone bears the title of “Central,” while its humbler sisters are only “District Universities.” These are situated at Barcelona, Granada, Oviedo, Salamanca, Seville, Santiago, Valencia, Valladolid, and Saragossa.

The darkness of the Middle Ages still lies deep upon Valladolid and Salamanca, but in Seville the ideas of our time have at least one worthy exponent. In the capital of Catalonia the Scotch philosophy contrives to reconcile itself with the fervent Catholicism of Balmez, a foeman more worthy the steel of Protestant controversialists than any whom Spain has produced since the commencement of her decline; and the general tone of that University appears for the moment to be singularly alien to the Democratic tendencies which have of late been so prominent in the most active and turbulent of Spanish provinces. The University of Saragossa shares in the general decay of the old capital of Aragon; a decay whose persistence is all the more remarkable, when it is remembered how favourably it is

situated with respect to railway communication. The library of this institution is really one of the most touching spectacles which the lover of letters is likely to see in any part of Europe. Room after room may be traversed without finding almost a single book likely to interest any one except the *bibliomane*. Yet even here, where so little provision is made for giving solid instruction to the students, we could mention the name of one professor who is honourably distinguished among his reactionary colleagues by liberality and intelligence.

A detailed account of the Madrid University, with all the apparatus of higher, secondary, and primary instruction which it sets in motion, is to be found in a convenient little volume, the *Memoria-Anuario de la Universidad Central*. On paper at least, everything seems well ordered, and in a course of steady improvement. Whether Dr. Pattison and Mr. Arnold would give as pleasant a picture of the actual working of the machine is quite another question. It is, however, undoubtedly doing good service to sound learning; and the tone of the very important philosophical faculty is extremely liberal.¹ Not the least remarkable of its professors is M. Sanz del Rio, whose *Ideal de la Humanidad para la vida* now lies before us. Tell it not in Gath, but it is the philosophy of Krause which is now taught to the rising generation in the metropolis of the *auto-da-fé*,—of Krause, who found in freemasonry the germ of that higher order in which he believed that all States and Churches would one day merge. Vera is preaching Hegel at Naples, and Krause is indoctrinating the “only court.” It is enough to bring Philip II. out of his grave again.

Garrido observes, that although the law of 1856, which now governs public instruction in Spain, was framed by a very reactionary Cabinet, the ideas of the time have been too strong for its contrivers, and it is to a great extent working in a liberal direction. He tells an amusing anecdote of the troubles of an unfortunate boy at a school in Andalusia, who, when examined by the priest with regard to the creation of the world, made the same answer which he had been taught to make in the natural history class of the same establishment. Everywhere throughout Spain the old and the new, superstition and enlightenment, are in presence of each other, but nowhere do they meet in sharper conflict than in the educational institutions. All attempts to make the scientific works used even tolerably conformable to the teaching of the Church seem to have been given

¹ Even in medicine the land of Sangrado has made great progress. The clinical instruction now given at Madrid is not inferior to the best in Europe. See a long and interesting article in the *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review* for 1861, p. 314.

up. Education is certainly cheap, even when we consider that Spain is a poor country ; and indeed it is difficult to understand how tolerably competent professors can be secured for the very small remuneration which is offered.

It is unfortunate that we cannot refer those who desire to know something of the religious state of Spain, to any recent work which can bear comparison with Doblado's *Letters*, which are now more than forty years old, for there is no subject on which it is more difficult for a foreigner to speak. A few facts, however, we may note as certain : *First*, The existing Spanish Constitution, although it still contains no clause proclaiming religious toleration, is in this one respect very much more liberal than that of Cadiz, which distinctly committed the nation to intolerance. At present the legislation of Spain recognises the liberty of religious opinions, but does not recognise the liberty of religious worship. The distinction is a pitiful one for these our days, but still it is very real, and represents the abolition of an enormous amount of tyranny and annoyance. *Secondly*, The territorial power of the priesthood, once so great, has ceased to exist ; monasteries are a thing of the past, and in their place we find only a few scattered mission-houses, while the whole number of ecclesiastics has been diminished by many thousands. *Thirdly*, Although it might be imagined that the sacrifice of so large a portion of its worldly advantages might have been repaid to the Spanish clergy by an increase of spiritual influence, this has certainly not been the case, and every traveller knows that neither they nor their office are respected by large sections of the community.

Some curious evidence with regard to this point is supplied by a book published in 1851, and entitled, *The Practical Working of the Church in Spain*. Its authors (for more than one hand contributed to its pages) belong or belonged to that section of English Churchmen who talk of Dr. Pusey as "one whose words are priceless." It may then readily be inferred that they went to the Peninsula expecting to see and hear much with which they could sympathize. They thought that they were entering a land of "happy peasants, all holy monks, all holy priests, holy everybody," and great, accordingly, was their consternation when they found ceremonies profaned, confession laughed at, and the clergy despised. In Malaga and Cadiz, in Seville and Cordova, through all south-eastern Spain, they beheld the old religion sinking into contempt. The priests candidly confessed that they had lost their hold over the middle class, or, to use their own peculiar diction, they said, "If it was not for the poor, there would be no worship of God in the land." Sometimes, when a sermon of an exceptionally startling kind

woke up the slumbering consciences of the masses, the ancient fanaticism flared up again in a ghastly way ; but it was a mere momentary revival, and things soon returned to their accustomed course. We strongly recommend those who are interested in Spain to read this little work, because the testimony which it gives is evidently wrung from its authors with great reluctance. They had no sympathy with some of the more flagrant delusions of the Roman system, with its Mariolatry, for example, but with much that to a real Protestant is quite as objectionable, they were thoroughly at one.

If we turn to the debates which took place in the Constituent Cortes with regard to religious toleration, and which have been published in a separate volume, we shall see that not only were several of the amendments brought forward by the Liberal party very respectably supported, but that the reasons given by some of the most influential persons in support of the less liberal proposal of the committee, which was ultimately adopted, were by no means such as could be acceptable to conscientious bigots, while the counter proposal which was brought forward by the Neo-Catholic party met with very little favour. The motion of Montesinos, deputy for Caceres, in Estremadura, to establish complete religious toleration, was only lost, on the 15th of January 1855, by 103 votes to 99. There is little doubt that if it had not been for the difficulties occasioned by the bigotry of Queen Isabella, and the fear of introducing another element of disturbance into an already agitated country, the amendment we have just alluded to, would have been carried.

It is probable that the barbarous suppression of the Reformed tenets was one of the chief causes of the decline of Spanish glory, but we do not feel by any means sure that the introduction of a considerable leaven of Protestantism into sixteenth century Spain might not have exercised so powerful a dissolving force as to have undone the work of Ferdinand and Isabella, by breaking the country once more into two or more separate kingdoms. No one has a right dogmatically to assert that this would not have been so, until he has well weighed and considered the centrifugal forces which have long worked, nay which are even now working, in Spanish politics. It is not impossible that the historians of the twentieth century may think that they understand why it was that the good cause was allowed so utterly to fail ; and as they narrate the discomfiture which assuredly awaits the " Great Church " in the Peninsula, may see how fatal to the interests of superstition has been that national unity of which its advocates have said so much. The shades of *Ægidius* and San Roman are, if we mistake not, likely to be far more thoroughly avenged upon their enemy than they would

have been by the kind of partial success which followed efforts similar to theirs in France or Southern Germany; and those who read their story by the light of what is now passing in the Peninsula, may comfort themselves with the saying—

“ Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small.”

It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that there is any tendency towards the Confessions of the sixteenth century on the part of any appreciable number of Spaniards. The expedition of Mr. Borrow, except in so far as it produced a book which has been well called “*Gil Blas in Water-Colours*,” was a perfect failure, as is well explained in Captain Widdrington’s second work. The more recent movement, to which the name of *Mata-moros* is attached, has not even the proverbial importance of straws that show which way the wind blows. If any exhortations of ours were likely to reach the class of persons who find a vent for their superfluous energy in missions to the Mediterranean, we would advise them, for the present, to devote all their attention to Italy. There they will find, under the protection of an enlightened Government, a fair field and certainly no disfavour. There, by a plentiful expenditure of money and zeal, they will be able thoroughly to test how far their views are suitable to Latin populations in the nineteenth century. The cause of progress can only gain by their having full scope for their operations, whether judicious or otherwise. In Spain the case is very different: they have to deal with a half-enlightened Government, and with a people which, so long as we hold Gibraltar, will be apt to look with intense dislike on everything which has a peculiarly English colour. Whatever they do, let them at least not make Gibraltar the pivot of their operations. The only result of doing so will be to stultify their own efforts, and to alienate the sympathy of Spaniards from any of their converts who may get into trouble. Our own impression is, that the form of Romanism which prevails in Spain is lower, and retains less of the real spirit of Christianity, than that which exists in any other Catholic country with which we are acquainted. Over the lower classes it still has very considerable hold; but much rather as a superstition than as a religion. On the other hand, the creed of the bulk of the men among the educated classes is pure indifferentism, and probably in their heart of hearts the majority of those who are opposed to religious toleration, oppose it in order that they may not have the trouble of settling what attitude they are to take up towards the religion of the State. At present they are Catholics, as a matter of course, just as they are Spaniards. If they could be anything else, they would be ashamed to profess belief in a

system which they utterly despise. This state of things need surprise nobody: it is the natural result of the forcible suppression of free thought, and is seen in a less degree even in those countries—Pagan and other—where public opinion, and not penal legislation, is the supporter of the existing creeds. We cannot expect this miserable hypocrisy, injurious alike to morality, to literature, and to statesmanship, soon to pass away; but a beginning is made. Any one who knows Spain could mention the names of Spaniards who are as enlightened in these great matters, and as earnest, as the best amongst ourselves; and just as surely as the opinions of Luther and Melancthon would, through the Enzinas family and many others, have taken root in Spain and converted a large minority of the nation, if the persecutions of Philip II. and his successors had not made it absolutely impossible, so one or other of the forms of pure Christianity which, under various names and with differences more or less marked, but not of vital importance, are becoming the creed of most thinking men in the countries of Europe generally recognised as progressive, will most certainly, before the end of this century, have great influence in rapidly reviving Spain. Only let all concerned remember, that any attempt on the part of foreigners to hasten this good work will only retard it. There is an excellent Castilian proverb which impatient reformers would do well to remember: "*No por mucho madrugar, amanece mas temprano.*" "However early you get up in the morning, the dawn comes never the sooner."

All this is not very like the Middle Ages; and we cannot help thinking that if Mr. Buckle had lived, he would have found it necessary to reconsider the latter part of his elaborate and valuable treatise on Spain. We think that the key to modern Spain is to recollect that she is essentially not mediæval, but that, in the room of the old faith, loyalty, and *pundonor*, she has not as yet got any great national belief, philosophy, or idea, in the light of which to live. The old principles were bad enough, yet let no man condemn them utterly, till he has seen the Cathedral of Toledo, and read what is best in Calderon. Nearly all the moral and social phenomena which we now observe amongst the educated classes of Spain, may be explained by the influence of a superficial French culture acting upon a people in whom long tyranny had dried up the springs of national life.

The question which underlies all other questions in the Peninsula is the question of the dynasty. Will this wretched Bourbon race ever be able honestly to reconcile itself with constitutional government, or must it be trampled down at Madrid

as elsewhere? Our readers will have gathered that, altogether apart from the play of the political forces, there is an evil influence which is perpetually interfering with the action of government. As long as there is the *camarilla* in the palace, there will be a constant danger of revolution in the streets. It is more than probable that Queen Isabella would ere this have been set aside, if it were possible to put anybody in her place; but against every candidate whose claims have ever been canvassed, there are great objections, and he must be an ardent republican indeed, who would seriously propose to try his favourite form of government in such a country. As long as the Queen persists in giving her confidence to priests, swindlers, and favourites, it is impossible to say what may happen from hour to hour; but if the royal difficulty could be got over, and the intelligence of the country could be reconciled with its dynasty, which we should be heartily glad to see, the next step should be, if not to restore the Constitution of 1837, at least very much to alter that of 1845, and above all, to sweep away those dishonest saving clauses which leave it open to a Minister to exercise despotic authority under constitutional forms. We have not much fault to find with the franchise. Anyhow the improvement that would be effected, if all parties would consent honestly to abstain from the exercise of that undue influence which has been employed against all in turn, would be so enormous, that all questions relating to it sink by comparison into insignificance. Corruption by private persons has never made much progress in Spain, although there, as in France, it is upon the increase. If these reforms could be effected, Englishmen could look with great equanimity upon a nominated Senate, and the continued abeyance of the National Guard, although we are far from venturing to hope that real reforms will be carried out without recurrence to the use of that powerful but dangerous instrument. Another crying evil, which it would be most important to sweep away, is the intolerable number of functionaries and pensioners, who eat up the revenues of the State, and eke out their wretched pay by bribery and oppression. This, however, is an evil with which the constitutional government of Spain finds it as difficult to deal as does the Autocrat himself. It is easier to say that Spain ought to have half the number of employés which she now has, and to double their salaries, than to propose any feasible means of effecting such a reform. It is no less clear that her policy ought to be to have a small, thoroughly well-appointed army, which might act as a nucleus in the improbable case of a really necessary war, round which her population, than which none in Europe more easily adopt the habits of the soldier, might rapidly rally. Nor would it be less

desirable that Spanish generals should confine themselves to their own art, standing aloof from politics, and imitating, in this respect, their naval brethren. We have alluded already to the ruinous results which have followed the unfair dealing of Spanish Finance Ministers, to the abominations of the tariff, and the whole fiscal system, as well as to the extreme impolicy of the excessive centralization which prevails in every department of the State. We cannot, however, too strongly impress upon our readers that the punctual execution of the laws which even now exist in Spain, bad as these laws in many particulars are, would very much improve the position of the country. Everywhere there is slackness, gross dishonesty, want of business habits, and falsehood. With regard to all this side of Spanish affairs, the observations of Ford cannot be too frequently read, or too carefully treasured. Against such evils as these the best government can do but little; and any man who, like Espartero and some of his friends, stood erect amidst the general abasement, deserves, although their conduct amounts to little more than a protest, to be placed upon the same level as far more successful Reformers in more fortunate lands. The railways and the abolition of passports have done and will do much to diminish that intense provincial jealousy, which is one of the greatest difficulties of Spanish rulers. Intercourse with foreign nations, which has now become so easy, will gradually force the Spaniards of the upper and middle classes, both men and women, to become more educated. The bull-fight, at once an index and a stimulant of national brutality, is now more flourishing than ever; but this may be accounted for by increased wealth, and everywhere there is an intelligent minority which protests against it. We should, however, only be too happy to think, that the hundredth anniversary of the day on which Jovellanos attacked it would see it beginning to vanish.

If Spain had only, at the commencement of the present reign, adopted a reasonable policy towards her colonies, she might ere this have stood towards them in a position at once honourable and profitable, and have acted in Europe as the head of the Spanish race in all parts of the globe. As it is, it is more probable that she will lose the last of them, than that she will be wise in time, and introduce a good government. Her colonial, like her foreign policy, has remained that of Ferdinand the Seventh. There is surely no power in Europe to which non-intervention is more recommended by nature, for the Pyrenees, as has been truly said, "damp the sound of her voice." She has but two real foreign interests, and both these are peninsular: the union with Portugal, and the possession of Gibraltar. The former of these will, we think, certainly come about, when both

nations arrive at a higher point of development, for such a union will increase the power of both in geometrical ratio. We should not, however, be deceived, for as yet nothing is prepared for it, and the *Pedrist* intrigues of 1854 were quite premature. There are hardly two capitals in Europe, which have so little intercourse with each other as Lisbon and Madrid. When the frontier is cut by half-a-dozen railways it will be very different, and ere that time may we not hope to see a really free and good Government in both countries? At present, Portugal is politically much in advance. With regard to Gibraltar, we have not the space to discuss the question of its transfer either from the English or the Spanish point of view. Many years may pass before it becomes a question of immediate interest, but no reasonable man can doubt that it must one day be such; and we only trust that both Governments may have the good sense to set about its discussion, when the proper time arrives, with a due respect for themselves and for each other. In the meantime, it is desirable that writers and speakers should from time to time bring the matter before the attention of this country, in order that the public mind may not be unprepared. Spain would have made a very great step towards prosperity, if she could only understand, that all intelligent Englishmen wish that she should rise to a point of national wealth and real power, such as she has never as yet attained. They are quite aware that, in the present condition of the world, Spain cannot be prosperous without being enlightened, peaceful, and industrious, and they well know that the transformation of the Iberian Peninsula into an enlightened, peaceful, and industrious state, would not only be a great blessing to mankind, but would add enormously to the wellbeing of their own country, which is becoming every day more and more the workshop and the *entrepôt* of the world. Nor will the complete regeneration of Spain be less important to us in an intellectual than in a material point of view. Consider what she did when she was enslaved to a faith only less bloody than that which she overthrew in Mexico,—a faith at which all intelligent Romanists now shudder; then judge what she may do when the fine intellects of her people are freed from the bondage of ignorance, and she has her fair share of the knowledge of those facts of the universe, which are now acquired for humanity. So surely as a new product of any value is discovered, it soon finds its way to England. So surely as a new idea is born into the world, it soon finds its way hither also, and no nation can now become rich or wise without largely contributing to the increase of our riches and wisdom.

- ART. IV.—1. *A Plea for the Abolition of Tests in the University of Oxford.* By GOLDWIN SMITH. Oxford: Wheeler and Day. London: Hamilton & Co.; 1864.
2. *An Answer to Professor Goldwin Smith's Plea for the Abolition of Tests.* By Rev. H. R. BRAMLEY, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of St. Mary Magdalen College. London: Rivingtons.

· WITHIN the last few years it has become almost a platitude to remark how different in character are the questions now rising into importance among us from those which were the objects of public attention and political warfare during the last two reigns. Some may think that, along with the more definite recognition of a policy of non-intervention abroad, there has come a more resolute concentration of interest upon domestic matters. Others may declare the phenomenon only the result of the indifference to sweeping political changes which it is natural that a period of great material prosperity should produce. Others again, penetrating deeper, will seek its causes in the spirit of an age, which, self-complacent and self-indulgent as it may appear, is yet restless, inquiring, and filled with a belief in progress. But whatever be the cause, the fact is certain. In each succeeding session of Parliament more and more time is consumed in debates upon projects of social and religious change; parties are beginning to reconstruct themselves upon the basis of new beliefs and new cries; the confidence of the nation is given to those statesmen chiefly in whom is recognised the zeal and the wisdom to deal successfully with questions of social improvement.

Among such questions, those relating to education hold a front place; and among those relating to education, there is none more important than that of University extension and reform. Strictly speaking, this is not a political matter at all, for little can be done in it by direct legislative interference. A wise and happy policy has left the Universities both of England and Scotland far more independent than their sisters in other European countries; and it is from their own decisions and their own free action that we have most to hope. However desirable it may be that the two great academies of England should exercise a greater influence in the education of the whole country; that they should be more easily accessible to the less wealthy classes; that room should be found in their curriculum for branches of knowledge as yet imperfectly recognised, but which to be studied rightly must be studied philosophically, these objects cannot be attained by the sudden enactment of any single scheme, but must be left to the slowly working influences of frequent discussion, of individual example, of enlightened public opinion.

To this principle there is, however, one exception, an exception itself important, but still more so because a change therein is the necessary precondition of every other change. In the matter of religious tests nothing can be done but by the direct aid of the Legislature. Here, and here only, has the law stepped in to restrain the freedom of the University, by imposing, sometimes directly, sometimes through the medium of commissioners, certain subscriptions and declarations of religious belief or conformity, and it is accordingly by the law only that these can be removed.¹ This question is one of immediate practical moment; it has already been brought forward in Parliament, and it is likely to engage for several years to come no small measure of the attention of the Legislature. We may add, that it is a question affecting in the most serious way the interests of Scotland, though its bearings are unfortunately and unaccountably very little known among us here.

Before entering on the subject, one remark cannot be omitted. The discussion of the merits of these tests, as tests, has nothing to do with any discussion of their truth. Those who have attacked them, being often themselves sufferers, have sometimes appeared to rest their case upon the latter ground, and have mixed up an invective against the doctrine with an invective against the test. We do not propose to enter upon any such line of argument. If a test is as a matter of fact disbelieved by many persons, that, though it may be a very good reason against imposing it, can evidently have nothing to do with its abstract truth; and everybody knows that the legal establishment of both these and other formularies of doctrine has been and is condemned by many whose own orthodoxy is above suspicion.

Further, the question of University Subscription is wholly distinct from that of Clerical Subscription in the Anglican Church. Reasons have already been given in this Review for believing that a relaxation of that subscription is to be desired in the interests of the English Church herself,—reasons many of which apply to the case of the Universities also, for they tend to show that subscription is a broken reed in any hand. But seeing that both the persons subject to the test, and the circumstances differ wholly in the two cases, each must be argued and judged apart; nor will the decision in the one necessarily involve a similar conclusion in the other. The argument most frequently advanced for clerical subscription, that since the Christian Church rests upon dogma, and the clergyman's chief duty is to teach dogma, a statement of his dogmatic belief is necessary as a security to the laity, has obviously no application to the case of the

¹ Some of these restrictions are matter of statute, others only of academic law, but practically the intervention of Parliament would be as necessary in the latter case as in the former.

Universities. Anything which affects the fortunes of the greatest ecclesiastical institution of Britain must always be to every thoughtful man, be he Churchman or Dissenter, Englishman or Scotchman, a matter of the profoundest interest. But without any disparagement to the question of English clerical tests, it may fairly be said that the question before us is a wider, if not a deeper one; for it affects not one body of Christians merely, but the whole nation; and it is interwoven with many other projects of reform in which neither religion nor the English Church has any direct concern.

We shall therefore make no apology for considering the subject of University Tests, apart from any theory as to the desirability of theological standards for the ministers of a religious body, seeing that it is at once a wider, a more practical, and above all, a far simpler question.

It will be in the remembrance of our readers, that in the sessions of 1862 and 1863, two petitions were presented to Parliament, praying for relief from certain academical tests. One of these—that of 1862—was signed by seventy-four fellows of Colleges at Cambridge, and sought for a repeal of that part of the Act of Uniformity which requires heads and fellows of Colleges to make on their admission a declaration of conformity to the Liturgy of the Church of England. That of 1863 came from Oxford, and was directed against the existing tests generally. The names of one hundred and six present and former fellows or tutors of Colleges and professors were appended to it, including a large proportion of distinguished teachers and writers.¹ Upon these petitions were founded the two bills introduced into the House of Commons in the sessions of 1863 and 1864 respectively. Mr. Dodson's, which proposed to abolish at Oxford the requirement of subscription to the Articles on taking the degrees of M.A., D.C.L., and D.M., was carried on the second reading by a majority of twenty-two, after a spirited debate in which many leading politicians took part; was carried again on the proposal to go into committee, by a majority of ten; carried a third time, against Sir W. Heathcote's amendment, by a majority of ten; read a third time by the casting vote of the Speaker; and finally rejected, on the question "that this bill do now pass," by a majority of only two, in the midst of an excitement only second to that of the Danish debate which followed. Mr. Bouverie's bill,² to make it lawful for Colleges to relax, if they should think fit, the requirements of the Act of Uniformity, by admitting Dissenters to fellowships, came on for discussion rather later in the

¹ It was stated in the House of Commons at the time that thirteen professors had signed, and that out of 131 first-class men who were fellows of Colleges, 56 had signed.

² Introduced first in 1863; then in a modified form in 1864.

session, and, from whatever cause, met with a less warm reception. It was rejected on the second reading by a considerable majority. Both measures, however, found an amount of support, and excited an amount of hostility, which must have surprised their authors themselves; and the commotion raised by them in Parliament, which has already found an echo in the country, proclaimed that they had fairly entered the sphere of political, it may almost be said of hustings' questions. To understand clearly what they proposed to do, it may be well to give an exact statement of the existing law, distinguishing those enactments which relate to the University as a whole from those which concern the several Colleges. And first, as to the Universities.

In Oxford, up to the Act of 1854, subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles was required from all students at matriculation; to the Articles and the Thirty-sixth Canon in taking any degree whatsoever. That Act abolished the subscription at matriculation and in taking the degree of Bachelor in any of the lay faculties, leaving it subsisting in the case of the higher degrees. Thus at present, every one who proceeds to the degree of Master of Arts, or Doctor of Laws or Medicine, must sign the Thirty-nine Articles, and the three articles of the Thirty-sixth Canon, in the second of which the subscriber declares, "willingly and *ex animo*," that the Book of Common Prayer and of the Ordering of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, containeth in it nothing contrary to the Word of God, and that it may lawfully be used, and that he himself will use, the forms in the said book prescribed, in public prayer and in the administration of the sacraments.¹ Only persons having so subscribed are admitted into the Houses of Convocation and Congregation and the Hebdomadal Council, —the three bodies by which the University is governed, and to whose members almost all academic power and privilege belongs.

At Cambridge no subscription is now (since the Act of 1856) required in the taking of any lay degree whatsoever. But no one is admitted into the senate or governing body of the University, until he shall have declared himself a *bona fide* member of the Church of England. Of course, the degree of M.A., stripped of all rights of government, is a mere barren title, or rather a humiliating badge of inferiority; and the condition of things at Cambridge differs from that at Oxford chiefly in this, that the above declaration of membership is generally found to be less distasteful than a signature to the Articles.

Secondly, as regards the Colleges.

In both Oxford and Cambridge, every head and fellow of a College is required by the Act of Uniformity to make, on his admission, a declaration before the Vice-Chancellor that he will

¹ The latter part of this declaration has evidently no meaning except as applied to clergymen.

conform to the Liturgy of the United Church of England and Ireland, as it is by law established. There can be little doubt that this provision was introduced into the Act in order to reach the clergy at the Universities, as its other sections were the means of ejecting beneficed clergymen. Now, of course, the majority of those whom it affects are laymen.

In addition to this, which is matter of the law of the land, the statutes of most Colleges, both at Oxford and Cambridge, prescribe to their heads and fellows tests more or less stringent. In some it is provided that the fellow shall be a person conforming to the Liturgy of the Church of England; in others, he is merely threatened with deprivation for contumacious non-conformity. Others, again, require him to declare that he embraces the faith of the English Church, or is willing to use her rites. Several Colleges at Cambridge require him to be or declare himself a *bona fide* member of the Church of England. It is also provided in some cases that if he openly secedes from the worship of the Church of England he shall be deprived of his fellowship. At Trinity, Cambridge, where this provision exists, the fellow makes before admission the following declaration:—"Ego N. N., promitto me veram Christi religionem omni animo amplexurum, Scripturæ auctoritatem humanis judiciis præpositurum, regulam vitæ et summam fidei ex verbo Dei petiturum; cætera quæ ex verbo Dei non probantur pro humanis habiturum."

It will be perceived from this statement that there are two very different sorts of test imposed, and correspondingly two different classes of persons who complain of them. Subscription to a formulary of doctrine so minute as the Thirty-nine Articles is felt as a burden by members of the Church of England already admitted to the University, and chiefly, as is natural, by the laymen, of whom a profession of faith is demanded on no other occasion in their lives. Conformity to the services of the Church they are generally willing enough to promise, since it binds them only to continue doing what most of them do already. On the other hand, the Nonconformists, the great majority of whom might sign the Articles as honestly as an Anglican, are unable to declare their conformity to the Liturgy, since that would be tantamount to forsaking the religious community in which they have been brought up. Practically, many of them probably would conform, but when it is thus put to them it becomes a point of honour to refuse. Thus the removal of either test singly, while relieving one party, would leave the other just where it is now. Different, however, as are the positions of the excluded Dissenter and the oppressed Churchman, their interest in the matter is really the same. The two tests must stand or fall together, for the party which defends them regards

each as equally essential; and it would probably be found almost as hard to exclude Nonconformists from a body which maintained no doctrinal standard, as it would be to keep up that standard when the obligation to conform to the outward services of the Church had been withdrawn. For most purposes, therefore, these tests may be considered together as parts of one system, and it will only be necessary occasionally to examine into the peculiar claims of each.

Three questions may be asked with regard to any institution:—*First*, Is the end which it proposes to serve a good and fitting one, not merely laudable in itself, but a proper object for this particular institution? *Secondly*, Are the means by which this end is to be attained good in themselves? And *lastly*, Are those means actually successful?—is the end proposed attained by them? Let us try the University Test system in these three points.

The object for which these tests exist is commonly held to be the preservation and enforcement of sound doctrine; that is to say, of true opinions on the weightiest of all subjects. The importance of that object in itself will be granted by every thinking man, no matter what his views may be. It must, however, be also granted that the intrinsic goodness of an object does not oblige us to pursue it unceasingly by every lawful means and on every lawful occasion. The argument is no doubt hackneyed, but so is the fallacy. Common sense tells us, that we succeed best in all things by doing one thing at a time, and that the general ends of society are best served by a number of separate organizations, each devoted to its own proper purpose. The wants and the capacities of man are very various, and doctrinal truth, although the most important, does not by any means include the rest. Many means are open to us of promoting it which we do not use. It is surely desirable that those to whom the destinies of nations are intrusted should have correct speculative views, yet we do not require a declaration of belief from the Prime Minister. Wherever, in short, there is an immediate object to be attained, we look to that immediate object only, and neglect others, no matter how serious. So here of the University, as compared with the Church. The object for which the Church exists is to preserve and teach religious truth; and if that truth takes a dogmatic form, creeds and formularies of doctrine may be a necessary part of the ecclesiastical system,¹ since it is by them that her teaching is shaped. But the objects for which the University exists are education and learning, the training of the human mind, and the advancement of human knowledge: objects quite distinct from the enforcement of dogmatic truth,

¹ This of course does not decide how far great strictness is desirable in such creeds, in the interests of theology and the Church herself.

distinct even from the formation of a moral and religious character. It may indeed be said that the great aim of all education is to make men better, and that for this religious teaching and even religious dogma are indispensable. True, but it does not therefore follow that the training of the intellect and the moulding of the heart are indissolubly connected, and should be done by the same persons in the same way. As a matter of fact, we see that they are quite distinct. They appeal to different parts of our nature. The capacity for receiving the one is frequently out of all proportion to that for the other : so also is the capacity for teaching them. Strictly speaking, religion cannot be taught at all ; and so far as it can be, should be taught first at home, and afterwards by the Church, whose peculiar function it is to do so. Intellectual education not only can, but must be and is pursued quite apart from theology, in a religious spirit, no doubt, but without reference to doctrine. To mix up the teaching of religious dogma with the teaching of Latin and Greek, of the natural sciences, of jurisprudence and logic, even of history and metaphysics, would pervert and impede all these studies, while it made religion itself ridiculous. If any one supposes that they are so taught in the most religious of Universities, he may satisfy himself by a visit to Oxford or Cambridge. He will there hear all those subjects treated exactly as they are treated in the schools of Germany, of Scotland, of America ; that is to say, without reference to dogmatic theology at all. Or let him, if he wishes to spare himself the journey, take up the books which English undergraduates are directed or advised to read for their examinations—Gibbon and Grote and Mommsen, Locke and Adam Smith and Bentham and Mill—and judge from them for himself. It may indeed be said, that the nature of a great educational institution absolutely forbids her to teach dogma. It is not her business to force opinions upon her pupils, which would have no real value to them if so forced, but to enable them to form true and just opinions for themselves.

Let the University be set free from a distressing incubus to follow her own vocation,—a vocation which is the widest and the noblest any secular institution can have, and she will serve both the world and the Church far more effectively than she has ever done before.

Having thus endeavoured to show that the end for which these tests exist, the maintenance of orthodoxy, is one with which the University has nothing to do, we come, in the second place, to inquire more particularly into the essential nature of the means which the University is supposed to have hitherto employed for this end. What in themselves are these declarations and subscriptions ; and what is their tendency on those

who take them? This part of the argument is so very simple, and has been so often set forth before now, that a few words upon it may suffice. A test is a device by which we attempt to discover a man's feelings and wishes, just as our own observation enables us to know his physical qualities and his acts. Not being able to read his mind, we throw ourselves upon his honour, and ask him to declare it to us. Now, mark the result in different cases. We take extreme cases, because they show the result more clearly, but the principle is the same in all. An honest and scrupulous man may very possibly take the test proposed to him; but if it be a minute and exact test, the tendency of different minds, thinking independently, to arrive at different conclusions, is such that the chances are great that he will refuse. Certain it is, that the more honest and scrupulous he is, and the keener his interest is in theology, his refusal is the more probable. Take another case. You put your test to a man who has no strong sense of the importance of such matters at all. He signs, perhaps with an uneasy sigh, more probably with a smile. In any case, the less honest he is, and the more indifferent, the more ready is he to sign. See now what has been gained on the transaction. He must be a rigid dogmatist indeed, who, if orthodoxy and honesty cannot be had together, will give the preference to orthodoxy. Yet this is just what is done. The man whose sense of honour, and sense of the magnitude of divine things, is so keen that he will not swerve a step from the path of truth for the sake of worldly advantage, has been rejected; the man whose conscience is more elastic, and who thinks that really theology is one of those things which signify very little anyhow, and should not be allowed to stand in a man's way, has been received. Unless you suppose a natural connexion between scepticism and honesty, the probability is, that the man who is lost to you, differed from your doctrines infinitely less than the man you have got.

But the mischief does not stop here. We all know what the practical result is. Some persons stay away from the University altogether, or leave it immediately on taking their bachelor's degree, knowing that to attain its crowning honours and emoluments they would have to desert the principles or the religious community to which they had formerly adhered. But of those who do come, who pass through the lower degrees and reach the point in their career to seek admission to Convocation, or to compete for fellowships, scarcely one refuses the test, and scarcely one believes it; that is to say, accepts it in the same plain obvious sense in which he would a set of propositions on any other subject. When we say scarcely one, it is understood that we do not speak of careless undergraduates, who have never thought about doctrinal theology at all. They sign from

habit, when the time for M.A. comes, just as boys of twelve or fourteen used to sign last century. We speak of the intelligent students, from among whom the fellows of Colleges are taken, and who become in the end tutors and professors; who may be destined in after life to reflect lustre on their University; and who carry away from her the stamp of a culture higher than the common. To call such men dishonest or unscrupulous because they subscribe, would be eminently unjust. They act for what they believe to be the best, and choose of two evils that which seems the lesser. They look upon the Articles as a curious historical monument, quite out of place in the present day, attempting to deal with subjects which transcend human language, and whose very minuteness and preciseness, making it impossible to interpret each expression literally, allow them to interpret it away altogether. They console themselves by the example of friends and teachers whom they respect, and who have taken the tests in a more or less unnatural sense. "Why," each one asks himself, "should I injure my chance of an honourable and useful career? Why debar myself from aiding, by my vote and voice and zeal in teaching, in the great work of raising and purifying the University and my own College, all for the sake of scruples which others have overcome, and which may very likely spring only from over-conscientiousness?" They say, and they say truly, that they are the victims of a system. But what are we to think of a system which must be defended by one or other of the alternatives given in the pointed and eloquent words of Mr. Goschen?

"How can we deal with a man who comes to the University with a superficial form of adherence to the Church, and under the stimulus of the very learning and study which it is the duty and highest privilege of the University to enforce, finds that although he honestly wishes to believe certain things, yet honestly he cannot? Is such a man to be told, 'Stifle that morbid craving after truth; if you cannot give an honest adhesion to the Church, give it anyhow.' Or are we to say to him, 'You ought to have arrived at one conclusion only from your study, and you have arrived at another. We wished you to listen, and not to reflect. Your learning is great, your genius undeniable, your character unblemished, but you dissent from one of the five hundred propositions contained in the Thirty-nine Articles; you are weak enough to confess it, and you can never be a member of that University, which otherwise you are so fitted to adorn.' I leave the opponents of the measure the benefit of the choice between these two answers."¹ Yet this is the system which religion is invoked to defend.

¹ Speech of Mr. Goschen in the House of Commons, March 16, 1864.

Bad, however, as the moral effects of such a state of things are, they are not so bad as might have been expected. It is not indeed possible for men deliberately to put their names to statements which they disbelieve, without having the purity of their conscience stained, and their sense of the binding nature of a moral obligation perceptibly weakened. But here, as one evil may sometimes cure another, the dangers of the lax practice are greatly alleviated by the prevailing laxity of opinion. Public feeling has done what law refuses to do, by abolishing the meaning of subscription. Thus it comes that nobody now supposes that signature to a test is a profession of belief at all, though such a notion is too often professed when it is desired to hold up some formidable opponent to the reprobation of the laity. Why, then, is the test maintained? Why, when it has confessedly failed to answer its original purpose, is it pleaded for as earnestly as if the life of the Church and Christianity depended upon it? Partly on account of the general difficulty in this world of getting anything changed which has grown up with and become a part of old institutions,—men's self-interest or mere sullen stupidity maintaining the time-honoured abuse, until pent-up indignation finds its vent at last in a sort of moral earthquake, involving in a sudden and terrible overthrow that which ought to have been slowly and peaceably reformed in the bygone days of calm. Partly, however, also from a real fear of the future, a large party in the English Church and in Parliament still believe that these tests, although they do not exclude the heretic, are yet in some way or other a bulwark of sound doctrine. They are, it is thought, a sort of banner set on high in the midst of the University, round which the faithful may rally and enrol themselves (by subscribing) as its defenders. They may not inspire the disaffected with loyalty, or stifle treasonable thoughts, but they can at least prevent open revolt. They are a testimony rendered to the truth by the most learned bodies in the country,—an exhortation to the young man what he should believe, which if he neglect, it is at his own peril, and his instructors are blameless.

The reply to these arguments is by a question: Are these tests such a standard and testimony,—are they any part of it? Do they now discharge, have they ever discharged, the high functions thus claimed for them? Teachers supposed to be heretical they are powerless to punish or expel, for in the course of centuries there has never been but one such prosecution attempted, and that one ended in ludicrous failure. Yet it is certainly not to any want of fancied culprits that this fact can be ascribed. Heretical books they are still less able to exclude; nay, such books are recognised in the University examinations, and are, as we learn from the pamphlet before us, recommended to can-

didates for honours. Upon the general tone of thought and conversation in the two Universities, they do, no doubt, exercise an influence, a serious and increasing one. To state the nature of that influence, by describing the present condition of academical opinion, will be to answer the third of the criteria by which it was proposed at starting to try the test system. Supposing doctrinal orthodoxy to be the object for whose promotion tests exist, have they succeeded? Do they now promote it? There is no unfairness in judging the tree by its fruits.

In describing the present state of the Universities, some distinction must be made between Cambridge and Oxford. The former, from a variety of causes, among which may be counted the absence of a violent Romanizing party, and the greater freedom which she has hitherto enjoyed from legally imposed subscriptions, has been and still is comparatively untroubled by religious strife. But at Oxford, if the newspapers and the evidence of those who reside there is to be trusted, the bitterness of theological faction is greater than anywhere else in England, greater than has ever been known before even there. The presence of tests, and the constant reference to them in every dispute that arises, doctrinal or political, makes dogmatic theology almost the only topic of discussion; the sense of an oppressive yoke makes the tone of discussion invariably unfriendly to orthodoxy. Everybody is proud to show that if his hand signs his mind is free, and revenges himself for the humiliating compliance by hating and abusing the clerical power which enforces it. It is superfluous to say that among the younger members of the University there is no regular study of theology; they merely seize and repeat the notions which take their fancy, or are expounded by the oracle of their coterie, or seem effective for the purposes of controversy. If it was not for the peculiar circumstances of Oxford, theological problems would hardly occur to them at all, or, if they did come before them, would be met in a calm spirit. But in Oxford, the more clever and active of the young men are excited by the contests of their seniors, and naturally sympathize with the party of attack. Liberalism is fashionable among them, and liberalism is fast becoming synonymous with heterodoxy. Some one may say: "What then? it surely matters little what a set of hasty young men think or do?" We doubt it. Is it so light a thing that a large part of the ablest youth of England should learn to associate the doctrines of Christianity with a policy of tyranny and repression and timidity? Be this as it may; the present state of Oxford is at least a proof that the imposition of tests does not produce unanimity of opinion, nor dispose men to love what they are bidden under penalties to accept. And just as intrusion of theological

dogma into things with which it has nothing to do tends to injure theology herself, so has it still more conspicuously injured the University by drawing her away from her proper functions. The minds of the younger graduates and teachers are now wholly absorbed by religious or political partisanship, and the cause of education and learning suffers in proportion. The turmoil of discontent, the ever-recurring faction fights, canvassings and agitations of all sorts, unsettle men's minds, and turn their energies into an unprofitable channel. They have little leisure and less inclination for studies that lie out of the common track. It is not possible for them to preserve, in the midst of contests in which their sympathies are strongly engaged, the fairness and moderation which befit a teacher. Even the relation between pupil and tutor is disturbed, and the suspicion which accusations and insinuations have engendered is too apt to take the place of that mutual confidence which can alone give such a relation value. The pupil not unfrequently watches closely for any expression of the tutor's opinions, eager, according to his own predilections, to condemn or applaud the expected heterodoxy. The tutor, knowing himself observed, is sensible of an invisible barrier between himself and his pupil, and seldom ventures to address him at all on a religious topic, lest he should be suspected of a wish to influence his faith. It is not the test that makes him avoid even the appearance of proselytizing, but his own sense of honour to the pupils and the pupils' parents; it is the state of morbid theological excitement, for which the test system is responsible, that obliges him to forego one of the most precious means of forming the character of those who are intrusted to him. All the while, too, the test is burdensome to himself,—not much less burdensome if he happens to agree generally with it, than if he rejects it altogether. It is a badge of servitude and degradation, like that light fetter which the refined cruelty of some Oriental tribe forces the captive always to wear, not too heavy to make him useless as a slave, but heavy enough to remind him always of its galling presence.

The prospect of this state of quasi-bondage and discomfort has not failed to produce its natural consequence. It is found more and more difficult to persuade persons of distinction to remain at the University, either as lay-tutors or as clergymen. There seems some danger that the work of teaching will soon be left in the hands of men inferior to those who have discharged it during the last forty years. As in the similar case of that decline in the acquirements of the Anglican clergy, about which such loud complaints have been raised by the bishops, the phenomenon is partly due to the greater prospects which other careers of life open up to ambition, compared with the quiet life

and moderate income of a tutor or professor. Nevertheless it is certain that some—and those who know Oxford and Cambridge will be at no loss for examples—are deterred by the idea that if they remain at the Universities, they must lead what is more or less a false life, a life of enforced submission to formularies of whose truth they are not convinced, with the possibility that a time may come when an increasing divergence from those formularies may make it their duty eventually to resign their academical posts.

Do not let us be mistaken here. It may be thought that if this be so, it is so far an argument for tests, for it shows that they are not wholly effectless. We wish to allow them all the credit they deserve, and are ready to admit that they sometimes do induce men of doubtful theology to prefer a life elsewhere. Those who see no necessary connexion between excellence in teaching Latin or chemistry and a belief in the Athanasian Creed, will think this not a gain at all. But what we wish to point out here is that, if a gain, it is wholly neutralized by the other circumstances of the case. When many men known to be heterodox remain, the departure of a few, and those not always the most extreme, makes no perceptible difference. They would not have proselytized had they stayed, just as no one now proselytizes; their opinions would probably have become known, but so are the opinions of every eminent resident known. The mere fact that men of ability dislike an exclusive religious system so much that they go away to get rid of it, is not without its influence upon the undergraduate mind.

It must not, however, be forgotten that there is another and very different ground on which these tests are defended. Many persons who do not care much for the invisible Church or her doctrines, have a great tenderness for the visible Church and her privileges; and these men say the business of the tests is not to preserve Christian dogma, but to keep the Universities in connexion with the Church of England. We are thus brought back to the old starting-point, and must follow out from it a different line of argument. Supposing this last suggested end to be really the end which the tests are meant to serve, is it a right and fitting one? In other words, do the Universities, either historically, or on what may be called grounds of abstract reasoning, belong to the Church of England; or is their present connexion with her a comparatively modern and an accidental one? The so-called argument from history is so often appealed to by the extreme Church party, that it cannot be left unexamined. But we will be brief upon it, and will say as little about the Middle Ages as possible.

When the Universities arose in Europe, not only learning, but also every profession and all education was in the hands

of the clergy. They were, indeed, not so much ministers of religion as a great intellectual caste, charged to promote in every way the spiritual good of mankind. This system, already decaying from the operation of other causes, was rudely broken up by the Reformation, which deprived the priesthood of the sanctity and power it had hitherto enjoyed, and made it nothing more than one of many learned professions, the most sacred, but by no means entitled to control the rest. Conformably to this altered state of things, the Universities, which had never been religious, but always educational institutions (theology was indeed the chief study, but theology then included all knowledge), passed in every Protestant country but one out of the hands of the clerical order, but still remained devoted to their original function, that of being centres where able men might gather to pursue their own studies, and instruct the young in every branch of useful learning. In England alone it was not so. There, in the midst of the violence and disorder of the religious contest, the University as distinct from the Colleges, disappeared; the Colleges, rich and exclusive corporations, remained, by mere force of usage and habit, clerical. Usurping the power of the deserted University, and reconstituting it from their own members, the priestly Colleges impressed upon both Oxford and Cambridge that exclusively clerical character which was never seriously disturbed till quite recent times. The case of England, therefore, so far from being an instance of the rule that education has remained in sacerdotal hands, is the solitary exception to the contrary rule,—an exception partly owing to the greater wealth of her collegiate foundations, partly to the alliance between her Church and arbitrary power. The functions of the mediæval priesthood are now discharged by lawyers, physicians, engineers, by professional statesmen, by public writers and men of letters generally, just as much as by the modern clergy. Nor can the Church now claim, in virtue of anything more than the accident of name, to represent the Church of the Middle Ages, and enjoy like her the exclusive right of educating the people; while if it be said that she is at any rate the legal heir of the old Church, and as such entitled to the endowments which were her predecessor's, we shall have to ask whether the intentions of the founders of those endowments are or are not to be strictly observed. If they are, do not the endowments now belong to the Roman Catholics, who hold the creed of their founders? If, on the other hand, the nation, represented by its Legislature, has the right of altering their distribution, and was justified in transferring them at the Reformation to a body professing a different creed, and persecuting those who adhered to the old one, does not that right still

subsist? May not the Legislature, by another exercise of its power, admit to a share in these foundations, religious bodies differing less from the Church of Elizabeth than the Church of Elizabeth differed from the Church of Becket? We cannot be in doubt which alternative to embrace. The Church of the Reformation has now become divided into many branches. But the Universities were at first, and continued till the time of the last Stuarts, what they are in justice now: the property, not of any one Church, nor of all the Churches taken together, but of the English people. And the true restoration of the ancient system would be to make every citizen of Great Britain now, as every citizen of the whole European commonwealth was then, eligible to all their offices, honours, and emoluments.

So much for the history of the matter: let us see now upon what abstract grounds of right the claim of the Anglican Church is rested. It is said that the control of the national Universities is essential to the existence of the national Church, and we are threatened with the ultimate destruction of the Establishment if we inflict such blows upon her. We firmly believe that no such results would follow; but after all, the question is not of the interests of the Church of England, but of the claims and interests of the whole country; and, even if the proposed change should impair the power of the Church, it would nevertheless be a necessary, because a just measure. If, as has been argued in the preceding pages, the functions of the Universities are secular, if they have really nothing to do with any Church, what reason can be given for keeping them in the hands of the State Church? In the eye of the law they are lay corporations, subject to no ecclesiastical jurisdiction, visited by the Sovereign in the Court of Queen's Bench. Historically, they are national institutions, founded to be the instructors of the whole people, at a time when, as the whole people were of one Church, there was no sectarian jealousy to interfere with their beneficent mission. Their restriction to members of the Church of England dates only from the reign of Charles II., when the Church ceased to represent the nation, and is but a part of that system of exclusion and persecution which disgraced our history for a century and a half; the system which "treated the Dissenter as half a criminal and half a citizen," and which has left among us an evil legacy of hatred and envy, and the rankling sense of wrong. To quote the words of the eloquent pamphlet which we have placed at the head of this article:¹—

¹ We have not quoted more largely from Professor Goldwin Smith's pamphlet, one of the most brilliant productions of its brilliant author, only because we conclude that every person who is interested in the question will procure and read it for himself.

"These tests are the vestiges, the last lingering vestiges, of an age of religious tyranny and oppression of conscience,—an age when the best of Christians and of citizens, guilty of no offence but that of loving the truth, and desiring to impart it to their brethren, were treated as felons, harassed, fined, thrust into noisome dungeons, and kept there till they died, at the instigation of ecclesiastics who dishonoured the Christian name, and by the hands of politicians, who equally dishonoured it, and who in many cases had no convictions whatever of their own; when the Eucharist itself, the bond of Christian love, was prostituted to the purposes of political hatred with the approbation of a so-called Christian clergy, though with a profanity worse, because deeper in its nature, and polluting holier things, than the impieties of the ignorant heathen; when in Scotland, many a peasant, merely for worshipping God in the way he thought the best, was shot down by a godless soldiery hounded on by bishops styling themselves the successors of the Apostles; when Ireland was oppressed by a penal code which bribed the child to apostasy by enabling him, as a reward, to strip his father of his property, and not only of his inherited property, but of that which he might himself acquire; when immorality and infidelity went hand in hand with spiritual slavery; and, while Baxter and Calamy lay in prison for their convictions, obscene plays were being acted in the harem of a Defender of the Faith, who lived a careless infidel, mocking at morality and God, and who died a craven infidel, calling in his panic for the viaticum of superstition. Is not that age, with all that belonged to it, numbered with the past? Are not its practices disclaimed even by those who have not yet eradicated its sentiments from their hearts? Have not all men, capable of profiting by any experience whatever, profited by the experience which, recorded in characters more terrible than those of blood, tells us that conscience cannot be forced, that God will accept none but a free allegiance; and that reason, and reason alone, is our appointed instrument for bringing each other to the truth? Can any one imagine that the suppression of differences of opinion, which the great powers of the earth, seated on its most ancient and awful thrones, failed to effect with their united force, will be effected by a party born but yesterday, and still unsettled in its own opinions, with so miserable a fragment of that force as an academical test? Why should we, the great body of the English people, who have no interests to serve but those of truth and sincere religion, any longer oppress, vex, and harass the consciences of each other? Why should we thus aggravate the religious perplexities and distresses which are gathering fast enough around us all? If it is for a political object that we do this, how can true policy be divorced from justice? If it is for a religious object, how can religion consist with depravation of conscience?"

Nor, indeed, can any reason be given for confining the Universities to Churchmen, which would not have been equally a reason for maintaining the Test and Corporation Acts.

But if the National Church be not the Church of the whole

nation, but of little more than the half; if the proportion of its adherents has been steadily decreasing; if struggles and recriminations within threaten disruption; if there is not, judging the future from the past, any prospect of its gathering, while its services and its tests remain what they are, the whole population within its pale, the question assumes a very different aspect. If the interests of Anglicanism are not those of the nation, what reason can be given for sacrificing the greater to the less? Every Englishman has just as good a right to seek the benefits of the education which the great public academies provide, and share in the endowments which the munificence of past generations has bequeathed to the nation, as he has to enter the civil or military service of the Crown, to become a member of an Inn of Court, or of the House of Commons. Sectarian restrictions are as unjust in the one instance as in the other.

It will be seen that our case against tests, considered as enforcing conformity to the Church, differs from that brought against them as aids to theological truth. Both ends appear to us equally mistaken, equally removed from the business of a place of education. The means too are equally objectionable on moral grounds, for the means are the same declarations and subscriptions. But here the likeness ends. In the former case we saw that the means had signally failed of their aim, that their tendency had been to create doubt instead of allaying it. Here no such complaint can be made. As a means of excluding Nonconformists from the Universities, the tests are not only effective, but far more effective than any one supposed they would be. Their maintenance for the degree of M.A., and for the fellowships, has at Oxford almost wholly neutralized the benevolent intentions of the Legislature, when it invited Dissenters to come, by abolishing the subscription at matriculation and the B.A. degree. Seeing themselves debarred from all the great prizes of the place, and knowing that whatever their aptitude for teaching or love of study, they will not be permitted to remain as tutors, few, very few, members of any non-Anglican body have availed themselves of the change of 1854. At Cambridge, which has never been quite so exclusive, it happened lately that two senior wranglers in succession, being one of them a Scotch Presbyterian and the other an English Nonconformist, were obliged to leave the University without obtaining fellowships, much to the vexation of their College, which was powerless to help them. While Dissenters have so mortifying a prospect before them, it need not be thought strange that the Church is left in undisputed possession. If outward conformity be that which is really vital to a Church—more vital than faith in

her doctrines, or love for her services, or zeal in her work—then may the Church rejoice, for outward conformity at the Universities she has. It is purchased at the price of a great injustice to the nation, and of the sorrow and disgust of many of her own best members. But it is supposed to be the necessary support of her power, and so every change will be resisted until resistance has at last become hopeless.

That resistance, however, will come not from the Church of England herself, but from a political faction within her which falsely claims to speak in her name. The force of the reasons which have been set forth above is admitted by many excellent men, some in the Universities, others filling positions of dignity and influence in the Church. They grant that a test is of all tools the most useless and the most dangerous, and they deplore both the disquietude of mind which exists in the great seats of learning, and the exclusion of so large a part of their fellow-subjects from the benefits of a high education. They would willingly relax or abolish the present subscriptions, if they did not fear such a course might involve other evils still graver than the present. Even if mere timidity and aversion to change were at the bottom of these fears, the characters of those whom they influence would oblige us to regard them with respectful attention. But it would be absurd to deny that there are some difficulties in the reform proposed, as well as much in the circumstances of the time, to excite apprehensions and make objections even plausible. To show, therefore, if possible, that their importance has been exaggerated, that they are not sufficient to outweigh the advantages of a change, is at least as important a part of the whole case as the statement of the accusations brought against tests themselves.

The first and most serious of these objections is that which concerns the religious teaching of the Universities. That teaching, it is feared, will be lost if its standards, the tests, are removed.

One might suppose, from the reverence and affection with which this religious teaching is dwelt on, that it is the chief occupation of the University to give it, and that a correspondingly deep impression is produced on those who receive it. The influence may be great, but the quantity is certainly small. For the benefit of those persons who know it only by report, an exact statement of it must be given. At Cambridge one Gospel is required at the little-go examination, and two or three questions are put in Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*. The best examination on record has been passed by a Jew. At Oxford the candidate is questioned in the text of the four Gospels at the examination before moderators, and a general,

usually a very general knowledge of Old Testament history and of the *text* of the Thirty-nine Articles is required in passing the final examination for the degree of B.A. Even this may be avoided by any one who, professing himself not a member of the Church of England, offers himself for examination in one Greek and one Latin author, by way of compensation. Of the Colleges we will speak presently; but as far as regards the University, all the religious training that the undergraduate receives is comprised in these several examinations. There are, indeed, both at Oxford and Cambridge, theological professors giving stated lectures; but inasmuch as only students of theology are obliged to attend these lectures, and no one else ever does, they cannot be considered a part of the general teaching. Now, an academical body has a perfect right to examine for her degrees in any branch of knowledge whatever, the narratives of Scripture included; and to such an examination no Protestant Dissenter, perhaps not even a Roman Catholic, would have either the right or the will to object. There is not therefore any need for a change in this respect. But considering that this so-called religious teaching is just what the University of London or the "godless Colleges" in Ireland would give, if they asked the candidate for a degree two or three questions about the kings of Israel and Judah, and the chronological order of the gospel miracles, and considering also that it is usually crammed up, in the fortnight before the examination, from the manuals of Pinnock or Wheeler, its supposed peril need hardly excite such terror. As to the Colleges, those of Cambridge give no compulsory instruction in theology at all. In those of Oxford, a "Divinity lecture," as it is called, is a regular part of the College work, being intended to prepare the student for the University examination. In this lecture, however, little or no doctrinal instruction is given; the pupils construe the text of the Gospels, the tutor asks what such and such a phrase would be in Attic Greek, or inquires a little into the genealogies of the Herods. That is all.¹ There is nothing which can affect the conscience of a Dissenter; but if any should object, it would be easy to excuse his attendance, just as those who are thought able to pass the University examination are frequently excused now. Lastly, there are the public University sermons, which no student is bound to attend, but which the orthodox Dissenter, who has usually more taste for sermons than his Anglican compeer, is rather more likely to

¹ Very much the same thing takes place in the Greek classes of the Scotch Universities every Monday; and there the taught have never been oppressed by tests at any time, while the teachers have been free from them since 1853.

frequent than the majority of the present undergraduates. Can any one who really values religious teaching attach any weight to what has been described? If religious instruction is the chief business of the University, how comes it that she gives her pupils such a scanty pittance? Such as it is, however, it is quite independent of the tests, and might, as far as doctrine goes, be given equally well by or to a Catholic or a Dissenter. The abolition of tests would not affect it, unless Parliament added a provision to that effect, for it rests on University and College rules, which a majority of Convocation or of the fellows in any existing College are alone competent to change. Lastly, so far as it is a difficulty, it has arisen already at the bidding of Parliament, for Dissenting undergraduates do now come to Cambridge, and Roman Catholics to Oxford.

It is also said, and this was an argument on which stress was laid in the Oxford petition against Mr. Bouverie's bill, that the abolition of tests will introduce all sorts of religious differences, and destroy the peace and harmony which now prevail in the Universities. The subject is grave, yet one can hardly repress a smile at such words as these. Peace and harmony indeed! when professors anathematize their colleagues; when University quarrels are fought out in the columns of the daily press; when, on every question to which the least religious colour can possibly be given, excited voters swarm up from every country parsonage; when every common-room resounds with theological war-cries; when members of Parliament come down from London to encourage the undergraduates to organize themselves into societies against the so-called liberalism of their teachers. The discord which has prevailed in Oxford since the beginning of the Tractarian movement could not be aggravated by the presence of Nonconformists and Roman Catholics, for the points upon which those bodies differ from the standards of the Church of England are less serious than the points now debated between members of the Church herself. It may be said that as this state of things is recent, and due to temporary causes, so it will be transient. This is surely an admission that tests have not produced unanimity, at least no one proposes to check the variance of opinion by imposing stricter ones. Transient, indeed, we believe it may be made, but by an expedient exactly opposite. It is not to be expected or wished that all theological controversy should cease, for so long as the minds of fallible men differ, so long will discussion be a sign of life and interest and activity, and silence a sign of deadness. All that can be hoped for is to take from theological disputes that peculiar acrimony which now disgraces them. In the world at large, this can be accomplished only by the growth of a spirit of

charity and forbearance. In the University, nothing is so likely to promote it as a removal of the existing tests, which draw men's attention perforce to doctrinal differences, which give occasion to the reproach of deceit, which, by humiliating men, incline them to talk and write more bitterly.

Some persons who admit that the claims of the Nonconformists deserve consideration, argue that as they have already their denominational Colleges, and free entrance to the University of London, there is no injustice in keeping the older academies for the Church of England, which must also have theological seminaries of her own. Here there is a serious misapprehension. Oxford and Cambridge are in no sense theological seminaries. The religious teaching given to the ordinary undergraduate is, as has been seen, a mere phantom,—a phrase which sounds well in Parliament, but has nothing corresponding to it in the reality. That which the theological student receives is somewhat greater, but still absurdly small, far less than a candidate for orders is forced to pass through in Scotland or Germany. It is confined to attendance at two courses of lectures of some of the Divinity professors; that is to say, to the production of two certificates, each witnessing that A. B. has sat for ten or twelve hours in the professor's lecture-room. At Cambridge there is a theological examination, but the University leaves it optional, though some bishops require candidates for orders to have undergone it. In fact, the want of a proper course of Divinity at the old Universities has been felt so much, that a whole crop of theological Colleges has sprung up to supply its defects. It is not easy to see how the admission of Dissenters would interfere with the Divinity lectures, for the professors being by statute clergymen, and most of them canons, would necessarily continue members of the Church of England, subject in that behalf to the ordinary clerical tests. The state of things would be just that which now exists in the Scotch Universities, where the theological faculty remains in connexion with the Established Church, while the other faculties are free. Those who suppose that the orthodoxy of the future clergy of the Church depends on their being kept from all contact with persons of any other religious body, must have very little confidence in a faith so ready to fall at the first assault, and must surely be ignorant of the dangers which beset the student now. If, as might be supposed from the language of some among them, the chief duty of a clergyman is to combat dissent in his own parish, is he likely to be fitter for the fight if he has never before seen his enemy? If, as it is surely more in the spirit of the Gospel to hope, his duty is rather to cultivate friendly relations with all who bear the

Christian name, will he not look more charitably upon those who differ from him in what are after all minor points, when he has learnt to know them in the familiar intercourse of the lecture-room and the dining-hall? The mutual hatred of Anglicanism and Nonconformity could never have been so bitter if the two parties had not been socially strangers to one another. Unless this hostility is natural and is to be permanent, anything which allays it is a common benefit. As for those persons who tell us that if Dissenters were admitted, Church parents would no longer send their sons to Oxford and Cambridge, but retire somewhere else to found new seminaries conducted on Anglican principles, they do not deserve, and probably do not expect, to be seriously answered. The English laity are not possessed by any such horror of the schismatics when they meet every day in the world. They wish only that their sons should be well educated, and obtain the start in life which a fellowship gives. They know that dissent is the last vice their son is likely to contract; and as for orthodoxy, they see that it can't be insured now, and that, to have a value at all, it must be able to keep itself scatheless in the presence of the heterodox.

A difficulty somewhat more serious, and indeed the only one that can be considered serious at all, has reference to the domestic arrangements of the Colleges. Divine service is performed in their chapels according to the rites of the Church of England, and it is thought that, if Dissenters are not required to attend, it will be hard to enforce the attendance of others. The difficulty is not, however, a new one, for undergraduates are now admitted who belong to other communions, and no complaints have been made of perplexities caused thereby. If Catholics, they are desired by the College authorities to attend mass on Sundays in their own place of worship. If Protestants, they are not usually compelled to go to the College service, but in nine cases out of ten they go, and would probably continue to do so. They admit the beauty of the English Liturgy, and find little or nothing in it of a controversial nature. Some Colleges at Cambridge have had a good many Nonconforming students, and as things have gone smoothly enough there, one does not see why they should not be made to do so at Oxford. It is only in the position of the fellows, whom the abolition of tests would release from the obligation of conformity, that any change would be introduced. Even here the difference would be scarcely perceptible. Practically, a fellow of a College goes to chapel now when he pleases, and stays away when he pleases,—the latter more frequently; he would do much the same then. In fact, most of these difficulties which

look formidable in the abstract are found in the concrete to vanish altogether. There never was a great principle advocated yet which did not find men starting up to oppose it with petty objections of detail,—objections which, even supposing them valid, were not worthy to be weighed against the benefits it promised, and which, when the experiment was tried, were usually proved to be chimerical. So will it be in this case also. The Anglican service will not be interfered with, for the vast majority both of undergraduates and fellows will continue to be Anglicans. No problem will present itself which may not easily be solved by a little mutual consideration and forbearance. As to the notion that men of different religious persuasions cannot join in the common offices of College life, cannot dine at the same table, or help to set the same examination papers, it is not more injurious to the character of the fellows than it is chimerical. If the quarrels of the last few years have not destroyed courtesy and mutual regard, as they assuredly have not, nothing will.

No examination of this question would be complete without some account of the various compromises by which it has been proposed, while rendering a measure of relief to the persons who now complain, to respect the scruples and allay the fears of those who think downright abolition too hazardous a course. Among these there was one eagerly canvassed during the debate in Parliament last session, the proposal to place Oxford on the same footing with Cambridge, by substituting for subscription to the Articles, a declaration of *bona fide* membership in the Church of England. Considerable as this relief would be to many, it would not meet the case of all who now suffer. Such a declaration would still be a test, and therefore both ensnaring and disquieting. It would also be a new test, with a meaning perplexing because unascertained, and liable to be interpreted more strictly than the old one, whose edge has been now pretty well blunted in the wear and tear of three centuries. If *bona fide* membership were taken to mean, as it would naturally seem to mean, that the person professing it was in full communion with the Church of England, accepted her faith in a general sense, and was in the regular habit of attending her services, then a great many persons who now become members of Convocation could not with honesty take it. If it means less than this, what is its value as a safeguard at all? To those classes, moreover, who are now excluded, it would be no benefit, but an injury and discouragement. The great majority of English Nonconformists and Scotch Presbyterians can at present sign the Thirty-nine Articles, considered merely as a doctrinal formulary, as honestly as most Anglicans. But a declaration such as this it would be

quite impossible for them to make, without openly deserting the religion of their fathers. There would also be a peculiar harshness, a refinement of injustice, in thus giving relief to those within, while shutting the door tighter against others without. For it would be to reason thus: "Outward uniformity with the Church appears to us so vitally important, that we must reject you if you cannot profess it. But the belief in dogmatic truth is so slight a thing, that we will not require it of you at all." Or in other words: "That which is essential to the Church and to salvation is her organization as a visible body; that which is indifferent, is the doctrinal system she holds." Feeling this, the strong Church party are resolved to cling to the Articles at all hazards; and we confess, that if there are to be tests at all, doctrinal ones appear to us the most consistent, and not the most unfair. Nothing would really be gained to the cause of justice by this compromise, nor do we suppose it likely to find support in any quarter.

A second compromise that has been suggested is less objectionable in itself, although it is but a small instalment of what may fairly be demanded. It is proposed, instead of admitting Dissenters into the existing Colleges, to allow them to found halls of their own, where they may celebrate their own services, and educate their students in the way they like best. This they cannot do now, on account of a clause in the University statutes requiring the master of a private hall to be a member of Convocation, *i.e.*, to have signed the Articles; and if that clause were removed, any number of miniature sectarian Colleges might be erected at once. Compared with the present system, such permission might be considered a boon, and so Mr. Gladstone endeavoured to represent it. But it would be an infinitesimal one, and clogged with restrictions that would further lessen its value. Unless the masters and tutors of such halls were admitted to the governing body of the University, they would have to live in a degraded and client-like condition, obeying laws which they had no share in making, and looked down upon by the regular Colleges. The young men educated at them would still be excluded from the great prizes of the place—the College fellowships—and their ambition confined to the barren honour of a place in the Tripos or the class-list. Living apart, and associating only with persons of their own religious persuasion, they would lose the distinguishing benefit and glory of the English University system, the opportunity of mixing freely in a large and varied society, where a man learns to be tolerant and wide-minded,—to know men as well as opinions. If, therefore, these non-Anglican halls are to have a fair chance at all, they must be put on an equal footing with the old foundations.

To quiet the fears of those who think that the abolition of the present tests would make it easier to utter or teach heresy in the University, the plan has been started of retaining the test in a penal instead of a declaratory form. No one should in future be asked to sign it, but if, in his capacity of University teacher, he openly contravened it, he might be made liable to censure or punishment. Or a man might be required to declare that he would not, as a member of the University, impugn the doctrines of the Articles, or attack the Church of England. This expedient, which has frequently been employed as a compromise in similar cases in England, is that by means of which the test question at the Scotch Universities was finally disposed of. It is humiliating, and if the views of the function of the University stated in the preceding pages be correct, it is indefensible in principle. Probably, however, men would be found sufficiently willing to accept it ; for it does not interfere with their freedom of thought, and demands only that abstinence from open assault which good sense and good feeling would in any case have counselled. We have already said that the fear of an attack on orthodoxy by University teachers appears to us groundless ; but if any one is possessed by it, such a declaration as this would answer his purpose as well as the existing tests.

The last compromise to be mentioned here is that contained in Mr. Bouverie's bill of last session. He proposed not to repeal the Act of Uniformity altogether, but to allow any College which wished to dispense with it, either permanently or for a time, to do so. The effect would be that a College of strong Church sympathies, which objected to receive a Nonconformist as fellow, might still refuse him ; while another more tolerant one, might suspend the Act by a resolution or bye-law, and be then free to take the candidate who pleased them best in the examination, whether Anglican or Dissenter. The advantages of this plan are obvious. It relieves the Colleges from a restriction to which no similar lay corporation is subject elsewhere, and which obliges them, as was conspicuously the case at Cambridge not long since, to pass over men whom they are eager to elect. This restriction would be removed wherever it was felt to be one. But no College would have to fear the intrusion of unwelcome strangers, and if the existing fellows do dread the evils which have been dilated on as likely to follow the admission of Dissenters, the remedy would be in their own hands. How far those evils are probable is a matter on which, having themselves grown up under the beneficent shade of the test system, and learnt to know its virtues, they must be admitted competent to judge. If this arrangement were introduced, an arrangement the moderation and fairness of which none but the most bigoted

partisan can impeach, it is probable that only two or three Colleges in each University would in the first instance avail themselves of the liberty. If it were found to answer ill, they could renounce it, and the others would be warned. If it succeeded, the objections now made would be for ever disposed of.

No one, however, who looks at the present state of parties in the Church and in Parliament expects to see either this or any other compromise peaceably accepted. The warmth of the debates last session, the rigorous whipping-up of members, the close division lists, the joy of the one party at its success, the scarcely less conspicuous satisfaction of the other at a defeat which was almost a victory, finally, the excitement with which the matter was discussed among University men everywhere, all showed that the question had passed into the region of party warfare, there to remain till the majority, one way or the other, becomes overwhelming. Nevertheless, it may not be too late to ask the more moderate and charitable of those who oppose the measure, to consider the probable issue of the policy they have been induced to adopt. Let us quote the conclusion of Mr. Gladstone's speech upon the second reading of Mr. Dodson's bill :—

“No doubt it is natural for bodies of men, and the history of all religious sects and parties shows it, to make use of the day of prosperity, not, as I think true wisdom would dictate, for the purpose of accommodating difficulties and removing grounds of offence, but for the extremest assertion of every right and every privilege to which it still remains within their strength to cleave. Various bills have been proposed involving concession in one shape or another to Dissenters, and persons who desire the relaxation of tests; and it appears to me, that the readers of our discussions will have concluded with regret, if they are readers of wise and dispassionate mind, that very precious opportunities—golden opportunities—have been lost of uniting and knitting together the minds and hearts of men by reasonable concession, and that the assertion of right by majorities, which have been, perhaps, somewhat ruthlessly, and certainly sternly made, are by no means calculated to diminish those dangers which lie in the future,—that they procure, indeed, the gratification of a triumph for the moment, but that they store up difficulties for those who are to sit on these benches in this House hereafter. With that policy of indiscriminate resistance to almost every measure aiming at relaxation or relief, I must say it is not simply as a minister of the Crown, and not only as a member sitting on this side of the House, that I decline to associate myself, but because I believe that, however sincerely, however honourably intended—and that I do not for one moment question—it is a policy no more fatal to the application of the principles of civil and social justice than to the best interests of the Church of England herself.”

These are grave words, coming as they do from the most illustrious and not the least dutiful of the sons of the English

Church, but not too grave for the occasion. Why, it may well be asked, should the clergy be always associated with resistance to reform? Why should the people be always alienated by the contempt of their claims? Why, above all, should the Church herself descend from her pure and lofty seat of spiritual power, to become the accomplice or the tool of a political faction? Those are her worst enemies who would force her into such an alliance, or make her believe that any temporary advantage so gained can compensate for the degradation which will surely follow. In struggling to retain the exclusive possession of every emolument, every vestige of legal privilege, every rag and tatter of legal power, when she might appeal so confidently to the liberality of her own members, is not the Church, or rather the party which claims to represent her, doing her best to make men believe it is not her religious mission that is first in her thoughts, but her worldly wealth and sway? Unjust, indeed, such a belief may be. But it is one which cannot but recur, so long as she attempts to play, in the nineteenth century, the part of the Church of the middle ages, and grasp, by a tyrannical exercise of power, what she might win far more easily by generosity and self-devotion. It is not in the poor shreds of privilege which still remain to her that her strength consists, but in the purity of her doctrines, in the zeal and learning of her ministers, in the affection of her people. As it is in the world, so is it in the University. She reigns there not by virtue of tests, which seem made to be evaded, which are sources, not of faith, but of discontent, but by the prestige of her antiquity, by her association with the upper classes of the country, by the impressiveness of her worship, by that very theological toleration which she wishes now to repudiate. By these she will reign, though all, and more than all, the changes now proposed should be accomplished. With such perennial fountains of strength, need she so dread the admission of others to benefits which will none the less be hers, because they are not hers alone?

That admission, however certain as it may appear, will not be achieved without quickened activity on the part of men in Parliament and of the non-University public generally. The party within has done all that can be expected from them in urging their views by petition; it remains for members of the Legislature and their constituents to see the magnitude of the question. Hitherto the English Dissenters and the people of Scotland have shown an apathy in the matter, which can only arise from ignorance of the advantages to be contended for. They seem to suppose, for one thing, that the Universities are still the seat of a large party—Romanizing in religion, ultra-Tory in politics—who will strain every nerve to

oppose a change, and, if defeated, will make the place as uncomfortable as possible to the new-comers. No idea can be more unfounded. The unfortunate constitution of the Universities constantly causes the wishes and opinions of the residents to be misrepresented. The governing body, which alone has the right to speak officially, is composed of all Masters of Arts whose names are on the books, the overwhelming majority of whom are country clergymen, who represent not the Oxford or Cambridge of to-day, but of some thirty or forty years ago, with all the additional prejudices which a retired and professional life is likely to engender. The Oxford Convocation is therefore not an academical body at all, but a mere organ of the Anglican clergy, ignorant of the present state of the University, and alien in feeling from its pursuits. The real body to be regarded is that of the residents, fellows, tutors, and professors, very many of whom, as their two petitions showed, desire the removal of tests, while the general spirit of almost all is a tolerant and liberal spirit, which would not repel the help of Dissenters in the work of education. The traditional bigotry of these seats of learning is not what it once was, and those whom it still enthrals are not to be found among the ablest men and the most active workers. It is hardly to be expected that a majority of the residents would as yet declare a wish to have Dissenters admitted; but the latter may be sure that if they come they will not be coldly or slightly received. Nor is this all. The real advantages and benefits which Oxford and Cambridge offer are very imperfectly understood by the world at large. Their vast and yearly increasing revenues, once grossly abused for private ends, have within the last twenty years been arranged on a wholly new footing, devoted to educational purposes, and made real prizes of merit, setting aside in nearly every case distinctions of birth or country or previous place of education. In Oxford, between thirty and forty fellowships are given away by competition every year; in Cambridge, a number usually greater.¹ The number of scholarships and exhibitions, whose value ranges from £30 or £40 up to £90, each College giving away three or four, it may be five or six annually, is still greater. Of these, indeed, the supply exceeds the demand; for the tutors are beginning to complain that they sometimes cannot find candidates sufficiently deserving; and any measure which would enable the University to draw her members from a wider field, would be a benefit to her no less than to the classes excluded.

¹ In the smaller Colleges at Cambridge the fellowships are not directly competed for; but as they are almost invariably given to those who have most distinguished themselves in the University examinations, they are not less truly prizes of merit.

These pecuniary prizes are, however, but a small part of the benefits which the old Universities hold out, and which no newer institution can pretend to equal. Those who bid the Roman Catholics content themselves with Oscott, and the Non-conformists with the University of London, know well enough the differences between these seminaries and those which they keep to themselves. The teaching at Oxford and Cambridge, however inferior to what it might be, is still incomparably the best to be had in England. But the teaching is the smallest part of their educational power. No other Universities in the world have social advantages at all comparable to those which the mixture of the University and College systems give; in no other is so large a number of intellectual men gathered, intercourse with whom is readily opened to every promising junior. Even the external splendours of the place must not be omitted in enumerating the influences which form the students' character, and which contribute to give him a breadth of view, a keenness of susceptibility, and what may be called a fine intellectual polish, which are among the most precious and the rarest of mental gifts and excellences. But there is another aspect of the question, which seems to us of wider import than either the relief to conscience within the Church or the act of justice to Dissenters, and that is the prospect of further measures of reform to which the abolition of tests is only the prelude. The time seems to have come, in what may fairly be called the great educational revival of our days, for the Universities to resume in some measure their old position, and again become the great educators of the country.

If the subject were not too large a one to be touched upon in the conclusion of an article, it would be easy to show that in any scheme of national education, very important functions, such as no Government Board could discharge, might be intrusted to bodies so venerable, so influential, and so independent. The middle-class examinations may be considered as a step in this direction, and many other plans might be suggested by which the learning and culture of the old academies might be brought to bear upon the middle and lower schools of the country with the most valuable results. Nor are the benefits less clear which would flow from a change by which the education given at Oxford and Cambridge, might be placed within the reach of poorer men. Class distinctions would be softened down; the Universities themselves would be invigorated; the culture and tone of feeling of the whole nation would be sensibly raised. Before, however, any part of this programme can be carried out, the barrier must be overthrown which cuts off the University from half of the people; the fetter must be broken

which impedes her in the performance of her proper functions. A hundred examples prove that she will be none the less religious when a doctrinal profession is no longer a passport to her offices. That she should again become, as in the first and brightest period of her history, the intellectual leader of the country, is not to be looked for, although even now it is hard to over-estimate the value of places where science may be cultivated apart from its practical results, where learning may be pursued more deeply than by men engaged in active professions, where the real bearings of a political problem may be investigated away from the disturbing influence of party conflicts, where, in the common meeting ground of all studies, the relations of the several branches of human knowledge and their methods may be most fitly discussed. But, admitting the narrower scope of her present duties, enough is left to make her welfare a matter of the most vital interest to all of us. In the Middle Ages she was national, and it was because the learning and intelligence of the whole people centred in her that her mission was so great and so beneficent. She was then the constant foe of Ultramontaniam, as well as the foremost leader of domestic progress. That position she cannot indeed resume, nor is it to be wished that she should; but she may still confer incalculable benefits on the people, if released from the control of a party, which, while it cherishes all that was worst and weakest in the mediæval system, sets itself to oppose the spirit, of which the mediæval University was the chosen seat, the spirit of progress and intelligence. To the modern University that spirit may again return, when, by ceasing to be a sectarian, she has become a national institution, and when the removal of obsolete restrictions has set her once more free for her own great work of education.

- ART. V.—1. *A Map of the Chain of Mont Blanc, from a Survey by A. ADAMS REILLY, Esq.* Privately Photographed, 1864.
 2. *The Alpine Journal.* Vol. I. 1864. 8vo. Longman and Co.
 3. *Scenes from the Snow Fields of Mont Blanc.* By EDMUND T. COLEMAN, Esq. With Coloured Lithographs by VINCENT BROOKS. Folio. 1859. Longman and Co.

COULD Windham and Pococke revisit Chamouni in the year of grace 1865, after their sleep of a century, no doubt they would be somewhat astonished. Instead of the poor *cabaret*, with its bush hanging out as a sign, they would find luxurious hotels, thronged by wealthy and fashionable parties, and placarded with advertisements in English of the “Chamouni Hotels Company (Limited); capital, £100,000!” Not less would the pious Saint François de Sales be scandalized to find his priory defunct, and a place of English Protestant worship built not far from the massive Catholic church erected during his episcopacy. But it may be doubted whether the consternation of these worthies would not be exceeded by that of the great De Saussure (though he lived far later than either), to find that parties of active young Englishmen, fresh from barristers’ chambers and mercantile counting-houses, stroll unconcernedly amongst the “seracs” of the glaciers of Géant and Bossons, start one morning *à l’improviste* for the summit of Mont Blanc, and cross as many dangerous cols, and ascend as many *aiguilles* in one week as the sedate Genevese (more frugal in his excitements) thought of undertaking in a twelvemonth. We say nothing here of the spirit of feminine adventure, of bivouacs at the Tacul, and of pic-nics at the Jardin; these are every-day matters.

It is refreshing to think that while fashion and civilisation have altered so much, Nature in her stupendous constancy remains unchanged. A new road or bridge may make a scar here or there, but the trace is lost amidst the gigantic scenery around; cultivation may be pressed a little higher than formerly, but the eternal hills and the inexhaustible ice-floods keep their own without challenge. The voice of gay or of discordant music, the rattle of equipages, and the many-tongued voice of the crowd, assembled out of every nation under heaven, are altogether but as an inaudible whisper in the boundlessness of that mountain space, whose echoes can resound only to the crash of thunder, the ill-boding fitful noise of distant cataracts, and the roar of the icy avalanche. Happily, we say, there are some things which human art cannot utterly spoil. Of these

Chamouni (by which we mean the Alpine district of which it is the capital) is one.

To return for a few moments to Windham and Pococke. Their visit to Chamouni and Montanvert took place in June 1741. It was related with much simplicity and absence of exaggeration, in a letter from Mr. Windham to his friend M. Arlaud, a landscape-painter at Geneva, which was published later (1743) as a small quarto pamphlet, in English, which appears to be rare, as but a single copy has ever fallen under the notice of the present writer.

It is quite true, in a general sense, that Windham and his companions were the *discoverers* of Chamouni. Unquestionably, a Priory had existed there for several centuries previously. It had been visited by bishops and other dignified clergy in the course of their ecclesiastical journeys; the valley was inhabited and cultivated, had an annual fair, and traded with the neighbouring town of Sallenches in agricultural produce. But all this did not bring it within the ken of the general outer world, or even of the more curious prying travellers and naturalists, the Simlers, the Merians, the Fatios, the Wagners, and the Scheuchzers, not to mention foreigners, such as Burnett and Addison.¹ It appears to be unquestionable, however surprising, that the cultivated men of Geneva had never yet thought of penetrating to the foot of that noble snowy range, which forms one of the chief glories of their landscape; nay, they believed that the mass of the glaciers lay to the *north*, instead of the south of Chamouni; that is to say, between Chamouni and Sixt. J. C. Fatio de Duillier, a Genevese of some reputation, and a member of the Royal Society of London (where, however, his brother Nicolas was better known), although he estimated with considerable accuracy the height of Mont Blanc from trigonometrical measures taken at a distance, propagated these errors, and manifested the same incredible absence of curiosity. This was in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. Chamouni and the district of Mont Blanc

¹ Chamouni knew more of the outer world than the outer world knew of Chamouni. The natives, with what appears to be the instinct of the Savoyard and the dwellers in the Piedmontese valleys, even at that early period, went abroad in the prime of life to learn trades and make money in foreign countries, but generally returned to settle and to die in their native glens. Let us here say, once for all, that we adhere to the good old-fashioned spelling of Chamouni, sanctioned by De Saussure, in preference to the modern official corruption of Chamonix. The derivation of the name is ascribed by Captain Sherwill, with great probability, to the Latin words *campus munitus*, by which it is designated in an early monastic charter. And it is interesting to find in Scheuchzer's map of Switzerland, antecedent to the time of Windham, that the spelling is given Chammuny, approaching still nearer to the Latin.

were to all intents and purposes (save ecclesiastical) unknown to the outer world until Windham's journey; and its subsequent notoriety is directly traceable to that alone. So that our modern guide-books (such as Mr. Murray's and Mr. Ball's) have gone somewhat towards the opposite extreme from the older ones of Ebel and Reichard, when they represent Chamouni to have been well known to strangers at the period to which we refer.

Windham and Pococke were both remarkable men; and we think it not without interest for our readers to note a few particulars respecting the society of Englishmen who thus invaded the peaceful valley which has since become so celebrated. Pococke, the best known of the group, had just returned from his important travels in the East, which had lasted from 1737 to 1741, when, happening to pass through Geneva, he became associated with a party of his countrymen, who for several winters had made that city their home. This intelligent and cultivated society consisted of William Windham of Felbrigg, in Norfolk, father of the statesman who was the contemporary and colleague of Pitt; his tutor Benjamin Stillingfleet, the naturalist; Lord Haddington and his brother Mr. Baillie, with their tutor Mr. Williamson, an eminent but somewhat eccentric scholar; Mr. Aldborough Neville, an ancestor of the present Lord Braybrooke; Robert Price, a man of great worth and accomplishment, father of Uvedale Price; Mr. Chetwynd; and last of all Pococke, as already mentioned, who joined, but did not originate the expedition. All those above named, except Mr. Williamson (whose health did not allow it) took part in the excursion to Chamouni. But Windham was the leader, for which post his alert, muscular, and ardent temperament well fitted him. He is described as having been tall, thin, and narrow-chested, yet eminently handsome, so fond of athletic sport as to have been known in London as "boxing Windham." He rather affected the air of a gay man of fashion, impatient of restraint, yet he was an excellent linguist, and was acquainted besides with the sciences and fine arts to an extent of which few believed him capable. Had he lived a hundred years later, he must inevitably have been first President of the Alpine Club. He was exemplary in private life, and several of his friends have recorded the attachment which he inspired; especially his tutor Stillingfleet, both in prose and verse.¹ Windham and Price both died in 1761; Pococke in 1765, having previously become an Irish bishop.

¹ See *Literary Life of Benjamin Stillingfleet*, 3 vols. 1811. From this interesting work we have extracted these particulars of Windham. Had it not appeared too great a digression, some account of the other members of this remarkable group of men might have been added.

maps. On the contrary, it is being much broken up into groups having more or less definite boundaries. One of the most distinct of such groups or mountainous centres is that of Mont Blanc. It may be described as a rude parallelogram, whose longer diagonal extends from south-west to north-east, and which is enclosed by four valleys. These are:—

1. On the N.W., the valley of the Arve; chief place, Chamouni.
2. On the S.E., the valley of the Doire; chief place, Courmayeur.
3. On the W., the valley of Montjoie; chief place, Contamines.
4. On the E., the valley of Ferret; chief place, Orsières.

Of these valleys, the two first are by much the longest; and the parallelogram has its two acute extremities at the Col de Bonhomme on the south-west, and the Mont Catogne on the north-east, the distance of these points being twenty-nine English miles. Mont Blanc is situated, *not* in the centre of the parallelogram, but much nearer to its western end. Throughout its extent, the mountain ridge of which Mont Blanc is the culmination is single and continuous, so far resembling the serpentine vertebræ, to which, as we have said, the Alps as a whole cannot be likened. The southern slopes in general are much steeper than the northern slopes. The summit of Mont Blanc is considerably nearer to the valley of Courmayeur than to the valley of Chamouni; in consequence, it is utterly inaccessible from that side. But it is also the more imposing object as seen from thence. The stupendous walls of the range rising from the valley of Courmayeur form a spectacle perhaps unequalled in the Alps, especially when enhanced by the exquisite scenery and Italian vegetation of the valley of the Doire. Courmayeur is only 4200 English feet above the sea; and as Mont Blanc has a height of 15,780 feet, the relative elevation is in the highest degree impressive. The relative elevation is 11,580 feet, an amount barely exceeded in the case of even the highest mountains of the globe, which rise from valleys or from table-lands already of great height. The valley of Chamouni is 3425 feet above the sea at the *Prieuré* or village.

As it is well known that the magnitude of glaciers depends principally on the area of the mountain-basins in which they take their origin, and by whose snows their waste is continually supplied, it follows that the glaciers are least important when the slopes are most precipitous. With one notable exception, the glaciers of the Chamouni side of Mont Blanc are by far the most important of the chain, as well as the best known. As the glaciers form the key to the topography of the district, we will here enumerate the larger ones according to their position on the four sides of the chain, commencing from the north-east

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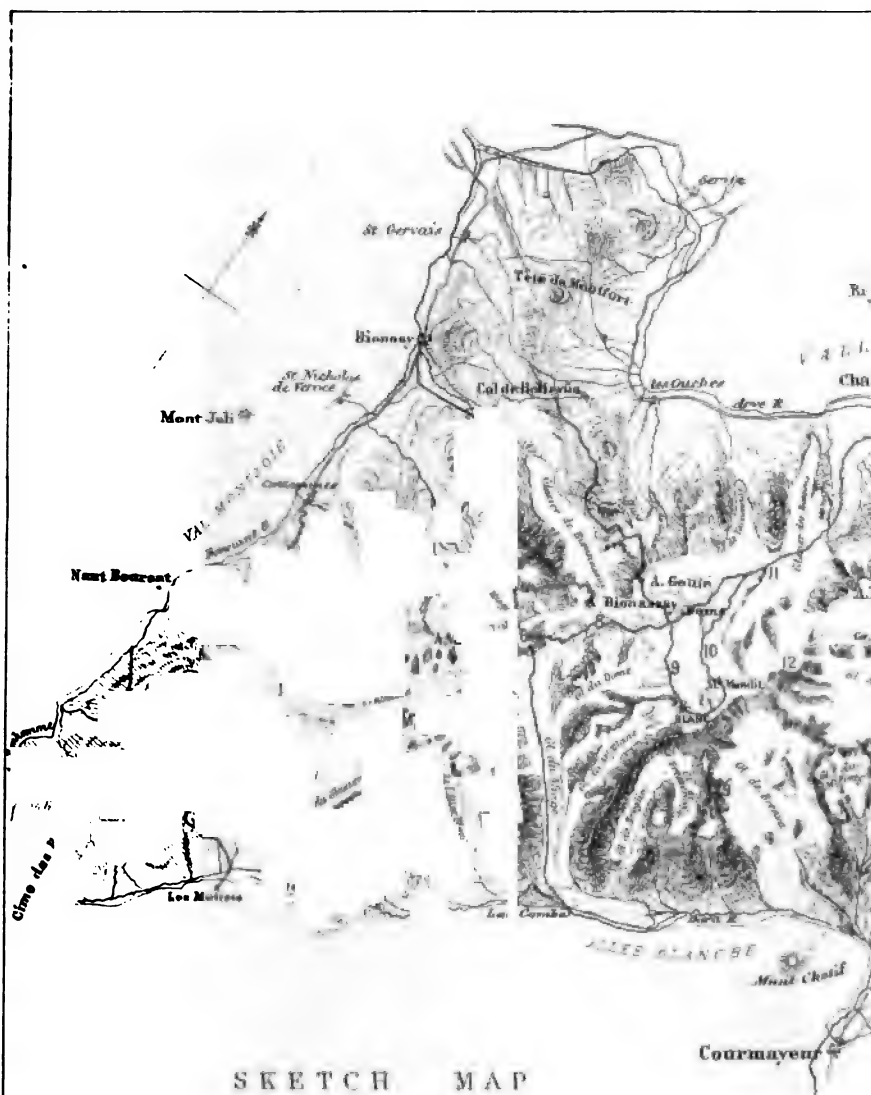
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The position of these glaciers (which are all shown upon the map) is important, as indicating the natural drainage of the district; and we shall find that an extraordinary diversity of opinion has obtained at different periods as to their distribution and arrangement.

Early in the last century, as we have seen, the chief glaciers were supposed to lie to the *north*, instead of to the south of Chamouni.

This, of course, was rectified by the visit of Windham and Pococke; but their idea of the extent and course of the ice-streams of Mont Blanc was equally limited and inaccurate. Windham says, “The glaciers consist of three large valleys that form a kind of Y; the tail reaches into the *Val d’Aoste*, and the two horns into the valley of *Chamoigny*.” We might at first sight imagine that the Y represents the Mer de Glace and its branches,—the glaciers of Géant and Léchaud. There is no doubt, however, that this is not the case, and that the branches he refers to are the glaciers of Bois and Bossons, the only two of those in the valley of Chamouni which he distinctly saw; and that the “tail” reaching into the Val d’Aoste was symbolical of the glacier of Brenva, or possibly of the Col du Géant, which he mentions as traditionally spoken of as a pass or col in the chain. This interpretation of Windham’s meaning is rendered more clear by the words which follow: “The place where we ascended was between them [*i.e.*, the horns], from whence we saw plainly the valley which forms one of these horns.” As the place he speaks of was the Montanvert, the “horns” could only be, as already said, the glaciers of Bois and Bossons, the only ones which actually obtrude themselves on the notice of the visitor to Chamouni by the route of Servoz.

Pierre Martel, in his expedition of 1743, made a considerable step. For in the quaint map which accompanies his pamphlet,



SKETCH MAP
of
THE CHAIN OF MONT BLANC

English Miles





References.

<i>Tours</i>	12 <i>Mt. Blanc du Tacul</i>	23 <i>Loc. Champsey</i>
<i>Col de l'Enclaves</i>	13 <i>Aig. Charmon</i>	24 <i>Col de Petit Ferret</i>
<i>Col de l'Enclaves</i>	14 <i>Montanvert</i>	25 <i>Aig. de Tignes</i>
<i>Col de l'Enclaves</i>	15 <i>Aig. du Moine</i>	26 <i>Drainage</i>
<i>Col de l'Enclaves</i>	16 <i>Tours des Grottes</i>	27 <i>Col du Goats</i>
<i>Col de l'Enclaves</i>	17 <i>Aig. Chardonnat</i>	28 <i>Pass. de Mont Frety</i>
<i>Col de l'Enclaves</i>	18 <i>Col de Chardonnat</i>	29 <i>Mont Interet</i>
<i>Col de l'Enclaves</i>	19 <i>Col d'Arpentière</i>	30 <i>Mont Sue</i>
<i>Col de l'Enclaves</i>	20 <i>Tour Noir</i>	31 <i>Aig. du Glacier</i>
<i>Col de l'Enclaves</i>	21 <i>Fenêtre de Salen</i>	32 <i>Pyramides Calcaires</i>
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we find all the chief icy outlets of the N.E. slope indicated after a fashion, beginning with Trient, and ending with Bossons and Taconnay considered as one. This map, of which we here introduce a lithographic *facsimile*, represents very curiously the idea which seems strongly to possess the minds of the dwellers near great glacier-bearing chains, that the glaciers are but the overflows of *one* great central reservoir or accumulation of snow and ice. In some parts of the Alps singular traditions prevail of such unvisited central valleys, imagined to be habitable, and peopled by a race who hold no communication with the lower world. The natural tendency is to exaggerate the extent and importance of what is unknown. All untraversed mountain chains are assumed to be greater in area than they prove to be when surveyed, and the popular estimate of the length of glaciers is at least double or three times the reality. The persistence of the notion of a common reservoir or "Mer de Glace," with numerous outflows reaching to the valleys, by means of which its accumulations are discharged, together with the acknowledged fact of the motion of the ice of glaciers (referred to in Windham's letter), proves that the "viscous" or "plastic" theory of glaciers has been the creed of the peasantry from early times. Martel conciliates easily and ingeniously what he could see with what he imagined. An ice stream or ocean is represented as taking its rise near Mont Blanc, and flowing parallel to the whole chain in a N.E. direction, terminating in the glacier of Trient. From it descend, as separate overflows, the glaciers of Bossons, Bois, Argentière, and Tour. A "tail" extends towards Cormayeur, symbolizing probably the glacier of Brenva. It is sufficient here to note, that in every case the ridges separating the glaciers of Chamouni, indicated here as mere islets in the icy flood, are stupendous ranges, nearly or altogether impassable, and linked on to the backbone of the chain.

It is astonishing how slight was the improvement of the map of Mont Blanc during the remainder of the last century. In 1778, De Saussure put forth, in the first and second volumes of his immortal work, two maps based on the map of Savoy by Borgonio, with emendations by Pictet of Geneva, of which it is hardly possible to speak too disparagingly. They are in one sense worse than the map of Martel, because they are filled up with material absolutely fictitious. The great ice-sweep is now interrupted by the range at the back of the Glacier of Talèfre; but the Glaciers of Argentière, Tour, and Trient, are thrown into one, as are those of Bionassay, Trelatête, and Miage. De Saussure's sense of truth could never, one would suppose, have been satisfied with these wretched productions, yet they reappeared

in 1803 (after his death, indeed) in the second edition of his *Travels*.

Very superior, undoubtedly, to these must be considered the special map of Mont Blanc by Raymond, published early in the present century, when Savoy was under the régime of Imperial France. The valleys are tolerably well laid down, and some of the features of the best-known parts of the chain have a certain truth; but a hazy feebleness predominates over the whole; the boundaries of the glaciers are very inaccurate, and the interior of the group is hopelessly conjectural.

In 1842, the writer of the present article made a special survey of the Mer de Glace of Chamouni and its tributaries, which, in some of the following years, he extended by further observations so as to include the Glacier of Bossons. The area of this survey extended parallel to the chain from the summit of Mont Blanc to the borders of the Glacier of Argentière, and in a perpendicular direction from the Grandes Jorasses to the chain of the Breven.

About the same time, M. Séné of Geneva was engaged on his remarkable model, on a considerable scale, of the chain of Mont Blanc. It was acquired by and is still exhibited in his native town. Though immense patience was bestowed on this interesting work, the author of it had two defects which seriously marred its accuracy. In the first place, he was no surveyor, and used no divided instruments; and, secondly, he eschewed glaciers and mountain peaks, and contented himself with peering into the recesses of the chain from the most commanding points which he could find on its outskirts. Hence, wherever the chain becomes intricate, or its central parts are removed from ordinary observation, this otherwise fine model is valueless.

The only parts of the range of Mont Blanc, which, down to 1850, could be said to be well understood, were those which were opened up by three well-known expeditions,—the route to the Jardin, the passage of the Col du Géant, and the ascent of Mont Blanc. The extreme eastern and western parts of the chain were yet untraversed. In 1850, the present writer succeeded in traversing the main chain from the Col de Balme to Orsières, but the time was too short to unravel the intricate mountain group which intervened between this route and the Jardin. The fact was however established of the undiminished height of the main chain, even so near its eastern extremity. At the head of the Glacier du Tour it was found to be 11,300 English feet, or somewhat higher than the Col du Géant in the immediate vicinity of Mont Blanc. All the existing maps—mainly feeble copies from one another—throw very little light on this part; and M. Séné's model was especially in fault. Not less ambiguous was the

course of the chain between Mont Blanc and Col de Bonhomme to the westward, which includes three or four magnificent summits, such as the aiguilles of Bionassay, Miage, and Trelatête, and several noble glaciers.

In 1858, if we recollect rightly, the Alpine Club was founded in London;¹ and those who felt an interest in the improvement of our knowledge of mountains were sanguine as to what might be done by its members. In the first volume of its Transactions (*Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, 1859), we find an account of the pass of the Col de Salena by Mr. Wills, and an exploration of the Col de Miage from the north side by Mr. Hawkins. The last-named col, and the summit of the Aiguille de Miage had, however, been already attained by Mr. Coleman, whose magnificent work,² published in the same year, contains the most vivid pictures of glacier landscape which have yet appeared. But neither Mr. Coleman nor his companions possessed the enviable art of topographical sketching—at least they did not exercise it on this occasion; and such geographical knowledge as they may have personally acquired, could not be communicated or rendered definite by the use of words alone. At this time an unfortunate prejudice against the use of a theodolite was present to the minds of most members of the Alpine Club, whose leading passion—that of boundless muscular exertion, and unfettered freedom of range—would certainly have been controlled by the companionship of that estimable instrument, which is somewhat heavy to carry as well as liable to damage, and which demands for its use leisure, patience, and unlimited power of resisting benumbing cold on isolated summits and glacial wastes. No, the theodolite was not popular amongst the Alpine Clubbists!

Mr. Tuckett of Bristol, however, one of their number, possessing a correct eye and good fingers, as well as legs, contributed some able sketches of country in 1860 and 1861. In the former year he followed the glacier of Argentière for the first time to its origin behind the curtain of rocks which separates it from the glacier of Talèfre, and, ascending the main ridge of the Alps, he attained a col of the immense height of 12,500 feet, without, however, descending on the opposite side,—a passage first effected in 1861 by Mr. Winckworth, who reached the Val Ferret by the Glacier de la Neuvaz. Mr. Tuckett, however, made a sketch of this knot of mountains—not unworthily called the Gordian Knot,—for its extrication was not reached without

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It was in 1861 that the much-desired Sheet XXII. of the Swiss Federal Map was issued by General Dufour. It contained so much of the chain of Mont Blanc as is included within Swiss territory, that is, the eastern slope between the Col de Balme and the Col Ferret. Unfortunately this was not a very important part of the chain, but at least it furnished one boundary of the "Gordian Knot" already referred to, which lay between the Glacier of Talèfre, already surveyed, and the Glacier of Salena, which is wholly Swiss. The chain of Mont Blanc was, however, laid down in outline throughout a considerable part of its extent, but the Swiss surveyors were only responsible for its accuracy up to their own boundary. The remaining features were taken, it is believed, from Piedmontese documents; but it required only a slight inspection to show that the data on the two sides of the frontier were not reconcilable, and the result proved the truth of the proverb, that old work patched with new makes the rent worse. The relative position of the Glaciers of Argentièrre, Tour, and Salena was, if possible, more unintelligible than it had ever been.

In 1862, Mr. A. Adams Reilly, a gentleman of liberal education and an accurate draughtsman, directed his attention to the "Gordian Knot" in question. He crossed the Col d'Argentièrre, discovered by Mr. Tuckett, and made panoramic drawings of the chain in various directions. But it was found impossible to reconcile these with the position of the summits and glaciers as indicated on the Swiss map; and Mr. Reilly decided on directing his journey of 1863 expressly to clear up such ambiguities. For this purpose he provided himself with an excellent theodolite, and arranged to extend the triangulation which formed the basis of the survey of the Mer de Glace of 1842, up the valley of the Arve to the Col de Balme, and thence again to the very origin of the Glacier of Tour. The present writer was fortunately able to place at Mr. Reilly's disposal the unpublished additions which he had made in 1846 and 1850 to his original survey, extending it from the south to the north bank of the

course of the chain between Mont Blanc and Col de Bonhomme to the westward, which includes three or four magnificent summits, such as the aiguilles of Bionassay, Miage, and Trelatête, and several noble glaciers.

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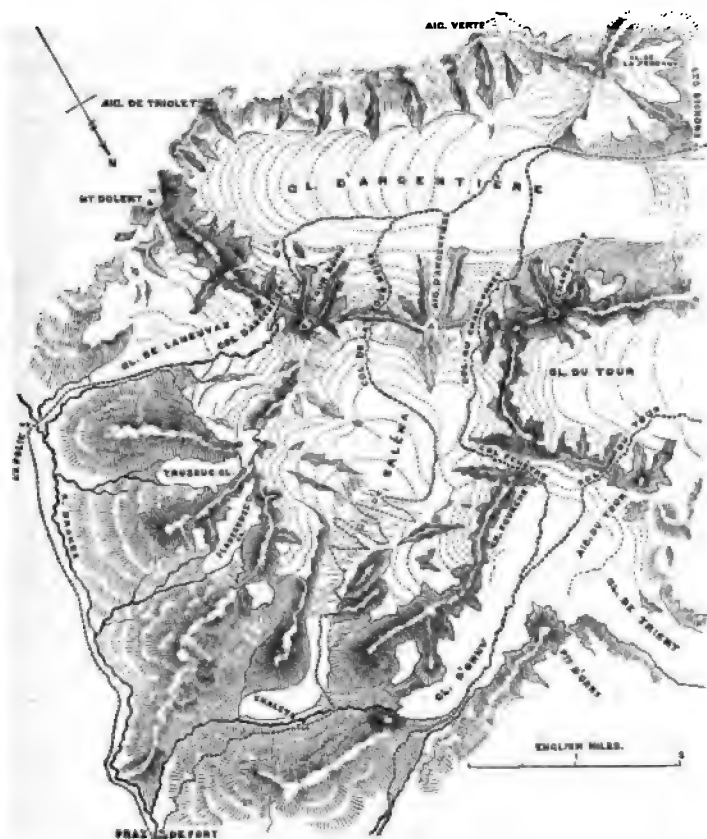
further time and labour. In 1861, he contributed a careful eye-sketch of the country between the summit of Mont Blanc and the Col de Bonhomme, which was a great advance upon anything which had then appeared; but the meagre engraving from it in the second series of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers* (1862), was very far from doing it justice. In Mr. Tuckett's drawing something like the mutual relations of the glaciers of Trelatête, Miage, and Bionassay appears for the first time, although the proportions of the ground plan were far from exact,—the s.w. extremity of the chain being carried out to an angle far too acute.

It was in 1861 that the much-desired Sheet xxii. of the Swiss Federal Map was issued by General Dufour. It contained so much of the chain of Mont Blanc as is included within Swiss territory, that is, the eastern slope between the Col de Balme and the Col Ferret. Unfortunately this was not a very important part of the chain, but at least it furnished one boundary of the "Gordian Knot" already referred to, which lay between the Glacier of Talèfre, already surveyed, and the Glacier of Salena, which is wholly Swiss. The chain of Mont Blanc was, however, laid down in outline throughout a considerable part of its extent, but the Swiss surveyors were only responsible for its accuracy up to their own boundary. The remaining features were taken, it is believed, from Piedmontese documents; but it required only a slight inspection to show that the data on the two sides of the frontier were not reconcilable, and the result proved the truth of the proverb, that old work patched with new makes the rent worse. The relative position of the Glaciers of Argentièrre, Tour, and Salena was, if possible, more unintelligible than it had ever been.

In 1862, Mr. A. Adams Reilly, a gentleman of liberal education and an accurate draughtsman, directed his attention to the "Gordian Knot" in question. He crossed the Col d'Argentièrre, discovered by Mr. Tuckett, and made panoramic drawings of the chain in various directions. But it was found impossible to reconcile these with the position of the summits and glaciers as indicated on the Swiss map; and Mr. Reilly decided on directing his journey of 1863 expressly to clear up such ambiguities. For this purpose he provided himself with an excellent theodolite, and arranged to extend the triangulation which formed the basis of the survey of the Mer de Glace of 1842, up the valley of the Arve to the Col de Balme, and thence again to the very origin of the Glacier of Tour. The present writer was fortunately able to place at Mr. Reilly's disposal the unpublished additions which he had made in 1846 and 1850 to his original survey, extending it from the south to the north bank of the

Arve near Chamouni. In particular, he had determined with considerable accuracy the interval in English feet between the Pavillon de Flegère and the summit of Mont Breven. The distance between these two is nearly three English miles, and it forms an admirable base for extending the triangulation in any direction. Mr. Reilly dexterously availed himself of it; and after a survey of much labour, owing to the exceeding roughness of the country, finally connected the survey of the Mer de Glace and Chamouni district (including Mont Blanc), with the Swiss survey, which terminated at the Col de Balme and the east boundary of the Glacier of Tour.

The annexed wood-cut shows on a larger scale than that of



our sketch-map of the chain, the relations of the three Glaciers of Salèna, Tour, and Argentière, at their contact, as determined, *it may be said entirely*, by the labours of Mr. Reilly.

It would require the reader to have before him the Swiss map of 1861, or some equivalent authority, to understand the geographical emendation thus effected. To state its chief result in a single sentence, two mountains, each 13,000 feet high, and *standing on the map a mile and a half apart*, were pulled together and made *one*; while a snow field of some four square miles in extent was annihilated. It will be seen in the diagram that the Glacier of Tour takes its origin from a mountain spur leading north-eastwards from the Aiguille de Chardonnet. Behind that spur, the Glacier of Salena extends itself southwards up to the foot of the Tour Noire, and is separated from the Glacier of Argentière solely by the ridge extending from that summit to the Aiguille de Chardonnet. Now, previously, things had been very differently represented. The Glacier of Tour was imagined to extend southwards far beyond the Aiguille de Chardonnet, and far beyond even that of Argentière, and to be bounded on the south-east by the Glacier of Laneuvaz, which in reality it does not approach within two miles, which are occupied by the upper basin of the glacier of Salena. If this description be followed, it will be understood that the Swiss surveyors, when mapping the upper basin of the Salena, had right in front of them the great rocky boundary of the glacier of Argentière, including the two vast peaks of Argentière and Chardonnet. But, misled by the Piedmontese survey, they believed that they were still divided from it by a parallel ridge, to the culminating point of which (a magnificent frosted cone as seen from the east) they gave the name of *Point des Plines*, a peak which proved the very bugbear of geographers; and no wonder, for the Point des Plines, *as such*, had no existence,—it was and is neither more nor less than the long familiarly known Aiguille d'Argentière.

The results of his painstaking survey of the Glacier of Tour, Mr. Reilly laid down on a map to the scale of $\frac{1}{10000}$, or about an inch and a half to a mile, and nothing can be more satisfactory than the clear and beautiful draught which now lies before us, in which even the secondary clusters of peaks are defined with admirable exactness by readings of the theodolite. It is a work which leaves nothing to be desired, and would do credit to the most expert professional surveyor.

But Mr. Reilly, having theoretically disentangled the Gordian Knot, confirmed his extrication of it by actually *walking through it*. Ascending the Glacier of Argentière to the gap separating the Aiguille de Chardonnet from that of Argentière, he ascended that gap. A glance from the summit, of course, showed how the land lay. When he descended upon the eastern side of the ridge, he found himself on the Glacier of Salena, *not* on the Glacier of

Tour. Had the Federal map been correct, he would have been still in Savoy; as it was, he found himself in Switzerland. This col he distinguished by the name of the Col de Chardonnet. Not long before, two members of the Alpine Club, Messrs. George and Macdonald, having been led astray in seeking for the Col d'Argentière of Mr. Tuckett (which lies to the south of the Tour Noire), had already effected a passage from Argentière to the glacier of Salena across the ridge intermediate between these two passes. But it is so highly dangerous and impracticable that it will probably never again be tried. The relative position of the three routes across the chain are shown in the woodcut on page 148, and the course of the northmost and southmost are further illustrated by the red lines on the map of Mont Blanc.

Most amateurs would have considered it a fair summer's work to explore and map an intricate and desolate country, which had for years been the despair of topographers. But Mr. Reilly was of a different opinion, and having surveyed the chain upwards from Chamouni as far as its eastern declivities, he proceeded with his theodolite in a westerly direction, and proceeded to make a *reconnaissance* of the far larger remaining portion of the chain of Mont Blanc. Taking suitable and prominent stations, especially the Mont Joli and Rosaletta (in the Val Montjoie), he turned the Col du Bonhomme, and continuing his observations on the Col de la Seigne, managed to connect his observations on the north side with those on the south side of Mont Blanc, and to complete a topographical draught of the entire mountain group by means of a chain of twenty stations, extending to the Col Ferret, where, entering Switzerland, the Federal map supplied all needful information.

This *reconnaissance*, as we have called it, was performed, though with the utmost care, yet in a far less elaborate style than that which we have described as belonging to his survey eastward. Considering the short time in which it was done, and absence of extraneous materials, it is one of the most admirable instances which have come across our notice of what is commonly called a "tour de force." Aided he no doubt was by two or three fundamental positions which he obtained from a French engineer, to whom they had been communicated by the Dépôt de la Guerre. But with this trifling exception, and the base line from which he first started, all was his own. The map of the chain of Mont Blanc, founded on these observations, and displayed at a meeting of the Alpine Club in London, on the 3d May 1864, is in all respects a triumph of sagacity and of

art. Mr. Reilly, in a short paper explanatory of that map, has stated the principles on which it was constructed :—

“All the points I have determined,” he says, “about 200 in number, lie where my observations placed them; and I have not changed the position of one of them in deference to any map, however much I might differ from it. I was careful to do this, for I thought that a series of original observations would be far more useful—useful in its very errors—than any compilation of existing ones; for in dealing with these it is impossible to say whether any change one makes increases or diminishes the error. This departure from the system usually employed, I found of inestimable value, and had it been more generally pursued, nearly all the mistakes with which mountain maps abound would have been avoided.”—*Alpine Journal*, June 1864, p. 269.

After this very clear statement, no one can doubt that Mr. Reilly's results, whatever they may be, are original to him; and we cannot but admire the union of boldness and sagacity, amounting to genius, with which our amateur, undertaking a work of the kind for the *first* time, proceeded to execute a plan so self-denying, yet so wise. We are prepared to allow that the structure of Mr. Reilly's chain of triangles was not what an officer of the Ordnance Survey would have chosen. We may perhaps even admit with him that “the hair of an engineer would rise up on his head at the unprofessional way in which his results were arrived at;” but we also know how much may be done by a thorough insight into the matter in hand, even with irregular materials. Had Mr. Reilly been able to spend twice as long as he did in fixing his stations and connecting them, he would no doubt have saved himself a world of anxious labour in the protraction of his results, and in the final draught of his map. We are satisfied, however, that the result would have been little different from what it proved to be; in fact, that as far as the map is to be useful to the tourist or to the geologist, the deviations in it from the proportions of nature are inappreciable and of no positive importance. The result, however, is owing to the admirable manner in which, on his return home, Mr. Reilly made use of the observations which he had accumulated. The rapidity of the survey was to be compensated for by the patience of the reductions. And one is at a loss whether most to admire the truly masculine vigour with which observations of a very fatiguing and elaborate kind, extending over a crooked line of fifty miles in the most rugged country in Europe, were obtained and recorded in the course of a very few weeks, or the indomitable perseverance with which he spent the whole succeeding winter and spring at his desk, evolving point by point the exquisite convolutions of that chain,

and the details of its wonderful structure. With certain trifling exceptions, Mr. Reilly states that he "has not indicated the smallest feature for which he had not the authority of a photograph, or of a series of rough sketches which he had taken from nearly all his stations, and on which his theodolite observations were noted." The remarkable panoramas, which he thus slightly mentions, form no insignificant part of Mr. Reilly's contributions to the topography of the district. They extended, we believe, to a length of some 160 feet, and embraced views of the chain in almost every conceivable direction. They have been largely increased in number by his excursions during the past summer (1864); and experience has enabled the author to combine in making them a rapidity of execution with an accuracy of proportion and outline, which might well seem to be irreconcilable.

We have already said that 200 points of the chain were fixed by the actual intersection of theodolite angles. This is sufficient to trace out the main skeleton of the whole range. The intervals were filled up by the aid of eye sketches, and of the panoramas just mentioned.

The map on the scale of $\frac{1}{100000}$, beautifully shaded and coloured, having been presented by the author to the Alpine Club, the first consideration, of course, was how it might be most fitly rendered available to travellers and men of science. In deference to the author's wishes, its publication was delayed until he should have revisited the ground in the course of the succeeding summer, and thus again tested the general accuracy of the whole. In the meantime, a reduced photographic copy was made at the expense of some members of the Alpine Club.

The small sketch-map accompanying the present article, shows in an unpretending style the broad topographical features of the chain of Mont Blanc, as they have become known to us mainly through Mr. Reilly's labours. The value and extent of these may be, to a slight degree, judged of by comparing the sketch-map in question with that compiled in 1859 under the eye of the Alpine Club, and published in the first series of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*. With the exception of the district adjoining the Mer de Glace and its tributaries, taken from a previous survey, we find the mountain valleys of the eastern and western regions of the chain weakly and conventionally indicated rather than expressed. Just as in the sixty-year-old map of Raymond, the guiding ridge of the mountain range is ambiguous and destitute of the sinuosities which give it all its character, the glaciers taper at both extremities like leeches crawling down the valleys, instead of being each connected with a suitable mountain reservoir, such as is essential to its forma-

tion and maintenance. All this can, no doubt, be but feebly traced in the index map which alone we pretend to furnish to the readers of this article. We would not for the world—even if we could—anticipate the pleasure which all who love the Alps will enjoy when Mr. Reilly's map, on a moderately large scale, and executed in artistic style (as we hope and trust it will be), shall be given to the public. Yet even our little index shows how artfully (if we may use the phrase) the *packing* of these glaciers is accomplished, and how the irregularities of the ridges, and the sinuous course of the main chain, combine to subdivide the whole of this rugged district into a number of cavities and valleys, unequalled perhaps in the variety of their contours, and the steepness of their walls.

The routes indicated in red, show the principal traverses of the chain of Mont Blanc, which, chiefly of late years, have been effected. They have, we believe, been all crossed by Mr. Reilly himself in one or other of the last few summers, and it is evident to simple inspection how full an insight these expeditions must give into the deepest recesses of the chain, and that to one so eminently qualified to use the advantages of his position, no considerable peculiarity of structure or arrangement could have remained undetected by his eye, or unrecorded by his unwearied pencil. But, in point of fact, the routes in question by no means exhaust our topographer's explorations. The ordinary pathways round about the entire chain, which are printed in black, have of course been all, once or oftener, trod by him; but further, to avoid confusion, we have, with the exception of the tracks to and from Mont Blanc, indicated in red, only "through routes" leading from one face of the chain to another. Numberless ascents and deviations in different directions have been made by him besides. During last summer, 1864, besides the now usual feat of mounting Mont Blanc—the ordinary summer recreation of an Alpine Club man—Mr. Reilly had the good fortune to ascend, for the first time, three virgin peaks of the chain, all among the highest of the second order of summits. There was first the Aiguille d'Argentière (12,800 feet), whence he could survey at a glance the "Gordian Knot," and testify to the non-existence of a distinct "Pointe des Plines." Then there was the Mondolent (12,566 feet), which he reached from the Col Ferret, and which, though lying on the very outskirts of the chain in a south-easterly direction, commands, as Mr. Reilly records in his notes, "*the perfection of a view*:" Mont Blanc is thence seen from an uncommon direction, supported on the left by the vast summits of the towering Jorasses seen in profile, and on the right by the aspiring, and till lately all but unknown, Aiguille de Triolet. The views towards the Combin and the Alps of Cogné

are unsurpassed. The third and loftiest summit of the three new ascents was the Aiguille de Trelatête (12,851 feet), in a very different (the south-western) quarter of the chain, commanding the whole of that region,—so lately almost a *terra incognita*, and an unparalleled panorama of the western and steepest slopes of Mont Blanc.

To return, however, for a few moments—for we must now draw to a conclusion—to the “through routes” of the chain indicated in red, we must recall the fact that until little more than a dozen years since, only a single pass was recognised in the whole extent of twenty-eight miles, intervening between the Col du Bonhomme and the col or valley of Champey, where our sketch-map terminates on the N.E. This pass was the Col du Géant, celebrated—in the days when Alpine clubs were unknown—for its height and difficulty; more justly celebrated, however, for the truly remarkable sojourn there in 1788, for seventeen days, of the great De Saussure, for the purposes of scientific experiment. But now our map shows by its red lines eight other passes (or nine in all) by which the chain has been crossed. Beginning at the S.W. end, we find two of no special difficulty, the Col du Mont Tondou and the Col d’Enclaves, numbered with the figures 2 and 3, which must afford a grateful variety to the traveller bound from the Val Montjoie to the Allée Blanche, who has already crossed the somewhat wearisome pass of the Bonhomme. Next we have the Col de Miage (numbered 6), connecting the northern and southern glaciers of that name, which probably yields in interest to no other in the chain. Its height is 11,100 feet, and it is one of the steepest and narrowest of the practicable barriers in the Alps. It was first traversed in 1858 by Mr. Coleman, thus abridging immensely in point of distance, though not so much so in time, the long circuit from Chamouni to Courmayeur; while the perfect insight which it gives into the unsurpassed magnificence of the great glacier of the South Miage, with its views of the western precipices of Mont Blanc, place it in the very first rank in point of scenery. The Col de Miage will long be remembered for a singular accident which happened there in 1861 to a young Englishman, who slipped down a face of snow and ice through a *vertical* height of more than 1700 feet, and barely escaped with life.¹

Intimately connected with this col is the fifth in order, (numbered 8 on the map), which we have called the Col de Biognassay. It was traversed last summer, for the first time, by Mr. Reilly, who calls it the Col du Dôme de Gouté. It undoubtedly

¹ A detailed account of the accident will be found in *Peaks and Passes*, Second Series.

forms a most remarkable pass, as by it Courmayeur may be reached from Chamouni by the route of the Grands Mulets and Dôme de Gouté. Mr. Reilly's point of departure was the summit of the Col de Miage, from whence he reached diagonally the ridge which extends from the Aiguille de Bionassay eastwards to the "Dôme;" and it is still uncertain whether this ridge can in all circumstances be reached directly from the level of the S. Glacier of Miage. Having attained the summit of the Dôme by this novel route, Mr. Reilly, with his accustomed intrepidity, proceeded to cut his way down the N.E. face of the Dôme right upon the Grands Mulets, instead of going round by the *grand plateau*. It is interesting to know that he was accompanied on this occasion by Mr. Birkbeck, the victim of the accident of 1861 above referred to, whose Alpine ardour appears to have suffered no diminution in consequence of that tremendous somersault. The expedition which it had interrupted was directed towards the very passage thus effected three years later.

It will be seen by the map that the neighbourhood of the Dôme de Gouté is intersected by several routes. Two of these lead to the summit of Mont Blanc. One is the usual route by the Grands Mulets and the Rochers Rouges. Another is that originally tried by De Saussure, and repeatedly attempted since, by the Glacier of Bionassay and the Aiguille de Gouté. This last route offered no advantages while it was necessary to *re-descend* from the level of the Dôme to the *grand plateau*, and take the old course to the top; but in 1859 the Rev. C. Hudson¹ effected the direct passage from the Dôme to Mont Blanc by the N.W. ridge of the latter, which overhangs the awful precipices of the S. Miage, traversing the intermediate knoll, known from an early period under the name of the Bosse du Dromadaire. It does not appear that any special difficulty occurs on this, the most natural access of any to the highest mountain of Europe; and it is inexplicable why, though repeatedly "prospected," it has for generations been regarded as impracticable.

Mont Blanc was ascended in 1863 from one other direction by Messrs. Maquetin and Briquet. By crossing the Col de Géant from Courmayeur, and bivouacking at the south foot of the Aiguille de Midi, they gained the summit of Mont Blanc by the Mont Maudit and the Mur de la Côte. This route presents some points of interest, but it is absurd and illogical to consider it as a route from Courmayeur to the summit of Mont Blanc. It is essentially a route by Montanvert and the Glacier du Géant, entirely situated on the northern slopes.

¹ So stated in Mr. Ball's *Guide*. We cannot recollect to have met with the original account.

Of the next pass in order, the Col du Géant (11,200 feet), numbered 27 on the map, we need say no more here. The following one, the Col de Triolet, achieved by Mr. Reilly in 1864, has a newer interest, and is likely, we should think, to become popular amongst members of the Alpine Club. This is the only outlet yet discovered from the Glacier of Talèfre, and it leads into the Italian Val Ferret, near to the col of that name, by the Glacier of Triolet. Its position is shown on the map by the red line passing close to the Aiguille de Triolet. Mr. Reilly, starting from Montanvert, slept under a shelter-stone on the Couvercle. From the notes with which he has kindly furnished us, we find that, leaving his bivouac at 4.30 A.M., passing the Jardin, and ascending the Talèfre Glacier to its S.E. angle, he, with his companion, Mr. Whymper, attained the Col de Triolet without very serious difficulty at 8.10, an early hour, considering the great height, which is 12,160 feet. The view must partake much of the character of that from the Mondelant, already referred to, which is but a little way farther east, and only 400 feet higher. The descent from the Col to the Glacier of Triolet is steep and difficult. The more level part of the *névé* of the glacier was only reached at 10.50, and the moraine an hour later. The glacier is a long one, and in order to escape the torrent at its foot, the next higher glacier, that of Mont Dolent, had to be used as a bridge. Finally, the chalets of Praz de Bar were reached at four, being eleven and a half hours from the Couvercle. To descend the valley to Courmayeur would take three hours more.

The remaining cols of the chain are those of Argentière (19), from Chamouni to La Folly; of Chardonnet (18), from Chamouni to Orsières; and that of the Fenêtre de Salena (21), in the same direction. Of these we have already said enough.

Not one of all these passes, excepting the two nearest to the Col du Bonhomme, are under 11,000 English feet in height.

And here we must take leave, for the present, of Mr. Reilly and his map. He has generously made over all right of property in the latter to the Alpine Club, and the Club, by accepting the trust, have engaged that the public shall receive the benefit of Mr. Reilly's labours. The author, having undertaken to reduce and redraw the map on a scale of $\frac{1}{80000}$ of nature, and to correct it throughout from his latest observations, this finished drawing—which is a masterpiece of its kind—has, we understand, been placed in the hands of a competent artist in lithography, and will be published in the course of two or three months. The result, even after making some allowance for the lithograph falling short of the original, will, we trust, justify the encomiums we

have pronounced on Mr. Reilly's labours. It will be a real boon to the tourist, the geographer, and the geologist. It will be by far the proudest trophy which the Alpine Club can show of the enterprise and devotion of its members. The junior but rival Clubs of Switzerland, Vienna, and Turin, will find that the coronet of Alpine exploration has been secured for Britain. It is certainly a remarkable fact that a mountain range so limited in extent as that of Mont Blanc, so remarkable by its elevation, so attractive by its scenery, should have remained unsurveyed till the second half of the nineteenth century. It is still more remarkable that the three important States—France, Italy, and Switzerland—which share amongst them this stronghold of nature, should have been unable to agree to make a map of it on a common scheme, and that it should have been left to a British amateur to supply so glaring a deficiency.

As to Mr. Reilly himself, we can only express the hope that his perseverance, skill, and taste, having found a fit field for their exercise, will continue to be further employed for the promotion of geography and the benefit of mountaineers.

ART. VI.—*Essays in Criticism.* By MATTHEW ARNOLD. London, 1865.

IN a recent number of this Journal,¹ when quoting one of Mr. Matthew Arnold's luminous judgments, we ventured to express our belief that his papers, should they ever be brought together, would furnish us with some of the most subtle and most cultivated criticism in the English language. No man hastily decides on publishing a volume of essays; and we fear, therefore, that Mr. Arnold must have determined on this step before those remarks can have met his eye. Otherwise, it would be no small satisfaction to think that any words of ours had suggested the idea of this publication; or, what is perhaps more possible, had in some degree strengthened a half-formed purpose.

✓ Writers in the periodical press are addicted to republishing their essays, and are prone to apologize for so doing. The tendency is natural; the apologies unnecessary. Men of the greatest ability and most profound information do not now think it unworthy of them to write, and to write their best, in magazines and reviews. And it is very natural that such men should seek to rescue their work from that forgetfulness which inevitably overwhelms such a form of publication. Moreover, it is for the interest of readers that this tendency should be encouraged. In their behalf it is especially to be desired that writings of the class we refer to should be preserved at least beyond the hour. It is not that the days of books, and of good books, too, are over. Surely to call English literature at the present time frivolous, is to take a very partial view. There is no lack of good writers or of thoughtful readers; but each of these classes appears smaller than it did some years ago, because the number of writers and readers of all sorts has increased. Especially what may be called a middle class of readers has been in our day almost created,—men of too active intelligence to live by fiction alone, but who do not venture among the highest places of literature from want of leisure, or of mental range, or it may be from imperfect education,—men who will hardly encounter Grote, or Merivale, or Mill, but who yet weary of the flash of Miss Braddon or the commonplace of Trollope. It must indeed be a mind of a very ordinary stamp whose requirements can be satisfied by English fiction, disorganized and inartistic as it now is. The wants of this class of readers are best supplied by good essays or articles; and we therefore think that when a writer gratifies a natural ambition by seeking for his work a more abiding form than the review or

¹ No. lxxxi., August 1864.

the magazine, he should receive a hearty welcome, not, as is too often the case, a condescending, almost a contemptuous recognition. *

It is, however, questionable how far considerations such as these are applicable to the case before us. Mr. Arnold's Essays can hardly be classed as good popular writing, and will hardly recommend themselves to ordinary and hasty readers. Their publication in this form can be justified on a higher ground—on the ground of their intrinsic merit. On the other hand, doubts may be entertained as to their probable popularity. They are all in the strictest sense critical, and criticism is never popular. Most of the sources of attraction which have made the success of so many similar publications are wanting here: we have not the attractiveness of biography, the power of history, or the yet livelier interest which attaches to social and political questions. Nor is the style of the criticism calculated to conciliate. No prejudices are flattered; no faults are left unexposed; and the standards appealed to are not such as will readily be recognised, or even comprehended, by the every-day reader.

Mr. Arnold began his literary career as a poet. It is not often that prize poems are worthy of being remembered; but Mr. Arnold's poem on Cromwell, which obtained the Newdigate at Oxford in 1843, was an exception to this general rule of oblivion. The purely poetical merit of some portion of it was not inconsiderable; but it was specially remarkable for the manliness and good taste which prevailed throughout, and still more for an effort at construction which succeeded in giving, even to a prize poem, something of artistic completeness. This manliness and cultivated taste, and this reverence for art, can be traced in all Mr. Arnold's subsequent poems; and these qualities, beyond all else, have made him the critic he is. In 1849 Mr. Arnold published anonymously a small volume of poems, and another in 1852. These were republished under his name in 1857, with additions and alterations; and in 1858 he attempted to enrich English literature with "what is most perfect in the forms of the most perfectly formed literature in the world,"—namely, the form of Greek tragedy. *Merope*, however, proved a failure, as such experiments usually do; but his other poems have achieved a very considerable amount of popularity. It is no part of our present purpose to enter into any criticism of Mr. Arnold's poetical labours. It must be conceded that the highest imaginative power is not his; but he possesses many eminent poetical gifts notwithstanding. His varied and musical versification; his diction, of great beauty, yet never overloaded with gaudy richness,—indeed he sometimes carries his horror of

mere verbal ornament to excess; his cultivated thought; a good taste which is never forgotten; a repose which dwells upon his page,—all these things combine to give his poetry a peculiar charm. It is refreshing to turn from the feverish obscurities which, under the name of poems, so trouble our literature, to the vigour of *Myccrinus*, the Homeric echoes of *Sohrab* and *Rustum*, the pathos and romantic beauty of *Tristan* and *Isolt*. Beyond question, Mr. Arnold can claim to be numbered among the licensed critics, according to Pope—

“Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.”

But it is Mr. Arnold's prose writings which will gain for him the greatest and most enduring reputation. For some years he has been in the habit of contributing to various reviews and magazines, papers which had power to command attention even amid the turmoil of periodical literature. Marked beyond common by originality of view and fearlessness of expression, they often excited dissent, sometimes provoked hostility; but they never failed to arouse interest and to stimulate thought. They were for the most part critical, and the criticism was of a rare stamp. Long ago, Dr. Johnson remarked that “criticism, though dignified from the earliest ages by the labours of men eminent for knowledge and capacity, and, since the revival of polite literature, the favourite study of European scholars, has not yet attained the certainty and stability of science” (*Rambler*, 158). If this was true of the criticism of Dr. Johnson's day, it is far more true of the criticism of our own. Formerly, when reviews and magazines were unknown, criticism stood by itself, and was pursued for its own end; or otherwise, was given to the world by the leading poets as explanatory of the principles on which they worked, and the rules by which they were guided. Such was, on the one hand, the criticism of Johnson himself; such was, on the other hand, the criticism of Milton, of Dryden, and in our own times of Coleridge, and even of Wordsworth. Yet at no time was good criticism common; and now it has almost passed away from amongst us. It has lost much by having become anonymous. The censor no more speaks with the weight of a great name, and the *genus irritabile* refuse to bow before an authority which they have not otherwise learned to reverence. Worse than this, criticism is forgotten in article-writing. The primary object is to make an entertaining article; and the work is undertaken by able men and experienced writers, but who have not made criticism a special study, and who do not set it before them as an exclusive aim. This tendency is quite fatal: for the first purpose of criticism is by no

means to amuse or entertain ; on the contrary, its first purpose is to teach and discipline, and herein lies its weakness as regards noisy popularity, but its real glory and strength. To these causes mainly it is owing that, in Mr. Arnold's words, while of "the literature of France and Germany, as of the intellect of Europe in general, the main effort, for now many years, has been a critical effort ; the endeavour, in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is, almost the last thing for which one would come to English literature is just that very thing which now Europe most desires,—criticism."

The truth of this sentence will be questioned by few. English criticism for years past has been at the lowest ebb ; it observes no system, it rests on no principles, it lays down no rules. It was at first sight startling to see the *Saturday Review* not long ago contending that the prevailing fault of our criticism was too great leniency. But, doubtless, the remark was true. Those who love to disparage the critic's craft are always telling us how much easier it is to blame than to praise. It may be so, if whether the praise or the blame is well founded be held a thing of no account. On the other hand, vaguely to praise implies infinitely less trouble than to censure according to sound principles, and to justify censure by argument and example. A flagrant instance, now some years old, of the commonness and worthlessness of critical praise, has lately been again brought before the public. Moved by we know not what sudden impulse, Professor Aytoun has written to the newspapers denying that commendatory expressions with regard to *Festus*, which have been printed with his name attached, were really written by him. It had, we are told, been too hastily assumed that Mr. Aytoun was the writer of an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, in which the said expressions did appear ; and he is therefore free from the reproach of having praised over-much ; but then, in the same list of "opinions of the press," there were extracts from the best periodicals in the country (though without the names of the writers), extolling the merits of *Festus* in language which would have required some modification if applied to *Paradise Lost*. What can be the causes of all this evil ? Mr. Arnold suggests the following :—

"For, what is at present the bane of criticism in this country ? It is that practical considerations cling to it and stifle it ; it subserves interests not its own ; our organs of criticism are organs of men and parties having practical ends to serve, and with them those practical ends are the first thing and the play of mind the second ; so much play of mind as is compatible with the prosecution of those practical ends is all that is wanted. An organ like the *Revue des Deux Mondes*,

having for its main function to understand and utter the best that is known and thought in the world, existing, it may be said, as just an organ for a free play of the mind, we have not; but we have the *Edinburgh Review*, existing as an organ of the old Whigs, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have the *Quarterly Review*, existing as an organ of the Tories, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have the *British Quarterly Review*, existing as an organ of the political Dissenters, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have the *Times*, existing as an organ of the common, satisfied, well-to-do Englishman, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that. And so on through all the various fractions, political and religious, of our society; every fraction has, as such, its organ of criticism, but the notion of combining all fractions in the common pleasure of a free disinterested play of mind meets with no favour. Directly this play of mind wants to have more scope, and to forget the pressure of practical considerations a little, it is checked, it is made to feel the chain; we saw this the other day in the extinction, so much to be regretted, of the *Home and Foreign Review*; perhaps in no organ of criticism in this country was there so much knowledge, so much play of mind; but these could not save it; the *Dublin Review* subordinates play of mind to the practical business of English and Irish Catholicism, and lives. It must needs be that men should act in sects and parties, that each of these sects and parties should have its organ, and should make this organ subserve the interests of its action; but it would be well, too, that there should be a criticism, not the minister of these interests, not their enemy, but absolutely and entirely independent of them. No other criticism will ever attain any real authority or make any real way towards its end,—the creating a current of true and fresh ideas."

Other influences are also at work, some of slighter force than the above, others more deeply-rooted and more powerful. Good-nature, a dislike of trouble, the arts of puffery, all tend to pervert criticism; but worst of all is the indecision and want of fixed principles among critics, who, uncertain as to what should be really aimed at, have, of course, no sound basis on which to rest their judgments. And what incalculable mischief is hereby done to literature? Writers reject only too gladly the authority of judges who speak with hesitating lips, and give themselves over to all manner of lawlessness. That a novel or a poem should be a work of art, framed according to certain artistic rules, seems an idea never present to their minds. They strive indeed after effect, but it is not legitimate effect; it is the effect of "fine passages," so misplaced, so at variance with artistic excellence, that things which might have been beauties become deformities brought out into strong relief. To such writers the merit of a poem like *Dora*, or a novel like *Tom Jones* is an utter mystery. We need not dwell on this theme. Unhappily

there is little need to convince the world of the shortcomings of English literature at the present time.

For this dismal saturnalia of sensation novels and spasmodic poetry, our so-called criticism is in no small degree responsible. The vagaries of half-educated writers have had no control; the taste of half-educated readers has had no direction. How much evil has thence resulted no man can tell; things are at a sad pass when the watchers prove to be themselves in need of watching. Nay, our critics do more than negative mischief. They are strenuous in the propagation of evil. One critic like Mr. George Gilfillan can do infinitely more harm to literature than any number of spasmodic poets. For he is the prime source of mischief: he it is who calls those poets into their brief but harmful existence.

"But, of the two, less dangerous is the offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense."

Are these things irremediable? ⁺Is criticism nothing but mere opinion resting on no more certain basis than caprice? and must literature therefore for ever wander without control, without a guide? Surely no. Criticism may not yet have become what Dr. Johnson would have it to be, a science; but it is, when rightly understood, an intelligible and certain art. The laws which it lays down are not arbitrary; they are generalized from the practice of the masters of literature, and come to us approved by experience, and invested with the weight of authority. Criticism concerns itself both with form and matter, applying to these certain definite tests. It inquires, in the first place, whether the language, the illustrations, the metaphors are correct, and in good taste; in the second place, whether they are rich and beautiful; and, in the third place, it rises to a study of the characters, takes in the nature of the subject, looks to the due subordination of the parts, and the artistic completeness of the whole. It is very idle, therefore, to assail such an art as being nothing beyond an unkindly love of fault-finding. On the contrary, it has its origin in a love of truth, and its real aim is to discover and foster excellence, though, as a means to this end, it may be sometimes necessary to expose pretence and incompetence. To be impatient of the restraints of criticism, to disparage it, to rail at it, to affect an unreal independence of its judgments, are certain signs of weakness in an author.

To prove all this, and illustrate it, and exemplify it, has been the aim of much of Mr. Arnold's writing. His first separate prose publication was, we think, the lectures on translating Homer, which he delivered as Professor of Poetry at

Oxford. The originality, the fearlessness, we regret to add the occasional arrogance of tone which marked these lectures, gained for them much attention. But as they were fully noticed in the *North British Review*¹ at the time of their publication, we cannot do more than allude to them now. In the present volume he has collected together essays, ranging over a great variety of subjects, but all of them in the strictest sense critical. In the first of these, called *The Functions of Criticism at the Present Time*, he not only explains those functions, but also vindicates their dignity and utility. Mr. Arnold must tell us himself what, and of what sort, is the criticism he upholds and would endeavour to practise:—

“ But stop, some one will say ; all this talk is of no practical use to us whatever ; this criticism of yours is not what we have in our minds when we speak of criticism ; when we speak of critics and criticism, we mean critics and criticism of the current English literature of the day ; when you offer to tell criticism its function, it is to this criticism that we expect you to address yourself. I am sorry for it, for I am afraid I must disappoint these expectations. I am bound by my own definition of criticism : *a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world*. How much of current English literature comes into this ‘ best that is known and thought in the world ? ’ Not very much, I fear ; certainly less, at this moment, than of the current literature of France or Germany. Well, then, am I to alter my definition of criticism, in order to meet the requirements of a number of practising English critics, who, after all, are free in their choice of a business ? That would be making criticism lend itself just to one of those alien practical considerations, which, I have said, are so fatal to it. One may say, indeed, to those who have to deal with the mass,—so much better disregarded,—of current English literature, that they may at all events endeavour, in dealing with this, to try it, so far as they can, by the standard of the best that is known and thought in the world ; one may say, that to get anywhere near this standard, every critic should try and possess one great literature, at least, besides his own ; and the more unlike his own, the better. But, after all, the criticism I am really concerned with,—the criticism which alone can much help us for the future, the criticism which, throughout Europe, is at the present day meant, when so much stress is laid on the importance of criticism and the critical spirit,—is a criticism which regards Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result ; and whose members have, for their proper outfit, a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another. Special, local, and temporary advantages being put out of account, that modern nation will in the intellectual and spiritual sphere make most progress, which most thoroughly carries out this programme. And what is that but saying that we too, all of us, as individuals, the more thoroughly we carry it out, shall make the more progress ? . . .

¹ No. lxxii., May 1862.

" I conclude with what I said at the beginning : to have the sense of creative activity is the great happiness and the great proof of being alive, and it is not denied to criticism to have it ; but then criticism must be sincere, simple, flexible, ardent, ever widening its knowledge. Then it may have, in no contemptible measure, a joyful sense of creative activity ; a sense which a man of insight and conscience will prefer to what he might derive from a poor, starved, fragmentary, inadequate creation. And at some epochs no other creation is possible."

We must not, however, suppose that Mr. Arnold would limit the sphere of criticism to literature alone. On the contrary, he maintains that criticism, being truly an endeavour to see things as they really are, cannot be limited in its scope, but must extend its efforts in all things relating to man and human life,—society, politics, religion. He admits, indeed, that where these burning matters are concerned, it is most likely to go astray ; nevertheless, it must set out on the dangerous wayfaring, and take its chance. Safety, according to Mr. Arnold, lies in this only, that criticism must " maintain its independence of the practical spirit and its aims." It must abandon altogether the sphere of practical life, and rest content with discovering and impressing on the world adequate ideas, trusting that those ideas will bring forth their fruit in a fitting, though it may be a distant season. Such a work may be slow and obscure, but it is not the less the only proper work of criticism. Now this is a striking thought, but we doubt whether it be a sound one. It seems to rest on a confusion between the direct and the indirect influence of the critical spirit on the affairs of life. The indirect influence is exerted, of course, through literature. It is in this sense that Mr. Arnold upholds the justice of Goethe's claim to have been " the liberator " of the Germans, because he taught the German poets that men must live from within outwards, placing the standard inside the man instead of outside him,—a doctrine, as Mr. Arnold says, " absolutely fatal to all routine thinking." All this, to be sure, had not much effect on the political life of Germany, has not even yet had much effect in that direction ; whence Heine's impetuous attacks on Goethe, " come to be eighty years old doing this, and minister, and in good condition ; poor German people ! that is thy greatest man." But whether such influence of criticism be really important, or all but imperceptible in its working, this at least is clear, that it is an indirect influence. The immediate effect is produced by literature, and we do not gain much towards clearness of thought by running up the chain of causality, and attributing that effect to criticism. But if we do so, we must be careful to note that the word thus used means pure literary criticism only—affecting active life, if at all, slowly and indirectly ; and surely to say

that such criticism must sever itself from the merely practical, and concern itself with "adequate ideas," though true and valuable doctrine, is not a novel discovery.

On the other hand, when comment or criticism, or whatever we choose to call it, applies itself directly to matters of action, it seems impossible but that it must take a practical turn. Let us test the thing by Mr. Arnold's own instances. When extreme or ill-timed demands for political change are met by dwelling on our present "unrivalled happiness," he objects to the answer, not on behalf of the reformers, but in the interests of a correct theory of criticism. But what style of answer does he suggest as in accordance with his own theory? Why, the somewhat rude one of taking an aggravated case of child-murder from the newspapers, and tabling it against the "unrivalled happiness" notion. Now, we say nothing as to the value of this answer, nor pause to inquire how far the fact of child-murders taking place in England from time to time is inconsistent with the position that the people of England as a body enjoy more happiness than the people of any other nation; but we ask, is not this of Mr. Arnold's a most *practical* answer? It seems to us every whit as practical, though by no means so relevant, as the argument with which Mr. Arnold contrasts it, viz., that, happy as we may be, we should probably be yet happier were the desired political changes to take place. We remember a London paper, of a very unideal and Philistine¹ character, which had a column, entitled "Our Civilisation," exclusively devoted to the chosen arguments of Mr. Arnold's ideal theory of criticism.


Again, the illustration given by Mr. Arnold of how criticism should approach religious themes, succeeds in keeping quite clear of any practical tendency, but this at the expense both of distinctness and utility. He objects to Bishop Colenso's criticism on the ground that it strengthens the common confusion between science and religion; and though he does not reprint his two essays on the Bishop's first volume, which appeared some time ago in *Macmillan's Magazine*, yet he "cannot forbear

¹ This is a German nickname of which Mr. Arnold is very fond, and, as it is hardly possible to write on these *Essays* without referring to it, we subjoin his explanation of its meaning:—"Philistine must have originally meant, in the mind of those who invented the nickname, a strong, dogged, unenlightened opponent of the chosen people, of the children of the light. The party of change, the would-be remodellers of the old traditional European order, the invokers of reason against custom, the representatives of the modern spirit in every sphere where it is applicable, regarded themselves, with the robust self-confidence natural to reformers, as a chosen people, as children of the light. They regarded their adversaries as humdrum people, slaves to routine, enemies to light; stupid and oppressive, but at the same time very strong."

repeating once more, for his benefit and that of his readers, this sentence from my original remarks upon him: *There is truth of science and truth of religion; truth of science does not become truth of religion till it is made religious.* And I will add: Let us have all the science there is from the men of science; from the men of religion let us have religion." Now this passage, so far as we understand it, appears to rest upon a very extraordinary misconception. If the truths of science and the truths of religion are to be kept always distinct—the one delivered only by men of science, the other delivered only by men of religion, what are we to make of their seeming opposition? That there is a *seeming* opposition no one will deny, and must we, then, accept the opposition as inexplicable? Can we make no endeavour to get beyond this seeming? Can criticism do nothing to reconcile? Is the task of showing that there is no real opposition between science and religion too "practical?" It rather seems to us that this might be attempted without placing any harsh restraints on the free play of thought, and that, if accomplished, it would be the greatest and happiest step ever made in spiritual progression; in a word, criticism might herein exercise not only its appropriate, but its noblest functions. Finally, approaching social questions in the same spirit, Mr. Arnold falls foul of the Divorce Court, because that institution does not accord with the "refreshing and elevating" marriage theory of Catholicism.

Now, if all this merely means, that criticism, being an honest endeavour to get at truth, must keep itself free from party catch-words, from party considerations, ay, even from party ideas, there can hardly be room for dispute. Surely so simple a truth need not have been so elaborated. But if it mean more than this, if it mean that criticism can be applied with profit, or, indeed, can be applied at all to questions of active life, yet in no way concern itself with results, keeping above all practical considerations, then we think Mr. Arnold altogether mistaken, and we are sure that his criticism will be for ever barren. Indeed, his theory breaks down in his own hands. In the examples he himself gives, he refutes the self-laudatory Briton by extracts from newspapers; he attacks the Divorce Court on the very practical grounds of its "crowded benches, its reports, its money compensations;" and when he turns to religion, his criticism only ceases to be practical by becoming totally useless, and not a little obscure.

To say the truth, it is not when dealing with these weighty matters that Mr. Arnold is at his best. He does not understand them; he does not, we suspect, greatly care to understand them; his interest in them strikes us as being forced. When he

passes from confuting Mr. Adderley and Mr. Roebuck to analysing the beauties of Maurice de Guérin, he carries his readers into a new atmosphere of warmth and light. His principles of criticism will be found safe guides in the region of the fine arts, though he does not seem to possess the special knowledge required in an art-critic; but literature is the theme he knows best, likes best—where he is, in all respects, most at home. His natural qualifications for the work of literary criticism have been enhanced by assiduous cultivation. No man can be a good critic who does not possess a familiarity with at least one great literature besides his own. And this is especially the case with Englishmen, who, as we have said before, find so little in their own literature which can stimulate or foster the critical spirit. 

“By the very nature of things, as England is not all the world, much of the best that is known and thought in the world cannot be of English growth, must be foreign; by the nature of things, again, it is just this that we are least likely to know, while English thought is streaming in upon us from all sides, and takes excellent care that we shall not be ignorant of its existence; the English critic, therefore, must dwell much on foreign thought, and with particular heed on any part of it, which, while significant and fruitful in itself, is for any reason, specially likely to escape him.”

Mr. Arnold's mind is open to foreign thought from many sources. His scholarship shows itself in the only way in which scholarship can show itself becomingly, *i.e.*, in its results, its influence on the judgment and the style. It has given him what Pope considers the rarest quality of the critic, good taste:—

“In poets, as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share.”

But he has much that is higher than mere scholarship, though unfortunately separable, and too often separated from it; he has caught “the secret of antiquity”—has penetrated to the spirit of the ancient writers. The influence of Germany seems to have been but slight upon him; on the other hand, he has a perfect familiarity with French literature—the literature of criticism *par excellence*; some will say that he surrenders himself too unreservedly to its dominion. His Gallicism is perhaps extreme, and this, combined with his devotion to classical models, may give a certain narrowness to his judgments; but in these days of utter lawlessness, when there is truly no king in Israel, and every man writes as seems good in his own eyes, we welcome any ruler even though his laws be rigid and his rule severe. Coming to his work of criticism with such powers and such resources, he magnifies his office, very naturally, and not, we think, unduly. We have quoted one passage in which he

tells us what criticism should *be*, in another and yet more striking passage, he tells us what criticism can *do* :—

“The critical power is of lower rank than the creative. True; but in assenting to this proposition, one or two things are to be kept in mind. It is undeniable that the exercise of a creative power, that a free creative activity, is the true function of man; it is proved to be so by man’s finding in it his true happiness. But it is undeniable, also, that men may have the sense of exercising this free creative activity in other ways than in producing great works of literature or art; if it were not so, all but a very few men would be shut out from the true happiness of all men; they may have it in well-doing, they may have it in learning, they may have it even in criticising. This is one thing to be kept in mind. Another is, that the exercise of the creative power in the production of great works of literature or art, however high this exercise of it may rank, is not at all epochs and under all conditions possible; and that therefore labour may be vainly spent in attempting it, which might with more fruit be used in preparing for it, in rendering it possible. This creative power works with elements, with materials; what if it has not those materials, those elements ready for its use? In that case it must surely wait till they are ready. Now in literature,—I will limit myself to literature, for it is about literature that the question arises,—the elements with which the creative power works are ideas; the best ideas, on every matter which literature touches, current at the time; at any rate, we may lay it down as certain that in modern literature no manifestation of the creative power not working with these can be very important or fruitful. And I say *current* at the time, not merely accessible at the time; for creative literary genius does not principally show itself in discovering new ideas; that is rather the business of the philosopher; the grand work of literary genius is a work of synthesis and exposition, not of analysis and discovery; its gift lies in the faculty of being happily inspired by a certain intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, by a certain order of ideas, when it finds itself in them: of dealing divinely with these ideas, presenting them in the most effective and attractive combinations, making beautiful works with them, in short. But it must have the atmosphere, it must find itself amidst the order of ideas, in order to work freely; and these it is not so easy to command. This is why great creative epochs in literature are so rare; this is why there is so much that is unsatisfactory in the productions of many men of real genius; because for the creation of a master-work of literature two powers must concur, the power of the man and the power of the moment, and the man is not enough without the moment; the creative power has, for its happy exercise, appointed elements, and those elements are not in its own control.

“Nay, they are more within the control of the critical power. It is the business of the critical power, as I said in the words already quoted, ‘in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is.’ Thus it tends, at last, to make an intellectual situation of which the creative power can

profitably avail itself. It tends to establish an order of ideas, if not absolutely true, yet true by comparison with that which it displaces; to make the best ideas prevail. Presently these new ideas reach society, the touch of truth is the touch of life, and there is a stir and growth everywhere; out of this stir and growth come the creative epochs of literature.

"Or, to narrow our range, and quit these considerations of the general march of genius and of society, considerations which are apt to become too abstract and impalpable,—every one can see that a poet, for instance, ought to know life and the world before dealing with them in poetry; and life and the world being, in modern times, very complex things, the creation of a modern poet, to be worth much, implies a great critical effort behind it; else it must be a comparatively poor, barren, and short-lived affair. This is why Byron's poetry had so little endurance in it, and Goethe's so much; both Byron and Goethe had a great productive power, but Goethe's was nourished by a great critical effort providing the true materials for it, and Byron's was not; Goethe knew life and the world, the poet's necessary subjects, much more comprehensively and thoroughly than Byron. He knew a great deal more of them, and he knew them much more as they really are."

This book of Mr. Arnold's is not a large one, containing but nine short essays in all. From the first, that on the Functions of Criticism, we have quoted so largely that our readers can judge for themselves of its import and merits. We have also indicated pretty fully the scope of the second paper, on the Literary Influence of Academies, which appeared last summer in the *Cornhill Magazine*. Two beautiful critical estimates of Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin follow, showing a rare power of sympathy and appreciation, and containing some very perfect specimens of translation; and not less beautiful and appreciative is a sketch of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Perhaps the best paper in the book, certainly the most characteristic, is that on Joubert, the "French Coleridge;" while that on Spinoza is plainly the most unsatisfactory and inadequate. Numerous as our quotations have been, we give the following extract from the notice of Heinrich Heine, because it illustrates, far better than any remarks of ours, Mr. Arnold's views on English literature, and thus throws light on his theory of criticism:—

"We in England, in our great burst of literature during the first thirty years of the present century, had no manifestation of the modern spirit, as this spirit manifests itself in Goethe's works or Heine's. And the reason is not far to seek. We had neither the German wealth of ideas, nor the French enthusiasm for applying ideas. There reigned in the mass of the nation that inveterate inaccessibility to ideas, that Philistinism,—to use the German nickname,—which reacts even on the individual genius that is exempt from it. In our greatest literary epoch, that of the Elizabethan age, English society at large

was accessible to ideas, was permeated by them, was vivified by them, to a degree which has never been reached in England since. Hence the unique greatness in English literature of Shakspeare and his contemporaries; they were powerfully upheld by the intellectual life of their nation; they applied freely in literature the then modern ideas,—the ideas of the Renaissance and the Reformation. A few years afterwards the great English middle class, the kernel of the nation, the class whose intelligent sympathy had upheld a Shakspeare, entered the prison of Puritanism, and had the key turned on its spirit there for two hundred years. *He enlargeth a nation, says Job, and straiteneth it again.* In the literary movement of the beginning of the nineteenth century, the signal attempt to apply freely the modern spirit was made in England by two members of the aristocratic class, Byron and Shelley. Aristocracies are, as such, naturally impenetrable by ideas; but their individual members have a high courage and a turn for breaking bounds; and a man of genius, who is the born child of the idea, happening to be born in the aristocratic ranks, chafes against the obstacles which prevent him from freely developing it. But Byron and Shelley did not succeed in their attempt freely to apply the modern spirit in English literature; they could not succeed in it; the resistance to baffle them, the want of intelligent sympathy to guide and uphold them, were too great. Their literary creation, compared with the literary creation of Shakspeare and Spenser, compared with the literary creation of Goethe and Heine, is a failure. The best literary creation of that time in England proceeded from men who did not make the same bold attempt as Byron and Shelley. What, in fact, was the career of the chief English men of letters, their contemporaries? The greatest of them, Wordsworth, retired (in Middle Age phrase) into a monastery. I mean, he plunged himself in the inward life, he voluntarily cut himself off from the modern spirit. Coleridge took to opium. Scott became the historiographer-royal of feudalism. Keats passionately gave himself up to a sensuous genius, to his faculty for interpreting nature; and he died of consumption at twenty-five. Wordsworth, Scott, and Keats have left admirable works; far more solid and complete works than those which Byron and Shelley have left. But their works have this defect;—they do not belong to that which is the main current of the literature of modern epochs, they do not apply modern ideas to life; they constitute, therefore, *minor currents*, and all other literary work of our day, however popular, which has the same defect, also constitutes but a minor current. Byron and Shelley will be long remembered, long after the inadequacy of their actual work is clearly recognised, for their passionate, their Titanic effort to flow in the main stream of modern literature; their names will be greater than their writings; *stat magni nominis umbra.*"

It would be too strong to call the critique on Heine disappointing, yet we may say that its very excellence makes us wish there were more of it. Some of his best poetry is translated by Mr. Arnold into prose—into pure and beautiful

prose certainly; but still we thus lose the grace, the nameless charm, the divine light; and a writer who is himself a poet might, we think, have attempted a metrical rendering. Moreover, this paper, though, like all the rest, rich in subtle observation and suggestive thoughts, as an estimate of Heine is insufficient. We are told distinctly enough what he was, but we get no idea of what he did. We have no full picture of his life, of the influences which made him the strange and wild writer he was; we have not even an adequate description of his writings themselves, still less an estimate of his merits, or an explanation of his influence. English literature has yet to be enriched with a true and sufficient representation of that most remarkable man, who combined "the wit and ardent modern spirit of France, with the culture, the sentiment, the thought of Germany." But to do this was no part of Mr. Arnold's purpose; so we rest with what he has given us well content.

Our readers will readily forgive us if we recall to their recollection Pope's picture of a model critic:—

"But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiass'd, or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossessed, nor blindly right;
Though learn'd, well-bred; and, though well-bred, sincere;
Modestly bold and humanly severe;
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe;
Blest with a taste exact yet unconfined;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?"

Not a few of these qualities meet in Mr. Arnold. Certainly he has the taste, and the knowledge, the freedom from dull prepossessions, the readiness to recognise merit, and is far above all bias from any personal motive whatever. But we are not quite so sure about the "soul exempt from pride," or the "*humanly* severe." Mr. Arnold, indeed, is very strong on the necessity for urbanity in criticism; and in his essay on the Influence of Academies, condemns more than one English critic for undue vehemence. But those who love justice rather than mercy, will gladly learn that, with Mr. Arnold as with Dr. Newman, urbanity does not by any means involve gentleness. It is not too much to say that the tone of his lectures on Homer was in some instances quite insulting; and how lasting is the pain inflicted by this polished venom, is shown by a letter addressed but the other day to the Dean of Canterbury by one of the least of the victims, the Rev. Ichabod Wright, in every line of which

wrath against Mr. Arnold is seen struggling with imperfect powers of expression. To show how evil of this sort begets evil, and how unbecoming and discreditable to literature are the results, we will quote a passage from Mr. Wright's letter, where, finding prose fail him, he gives vent to his emotions in strains of sarcastic verse:—

"Condemned by himself—refuted by himself—alas for his late 'To Triumphe,' when visions of glory flitted across his soul, and exalted him in his rapt imagination to a throne inferior only to that of Homer himself! And you, Mr. Dean, will I am sure, now that he lies, 'μέγας μεγαλωστί τανυσθείς,' allow me once more to indulge my fancy in an imaginary soliloquy, reminding us of the reverses incident to humanity, from which even a Professor is not exempt.

"Alas! how my throne is tottering and shaking beneath me!
Methought I had slain all my foes,—Pope, Cowper, and Newman;
But ah! there they stand, like the ghosts of the children of Banquo;
And up from the ground, not the worse for my dagger, again springs
To haunt me, that wretch Wright, who dares now to beard and defy
me,—

Exulting that I, the guardian and friend of the Muses,
Have penned lines so vile, that even the *Times* who befriends me,
Is beggared to scan them, and bids me go back to my Gradus.
O cursed Hexameters—ye, upon whom I once counted
To wake up immortal, *unique* Translator of Homer,
I would ye had never been cherished and nursed in my bosom!
Ye vipers, ye sting me! Disgraced is the chair that I sit in;
And Oxford laments that her Muses have lost their protector."

True, in his last words on Homer, Mr. Arnold expressed regret that his "vivacities of expression" should have offended Mr. Newman; and in the preface to this volume he expresses a similar regret with regard to Mr. Wright. But no apologies can atone for these so-called "vivacities." A tardy and half-contemptuous expression of regret can never do away with a rankling sense of insult. An injury may be forgiven; but an insult gives a feeling of degradation which, until it is revenged, makes forgiveness impossible. In truth, Mr. Arnold's love for "vivacity" is extreme. On this score he defends Mr. Disraeli's late speech at Oxford—that wonderful specimen of the tone of Pharisee and the spirit of the Sadducee, combined with the grossest clap-trap of modern Philistinism,—and is almost indignant that any one should condemn the notorious outburst against "nebulous professors, who, if they could only succeed in obtaining a perpetual study of their writings, would go far to realize that eternity of punishment which they object to," or express surprise at the taste of the Bishop of Oxford and his clergy, who welcomed the clever and unworthy sneer with "continued laughter;" nay, on the assumption that Mr. Maurice was alluded to, he "cannot doubt that Mr. Maurice

himself, full of culture and urbanity as he is, would be the first to pronounce it a very smart saying, and to laugh at it good-humouredly." As if Mr. Maurice's good-nature was to be the measure of Mr. Disraeli's impertinence. As if such outrages upon the amenity of literature, to say nothing of the courtesies in use among gentlemen, were not the utterest Philistinism; as if urbanity consisted only in the avoidance of vehemence, but gave all allowance to cruel and contemptuous insolence. Foppery of this sort only makes the man who indulges in it ridiculous—a consideration which may have more weight with Mr. Arnold than graver remonstrances.

It is but fair, however, to add that, with the exception of the Preface, the tone of this book presents a pleasant contrast to the tone of the "Lectures"—though the manner in which Mr. Kinglake is disposed of shows how an aggravated case of Philistinism must be treated; "on the breast of the huge Mississippi of falsehood called history, a foam-bell more or less is of no consequence."

Nor do we quite recognise as a leading characteristic in Mr. Arnold that he is "*modestly bold*," though herein also he improves with age and experience. Formerly his arrogance astonished even the *Saturday Review*; now, however, while far from observing the precept to "speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence," he offends less than he did. We wish we could add that a similar improvement is observable in another of Mr. Arnold's faults—the fault of affectation. This is a fault very prevalent among us now; and it is one peculiarly unbecoming in a critic who aims at recalling our literature to some perception of classic purity and dignity. Can anything be worse than the affectation of the following passage from the Preface—combined, too, with a straining after humour which is very dismal:—

"But there is the coming east wind! there is the tone of the future!—I hope it is grave enough for even the *Guardian*;—the earnest, prosaic, practical, austere, literal future! Yes, the world will soon be the Philistines'; and then, with every voice, not of thunder, silenced, and the whole earth filled and ennobled every morning by the magnificent roaring of the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*, we shall all yawn in one another's faces with the dimmest, the most unimpeachable gravity. No more vivacity then! my hexameters, and dogmatism, and scoffs at the Divorce Court, will all have been put down; I shall be quite crest-fallen. But does Mr. Wright imagine that there will be any more place, in that world, for his heroic blank verse Homer than for my paradoxes? If he does, he deceives himself, and knows little of the Palatine Library of the future. A plain edifice, like the British College of Health enlarged: inside, a light, bleak room, with a few statues; Dagon in the centre, with our English Caabah, or Palladium of enlightenment, the hare's stomach; around,

a few leading friends of humanity or fathers of British philosophy;—Goliath, the great Bentham, Presbyter Anglicanus, our intellectual deliverer Mr. James Clay, and . . . yes! with the embarrassed air of a late convert, the Editor of the *Saturday Review*. Many a shrewd nip has he in old days given to the Philistines, this editor; many a bad half-hour has he made them pass; but in his old age he has mended his courses, and declares that his heart has always been in the right place, and that he is at bottom, however appearances may have been against him, staunch for Goliath and 'the most logical nation in the whole world.' Then, for the book-shelves. There will be found on them a monograph by Mr. Lowe on the literature of the ancient Scythians, to revenge them for the iniquitous neglect with which the Greeks treated them; there will be Demosthenes, because he was like Mr. Spurgeon: but, else, from all the lumber of antiquity they will be free. Everything they contain will be modern, intelligible, improving; *Joyce's Scientific Dialogues*, *Old Humphrey*, *Bentham's Deontology*, *Little Dorrit*, *Magnall's Questions*, *The Wide Wide World*, *D'Iffanger's Speeches*, *Beecher's Sermons*;—a library, in short, the fruit of a happy marriage between the profound philosophic reflection of Mr. Clay, and the healthy natural taste of Inspector Tanner."

One form of affectation, frequent with Mr. Arnold, is specially objectionable, we mean the inappropriate use of scriptural phraseology. Thus he took as the motto for his "Last words," *multi, qui persequuntur me, et tribulant me; a testimoniis non declinavi*; to those who laugh at the grand style, he "repeats, with compassionate sorrow, the Gospel words, 'Ye shall die in your sins;'" and he illustrates the uncertainty of literary success by quoting, "many are called, but few are chosen." We assure Mr. Arnold that this sort of thing cannot fail to offend; and, perhaps, he will be not less moved by the consideration that people will probably accuse him of having caught the trick of it from Mr. Carlyle, though certainly Mr. Carlyle is never so distasteful in his allusions.

We confess that even Mr. Arnold's egotism and arrogance has for our minds we know not what curious charm; but we cannot feel assured that other readers will feel the same; and we therefore regret these and such-like blemishes, exactly in proportion as we estimate highly the services which a writer like Mr. Arnold is capable of rendering to English literature. As we ventured to tell him when commenting on his Lectures, a censor so outspoken, and who judges by so high a standard, is sure to provoke bitter opposition. Many will be impatient of his cultivated criticism. Many will be abashed by his usual good sense and moderation. He, more than most men, should be careful to afford no vantage-ground of attack to his enemies, to show no weakness which his friends will find it hard to defend. He owes this not only to his own reputation, he owes it also to the hopes of doing good to literature, which he is

justly entitled to entertain. Why should he give occasion for triumph to the sons of the Philistines?

What, then, are these hopes? or, in other words, what benefits can be expected to come from sound criticism? Mr. Arnold, as we have seen, claims for it high and useful functions, as the servant and pioneer of the creative faculty, discovering, or at least rousing into activity the ideas with which that faculty must work. Besides this, and below this, it exercises a more direct influence—a *corrective* influence. And this it does on the general public as well as on writers; with the former, insisting on correctness of opinion, with the latter, on correctness of production. "In France," says M. Sainte-Beuve, as quoted by Mr. Arnold, "the first consideration for us is not whether we are amused or pleased by a work of art or mind, nor is it whether we are touched by it. What we seek above all to learn is, whether *we were right* in being amused with it, and in applauding it, and in being moved by it?" Mr. Arnold may well call these words "remarkable;" they throw a flood of light over the whole doctrine of criticism. How clearly they expose the mere folly of what we hear every day around us with regard to works of art of all kinds—"It may not be very good, but I like it:" the people who thus speak, seeming to think that their unreasoning caprices are criticism, never dreaming that if a thing is not good, they should strive *not* to like it,—that they are bound, had they any intellectual conscience, *first* to ascertain whether a work of art *is* good or not, and that liking or disliking should follow the results of that endeavour, not precede or be independent of it. No one who studied the French pictures in the Exhibition of 1861 will dispute the truth of M. Sainte-Beuve's words. For such a study must have satisfied any one that Frenchmen can with truth claim for their artists a pre-eminence in good taste, and such pre-eminence can only be attained by those who approach these matters in the spirit which the great critic ascribes to his countrymen. *To seek above all to see whether we are right in being amused or moved*; if this rule could be impressed on the public; what an advance would be made, from what blunders would art and literature be preserved! We should no longer have people lauding the commonplace of Trollope as an artistic representation of life, or mistaking for humour that gross caricature by which Mr. Dickens is pulling down his reputation; or, in a different style of art, letting foolish weakness rise in the heart and gather to the eyes—over deathbeds according to the popular novel, or before such pictures as Mr. O'Neil's "Eastward Ho!:" they would feel rather that they were wrong in allowing their feelings to be stirred by unreality and false taste, that it was their duty to resist any such clap-trap appeals to sources of deep and real

emotion. And so these sources of emotion would be opened to us more freely ; and, in the intellectual as in the moral world, seeking what is right only, we should find most surely the highest pleasure and the truest beauty.

✱ On writers, again, it is the function of criticism to impress moderation—*sanity* both in thought and expression. It is as an aid to criticism in discharging this function that Mr. Arnold thinks an academy would be of value—at once supplying a standard of judgment and forming a court of appeal. We think he overrates the utility of such an institution. It might, and probably would do something for the form, but we cannot share Mr. Arnold's expectations of what it would do for the matter of our literature. We can see how it might cure "notes of provincialism" in expression ; but how could it affect notes of provincialism arising from poverty of thought ? An academy might have had power to chasten the style of Burke, but we doubt if it could ever have made a profound moralist of Addison. At all events, English criticism must be content to labour without such aid. And the work to be done, at least in our day, is mainly a work of correction. Hence the common remark, that it is the duty of the critic to welcome merit rather than discover faults, is not true. Ben Jonson puts it : "Some do say critics are a kind of tinkers, that make more faults than they mend ordinarily." Now, of course, criticism must not make faults, but we maintain that its first duty is to detect and expose them. The truth is, that the above remark applies only to the productions of the highest genius. In everything below this there are errors which cannot be left unchecked, or still worse, included in a gush of indiscriminating praise, if sound literature is to be fostered, prejudices and bad taste abated. To the duty of labouring for this end, the pleasure of praising must always be postponed ; and, as has been said more than once already, that duty was never more incumbent on the critic than at the present day. Eccentricities, false estimates, and every sort of extravagance in style are rife among us. The common limitation of the word "art" to painting exclusively, is itself a sign, if any sign were needed, of how utterly inartistic our literature is. In such a state of matters unjust censure is as nothing ; real merit will struggle through : but the critic who praises carelessly, recklessly, is guilty of a grievous offence against the true interests of literature.

Of our eccentricities Mr. Arnold gives some examples, showing how they strike the minds of French critics. The examples he selects are the *Jashar* of the late Mr. Donaldson, and Mr. Forster's *Life of Mahomet*. It may be that both Mr. Donaldson and Mr. Forster have been guilty of extravagance, yet it

would have been well had Mr. Arnold selected more eminent offenders. In literary, as in political rebellions, the great leaders should be first left for punishment. Nor are there wanting men of mark who have sinned grievously against literary law. Mr. Carlyle, during the latter portion of his career, has impaired his reputation, and diminished his influence, by plunging into every sort of eccentricity both of thought and style. And a man, even more prominently before the public than Mr. Carlyle, has wandered into extravagancies yet wilder, and that on one of Mr. Arnold's favourite subjects. It seems to us very unaccountable that, in his lectures on Homer, Mr. Arnold should have passed without notice the uncontrolled eccentricities of Mr. Gladstone, and the amazing meanings which he tortured from the poet. And this is not only unaccountable, but much to be regretted. The reception given to Mr. Gladstone's bulky volumes might be cited as one of the strongest instances of the insufficiency of English criticism. Every newspaper and periodical in the country, except, if our memory serve us right, the *Times* and the *Scotsman*, joined in the chorus of unreasoning and exaggerated praise. Especially no depths of prostration could be too deep for the *Saturday Review*. Now Mr. Gladstone violated every law which Mr. Arnold regards. His book showed neither moderation nor sanity, nor even good taste—as in the famous comparison of Minerva to the electric telegraph. It is against such a parrot-cry as this that Mr. Arnold's testimony would be of especial value. Such a critic as he is renders his fitting service not in holding up small men to ridicule, but in exposing the errors of great men. But though we cannot quite forgive him for not having shown Mr. Gladstone's *Homer* in its true light, he yet deserves some praise for having in this preface at least indicated, for the first time, so far as we know, the truth as regards Lord Derby's *Homer*: "I admire its freshness, its manliness, its simplicity; although, perhaps, if one looks for the charm of Homer, for his play of a divine light, . . . Professor Pepper must go on, I cannot."

In the work of resisting false estimates, criticism will find plenty of occupation in Scotland. Partly from our noisy nationality, partly from the want of general cultivation, and the consequent absence of good taste, this fault is very prevalent among us. Indeed, Scotland at the present day, fallen from her high literary estate, is in many respects, in her narrowness, in her inaccessibility to great ideas, in her vehement self-assertion, a very Philistia. But at all times Scotchmen have been given to over-estimate and over-praise Scotchmen in a manner which works much evil. In the lowest point of view, this does no lasting good to the praised themselves, for other tribunals are less partial, nay, may

be led into excess of severity by this excess of praise ; while, in any other point of view, it does direct harm, hindering real advancement, obscuring both from ourselves and from others the knowledge of the truth. Thus we find the late Francis Horner, a sedate man of a well-balanced mind, placing Dugald Stewart on a level with "the first of those who know," and predicting that his "writings will live as long as those of Cicero and Plato, and will go down to distant times with their works." Here we have a "note of provincialism" which jars upon us rudely. Thus to class Cicero with Plato in the same rank as philosophers shows a culpable carelessness almost amounting to indifference to truth ; but to set Dugald Stewart there also, is to treat the critical spirit as altogether a thing of naught, and, though this is a less matter, to run the risk of depriving him of the reputation which is justly his. Again, Lord Jeffrey—for it is better in such a matter as this to take examples from the past—was beyond doubt an accomplished man, and a brilliant writer. But if we compare him with such a critic as M. Sainte-Beuve, or if we read Mr. Arnold's comparison of him with Joubert, we can hardly fail to see that it would be more becoming if the terms in which his merits are often extolled among us were to suffer some abatement.

The third tendency which it is the appointed duty of criticism to resist, namely, fine writing, is also a peculiarly northern vice. It is a tendency at present extending itself, like some pestilent weed, over all English literature : a writer on this subject in the *Cornhill*¹ could select his "samples of fine English" not only from Tupper and *Reynolds' Miscellany*, but also from the *Times*, the *Literary Gazette*, and the *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews* ! But in Scotland the vice is almost universal. It is to be found in our books and our newspapers, it is rampant in our pulpit, it intrudes, when opportunity offers, even upon the dignity of our bench. Were the writer in the *Cornhill* to set about collecting a few "samples" of fine Scotch, he might produce an amusing and most astonishing paper. This may be partly ascribed to the popularity of writers like the late Professor Wilson, a man of undoubted genius, but of a wild and unregulated genius, and in whose writings the influence of severe cultivation is hardly ever to be traced—an unfortunate popularity, in that it has led weaker men to imitate what is not susceptible, nor, indeed, deserving of imitation. These admiring mimics have caught the faults only of the original—in the well-known words of Johnson, they have "the nodosities of the oak, without its strength ; the contortions of the Sibyl without her inspiration." But the main source of this vice, as of the former, is the want,

¹ Vol. iii. p. 205.

so general and unhappily so increasing, of a familiarity with the best models, especially of those which antiquity has left us. And this leads us to an objection occasionally urged against Mr. Arnold's critical point of view. He is sometimes spoken of as an upholder of the classical as opposed to the Romantic style, and in a sense he is so. Thus he cannot yield to the dogma frequently announced now-a-days, that "the poet who would really fix the public attention must leave the exhausted past, and draw his subjects from matters of present import, and *therefore* both of interest and novelty." He believes, on the contrary, that the best materials for poetry are to be found not in situations and incidents in themselves mean and disagreeable, however they may be elevated by the power of the imagination, but rather in events and ideas in themselves grand and beautiful, possessing an immediate dignity and interest, irrespective of the force of association; and, so far, he holds with the classicists. He believes, further, that distance from ourselves, either in time or idea, tends to bestow this immediate dignity and interest, while nearness to ourselves tends to take it away. Poetry, according to his idea, should approach, as with the most classic of the great poets it did approach, to sculpture, at once in natural beauty of subject, and in perfection of form. Yet he is far from confining poetry to classical themes in the strict sense of the word. He does not so limit his own choice. Most of his largest poems come from very different sources—from Northern mythology, from Eastern legend, from the cycle of Arthurian romance. His view, in short, is, that all noble subjects are fitting for poetry, only that the more distant the subject the more likely it is to possess this element of nobility, not having been exposed to the vulgarizing influences of familiarity. In this point of view Macbeth becomes as classical as Agamemnon—the Weird Sisters, "withered and wild in their attire," as classical as the awful Eumenides—Una, with her lion, as classical as Antigone or Electra. We believe Mr. Arnold to be right in his theory. Despite such successes as those of Wordsworth or of Tennyson, we suspect that what is so glibly called "the poetry of every-day life," will generally prove a very sorry affair. The poet is indeed, as is often said, the interpreter of his age, but he is so indirectly, by allusion, by general tone, by his point of view, not directly by depicting the common life of people round about him. No great poet has done this—not even Shakspeare, the most universal of all. Not in this way have the highest peaks of Helicon been scaled. Aspects of life so different from those familiar to us as to seem of another world—or, it may be, other worlds altogether, creations of imagination or of faith; such are the fit and chosen

materials of the highest poetry. Seeing that the "poetry of every-day life theory" has found a supporter so acute as the late Mr. Brimley in his essay on Tennyson, we are glad to find it opposed by Mr. Arnold.

But while it would be incorrect to call Mr. Arnold a disciple of the classic style, as the expression is employed by Schlegel, no man can have a truer appreciation of classical literature, or value a familiarity with it more highly. Men, he says, who often enjoy commerce with the ancients, seem to him "like persons who have had a very weighty and impressive experience, they are more truly than others, under the empire of facts, and more independent of the language current among those with whom they live." Now, no one can reproach Mr. Arnold with admiring the ancient beyond due measure, because of ignorance of modern literature. He but adds another to the many instances which show that it is the most accomplished and most cultivated men who most value the cultivation of antiquity. It is the want of this cultivation more than any other cause, which fosters, especially among us Scotch, those sins of eccentricity, and over-estimates, and fine writing, on which we have already remarked. Criticism can do much to restrain these things, but the discipline which the study of the classics gives can do far more; nay, without such discipline we may not hope for any such criticism. It is very idle to quote Shakspeare with his "little Latin and less Greek;" we are speaking now of ordinary mortals, of men who write from intelligence and understanding, not of the divine sons of genius. It is impossible, within this range, to rate too highly the importance of a knowledge of the classics as a regulating and corrective influence. Here we can cite in our favour a witness whose testimony can never be otherwise than acceptable, and who certainly had no love for Latin and Greek in excess, Sydney Smith:—"Whatever, therefore, our conjectures may be, we cannot be so sure that the best modern writers can afford us as good models as the ancients: the moderns have been well taught by their masters; but the time is hardly yet come when the necessity for such instruction no longer exists." It is a thing of some moment just at present, that the value of the ancient writers should have found so powerful an advocate as Mr. Arnold—a man eminently qualified to form an opinion on the matter, and not less capable of upholding it.

This subject naturally leads the mind to Oxford, on which nothing has ever been written more beautiful than the following passage—in itself no unfavourable example of the grace of Mr. Arnold's style:—

"No; we are all seekers still: seekers often make mistakes, and I wish mine to redound to my own discredit only, and not to touch

Oxford. Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

‘There are our young barbarians, all at play.’

And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her garments to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us near to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection,—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side?—nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen. Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties! What example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone, that bondage which Goethe, in those incomparable lines on the death of Schiller, makes it his friend's highest praise (and nobly did Schiller deserve the praise) to have left miles out of sight behind him;—the bondage of *was uns alle bündigt*, DAS GEMEINE? She will forgive me, even if I have unwittingly drawn upon her a shot or two aimed at her unworthy son; for she is generous, and the cause in which I fight is, after all, hers. Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines, compared with the warfare which this Queen of Romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone?”

Readers who have accompanied us thus far do not need to be told that, in our judgment, Mr. Arnold's little volume is a work at once of sterling merit and of great value. That he may be, as indeed we believe him to be, wrong in many of his practical results—such as his admiration for academies, and his choice of English hexameters as a vehicle for rendering Homer—is a thing of no real moment. The virtue of his teaching consists in the excellence of the standard he sets up, and in the soundness of the principles he applies. The more widely he is read, the greater the influence he obtains, the brighter the prospects of our literature. And it is because of this high estimate of Mr. Arnold's labours that we have dwelt more fully on those points where we differ from him than on those where we agree with or yield to him; and, would that we were not forced to add, that it is also because of this estimate that we regret deeply the foppery, the arrogance, the affectation which marred the beauty of the lectures on Homer, which, in the preface to these essays, moves a sorrowful laughter, and which appears rarely indeed, yet too often, disfiguring the essays themselves, lingering like a subtle poison. With these weaknesses Mr. Arnold has done, and yet will do, much; but, without them, how much more! Admiring him as we do, we can forgive him; but how can he forgive himself?

ART. VII.—*The Holy Roman Empire.* By JAMES BRYCE, B.A.
Oxford, 1864.

It may seem a hard saying, but it is one which the facts fully bear out, that hardly one student in ten of mediæval history really grasps that one key to the whole subject without which mediæval history is simply an unintelligible chaos. That key is no other than the continued existence of the Roman Empire. As long as people are taught to believe that the Empire came to an end in the year 476, a true understanding of the next thousand years becomes utterly impossible. No man can understand either the politics or the literature of that whole period, unless he constantly bears in mind that, in the ideas of the men of those days, the Roman Empire, the Empire of Augustus, Constantine, and Justinian, was not a thing of the past but a thing of the present. Without grasping the mediæval theory of the Empire, it is impossible fully to grasp the theory and the career of the Papacy. Without understanding the position of the Empire, it is impossible rightly to understand the origin and development of the various European States. Without such an understanding, the history of the nations which clave to the Empire, and the history of the nations which fell asunder from it, are alike certain to be misconceived. Unless viewed in the light of the Imperial theory, the whole history of Germany, Italy, and Burgundy becomes an inexplicable riddle. The struggle of Hildebrand and Henry loses half its meaning, the whole position of the Swabian Emperors becomes an insoluble puzzle, the most elaborate prose and the most impassioned verse of Dante sinks into purposeless gibberish, if we do not fully realize that, in the mind of all contemporary Europe, the Hohenstaufen were the direct and lawful successors of the Julii. How Germany, once the most united state of Western Europe, gradually changed from a compact and vigorous kingdom into one of the laxest of confederations, can never be understood unless we trace how the German kingdom was crushed and broken to pieces beneath the weight of the loftier diadem which rested on the brow of its kings. Those misrepresentations of all European history with which French historians and French politicians are apt to deceive the unwary can never be fully exposed, except by a thorough acquaintance with the true position and true nationality of those Teutonic Kings and Cæsars, whom the Gaul is so apt to look upon as his countrymen and not as his masters. The relations between Eastern and Western Europe can never be taken in, unless we fully realize the true nature of those rival Empires, each of which asserted and believed itself to be the one true

and lawful possessor of the heritage of ancient Rome. We see our way but feebly through the long struggle between the East and the West, between Christendom and Islam, unless we fully grasp the position of the Cæsar, the chief of Christendom, and the Caliph, the chief of Islam; unless we see, in the complex interpenetration of the divided Empire and the divided Caliphate, at once what the theory of Christian and of Moslem was, and how utterly those theories failed to be carried out in all their fulness. In a word, as we began by saying, the history of the Empire is the key to the whole history of mediæval Europe, and it is a key which as yet is found in far fewer hands than it ought to be.

The immediate cause of the failure of most historical students to realize the paramount importance of the Imperial history, is of course to be found in the fact that hardly any of the books from which students draw their knowledge give to the history of the Empire its proper prominence. This is indeed little more than a truism. The question is, how it comes to pass that even able and well-informed writers have failed to bring forward this most important portion of history as it should be brought forward. The causes, we think, are tolerably obvious.

First, our own national history has been less affected by the history of the Empire than that of any other European country. Britain, Spain, and Sweden, in their insular and peninsular positions, were the parts of Europe over which the Imperial influence was slightest, and of the three, that influence was even slighter over Britain than it was over Spain, and hardly greater than it was over Sweden. Of direct connexion with the Empire, England had very little, and Scotland still less. The external history of England does indeed ever and anon touch the history of the Empire, in the way in which the history of every European state must ever and anon touch the history of every other state. Once or twice in a century we come across an Emperor as a friend or as an enemy, in one case as a possible suzerain. As England supplied the spiritual Rome with a single Pope, so she supplied the temporal Rome with a single King, a King who never visited his capital or received the crown and title of Augustus. But the whole internal history of England, and the greater part of its external history, went on pretty much as if there had been no Holy Roman Empire at all. Our one moment of most intimate connexion with the Empire brings out most fully how slight, compared with that of other nations, our usual connexion with the Empire was. Every reader of English history knows the name of Richard, Earl of Cornwall and King of the Romans, and knows the part which he played in the internal politics of England. But very few readers, and we suspect by no means all writers, of English history seem to have any clear notion what a King of the

Romans was. On Scotland indeed the Roman Empire has had, in one way, a most important internal influence, through the authority which Scottish lawyers, in such marked contrast to those of England, have for so long a time attached to the Roman law. But this is simply because Scottish lawyers or law-givers chose it to be so; on the actual events of Scottish history, external and internal, the Empire and its rulers have had even less influence than they have had on those of England. As, then, our own national history can be written and understood with very little reference to the Holy Roman Empire, British readers lie under a strong temptation to undervalue the importance of the Holy Roman Empire in the general history of the world.

Secondly, When British readers get beyond the limits of their own island, not only is their attention not commonly drawn to the history of the Empire, but it is commonly drawn to a history which is actually antagonistic to the history of the Empire. France, so long the rival of England, and for that cause so long the ally of Scotland, is the country with which, next to their own, most British readers are most familiar. Now it is certain that no one who learns French history at the hands of Frenchmen can ever understand the history of the Empire aright. The whole history of France, strictly so called, the history of the Parisian kings, has been for six hundred years one long tale of aggrandizement at the expense of the Empire. From the annexation of Lyons to the annexation of Savoy, all have been acts of one great drama, a drama of which the devastation of the Palatinate, the seizure of Strassburg in time of peace, the tyranny of the first Buonaparte over the whole German nation, are familiar and characteristic incidents. French history consists mainly of a record of wrongs inflicted on the later and feebler Empire, prefaced by a cool appropriation of the glories of the Empire in the days of its early greatness. In official and popular French belief, two great German dynasties, who held modern France as a subject province, are conveniently converted into national Frenchmen. The greatest of German Kings, the first of German Cæsars, Charles, the Lord of Rome and Aachen, is strangely turned about into a French Emperor of the West, the precursor of either Buonaparte. The ancient landmarks of European geography are wiped out, the names of the most famous European cities are mutilated or barbarized, in order to throw some colour of right and antiquity over the results of six hundred years of intrigue and violence. French history, as it is commonly presented to Englishmen, exists only through a systematic misrepresentation of Imperial history. Till all French influences are wholly cast aside and trampled under foot, the true history of the Holy Roman Empire can never be understood.

Thirdly, It seems not unlikely that the righteous and generous sympathy which we all feel towards regenerate Italy has tended somewhat to obscure the true character of the Empire. So many Austrian Archdukes were elected Kings of Germany and Emperors of the Romans, that people have gradually come to identify the House of Austria and the Roman Empire. Nothing is more common than to see the title of "Emperor of Austria," the most monstrous invention of modern diplomacy, carried back into the last century, and even earlier. Even Sir Walter Scott in some of his novels, *Anne of Geierstein* for instance, seems to have had great difficulty in triumphing over a notion that every Emperor must have been Duke of Austria, and that every Duke of Austria must have been Emperor. We have seen Frederick Barbarossa set down as an Austrian because he was an Emperor; we have seen the Leopold of Morgarten and the Leopold of Sempach exalted into Emperors because they were Austrians. People thus learn to identify two things, than which no two can be more unlike, and to look on the ancient reality with the eyes with which they rightly look on the modern counterfeit. The dislike which every generous mind feels towards the oppressors of modern Italy is thus transferred to that earlier Empire which, always in theory and often in practice, was as much Italian as German. As Charles the Great becomes the forerunner of Buonaparte, so Frederick the beloved of Lodi, and Frederick the native King of Palermo, and Otto, the dream of whose short life was to reign as a true Roman Cæsar in the Eternal City, all are popularly looked upon as forerunners of Francis Joseph, perhaps of Philip the Second.¹ The Austrian delusion, no less than the French delusion, must be utterly cast aside by every one who would understand what Charles and Otto and Henry and Frederick really were.

Lastly, Even among those who better know the facts of the case, and who better understand the leading idea of the mediæval Empire, there is a certain tendency to underrate the importance of the Imperial history, on the ground that the mediæval Empire was throughout an unreality, if not an imposture. We fully admit the utter unreality of the position of Francis the Second, Emperor-Elect of the Romans, King of Germany and Jerusalem; we fully admit that Charles the Great himself was not a Roman Emperor in exactly the same sense as Vespasian or Trajan. We may freely grant that the Imperial idea was never fully carried out, and that it was by no means for the interest of the world that it should be carried out. We may

¹ We have seen in a popular work, the words "The Emperor Philip the Second." The reasoning is irresistible: Philip's father was an Emperor; how could Philip himself fail to be an Emperor too?

wonder at the belief of the ages which held, as undoubted and eternal truths, *first*, that it was a matter of right that there should be an universal monarch of the world; *secondly*, that that universal monarchy belonged, no less of eternal right, to the Roman Emperor, the successor of Augustus; and, *thirdly*, that the German King, the choice of the German Electors, was the undoubted Roman Cæsar, and therefore, of eternal right, Lord of the World. This belief seems to us very strange, but it was the belief of Dante. We rejoice that this scheme of universal dominion was never practically carried out; we pride ourselves that our own island, at least, was always exempted from the sway of the universal sovereign. But all this should not lead us at all to underrate the paramount importance of the Imperial idea. A belief may be false, absurd, unreal, mischievous, as we please; but this in no way touches the historical importance of such belief. Christians believe that the leading idea of Mohammedanism is a grievous error; Protestants believe that the leading idea of the Papacy is a grievous error; but no one argues that either Mohammedanism or the Papacy has therefore been without influence on the fate of the world, or that any historical student can safely neglect the history of one or the other, merely because he looks on them as erroneous beliefs. In fact, the deadlier the error the more important are the results of an error which is accepted by large masses of men. It may be very wrong to believe that Mohammed was the Prophet of God; but the fact that millions of men have so believed has changed the destinies of a large portion of the world. It may be very wrong to believe that St. Peter was the Prince of the Apostles, and that the Bishop of Rome is St. Peter's successor, but the fact that millions of men have so believed and do so believe, has affected the course of all European history and politics down to this day. In these cases no one attempts to deny the importance of the facts; no one holds that either Mohammedan or Papal history can safely be neglected. So it should be with the history of the mediæval Empire. The Imperial idea may have been unreal, absurd, mischievous; but it is not therefore the less important. Men did believe in it; perhaps they were wrong to believe in it; but the fact that they did believe in it affected the whole history of the world for many ages. It may have been foolish to believe that the German King was necessarily Roman Emperor, and that the Roman Emperor was necessarily Lord of the World. But men did believe it; and the fact of their believing it changed the whole face of Europe. It might have been much wiser if the German Kings had been content to be real German Kings, and had not striven after the shadowy majesty of Roman Emperors. But, as a matter of fact,

they did so act; it was not in human nature for men in their position to act otherwise; and the fact that they did so act entailed the most important consequences upon their own and upon every neighbouring realm. If the history of the Empire is to be set down purely as the history of error and folly, it should be remembered that the history of error and folly forms by far the largest part of the history of mankind.

Now we are far from admitting that the history of the Empire is purely a part of the history of human folly, though we may be obliged to admit that it is a part of the history of human error. The idea of the Empire, the idea of an universal Christian monarchy, not interfering with the local independence of particular kingdoms and commonwealths, but placing Cæsar Augustus, the chosen and anointed chief of Christendom, as the common guide and father of all—such an idea is as noble and captivating as it is impracticable. It is an idea which has commended itself to some of the noblest spirits that the world has seen. It was the idea for which Frederick struggled with far from a merely selfish aim. It was the idea to which the early revivers of scientific jurisprudence clung as to the one foundation of order and legal government throughout the world. It was the great principle which acted as the guiding spirit of the prose, the verse, and the life of Dante. To men of that time, living amid the perpetual strife of small principalities and commonwealths, the vision of an universal empire of law and right shone with an alluring brightness, which we, accustomed to a system of national governments and international relations, can hardly understand. But be the worth of the idea what it may, its practical influence on the history of Christendom can hardly be overrated. The Empire may have been a shadow, but it was a shadow to which men were for ages ready to devote their thoughts, their pens, and their swords. The results were none the less practical because the object was unattainable. We repeat that, without a full understanding of the mediæval conception of the Empire, without a full grasp of the way in which that conception influenced men's minds and actions from the eighth century to the fourteenth, the greater and more important part of mediæval history remains an insoluble riddle.

Knowing then, as we do, the unspeakable importance of right views of the Empire to a true understanding of mediæval history, and being unable, as we are, to lay our hand upon any other book in the English tongue which gives so clear and thorough an account of the whole matter, it is with no common delight that we welcome the appearance of the small but remarkable volume whose name we have placed at the head of this article.

It is, as far as we know, the first complete and connected view of the mediæval Empire which has ever been given to British readers. It would not be difficult to point out portions of various historical works, papers in various reviews and collections of essays, which have dealt with the matter in the same spirit. But they have dealt with it only incidentally, or have treated of particular portions only. Mr. Bryce himself points to various forerunners of this kind among his sources of information. Still the ground, as a whole, was untouched, and Mr. Bryce has the credit of being the first to give to the British public a complete view of the great political idea of the middle ages. Mr. Bryce's book is of course not a history, but an essay; he has not attempted so hopeless a task as to narrate the fates of the Empire and its attendant kingdoms within the space of a single thin volume. But no one must confound Mr. Bryce's *Arnold Essay* with the common run of prize compositions. Mr. Bryce's book, if it be not a bull to say so, has been written since it gained the historical prize at Oxford. "It is right," he tells us, "to state that this *Essay* has been greatly changed and enlarged since it was composed for the *Arnold Prize*." Any one who knows anything of prize essays could have told as much by the light of nature. It is hardly possible that any mere academic exercise could have displayed the depth of thought, the thoroughness of research, the familiarity with a whole learning of a very recondite kind, which stand revealed in every page of this volume. The merits of the book are so palpably due in the main to this later revision, that we could almost wish that the words *Arnold Prize Essay* were removed from the title-page.

Of the *Essay* itself, in its present form, we can hardly trust ourselves to speak all our thoughts. Men naturally and rightly look with some suspicion on criticism which speaks of a novice in language which is seldom deserved except by a veteran. But it is only in such language that we can utter our honest conviction with regard to the merits of the volume before us. Mr. Bryce's *Essay* may seem ephemeral in form, but it is not ephemeral in substance. He has, in truth, by a single youthful effort, placed himself on a level with men who have given their lives to historical study. Like the young *Opuntian* in *Pindar*—

οἶον ἐν Μαραθῶνι, συ-
λαθεῖς ἀγενείων,
μένεν ἀγῶνα πρεσβυτέρων.

Mr. Bryce's *Essay* must be placed in the same rank, and must be judged by the same standard, as the most voluminous works of professed historians. He has done for historic literature a service as great as any of theirs.

Mr. Bryce's great merit is the clear and thorough way in which he sets forth what the mediæval conception of the Empire really was, and especially that religious sentiment which so strangely came to attach itself to the power which had once been special representative of heathen pride and persecution. This is a part of the subject which we have never before seen set forth with the same power and fulness. For, of course, in combating the vulgar error that the Roman Empire came historically to an end in 476, though Mr. Bryce is doing excellent service to the cause of truth, he is not putting forth any new discovery. Thus much Sir Francis Palgrave has already established for the West, and Mr. Finlay for the East. The Eastern side of the subject, one to which we ourselves called special attention just ten years ago,¹ is, we cannot but think, somewhat neglected by Mr. Bryce, as perhaps, on the other hand, the Western side is by Mr. Finlay. Sir Francis Palgrave and Mr. Bryce have to deal with the same side of the subject, but they look at it with somewhat different eyes. With Mr. Bryce indeed the Empire is his main, or rather sole, subject, while the contributions of Sir Francis to Imperial history, valuable as they are, have come out incidentally in dealing with matters not immediately connected with the Empire. Sir Francis again concerns himself mainly with those outward forms and institutions which show that the Empire did not formally die. Mr. Bryce has more to do with the theory of the Empire itself, and with the various shapes through which it passed from Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus to Francis the Second of Lorraine. This he has done in so complete and admirable a manner that we trust that the essay is only the precursor of a narrative. We trust that Mr. Bryce may one day give us a history of the mediæval Roman Empire worthy to be placed by the side of Dean Milman's history of the mediæval Roman Church.

The theory of the mediæval Empire is that of an universal Christian monarchy. The Roman Empire and the Catholic Church are two aspects of one society, a society ordained by the Divine will to spread itself over the whole world. Of this society, Rome is marked out by Divine decree as the predestined capital, the chief seat alike of spiritual and of temporal rule. At the head of this society, in its temporal character as an Empire, stands the temporal chief of Christendom, the Roman Cæsar. At its head, in its spiritual character as a Church, stands the spiritual chief of Christendom, the Roman Pontiff. Cæsar and Pontiff alike rule by Divine right, each as God's immediate Vicar within his own sphere. Each ruler is bound

¹ *North British Review*, Feb. 1855 (vol. xxii.) p. 344.

to the other by the closest ties. Cæsar is the Advocate of the Roman Church, bound to defend her by the temporal arm against all temporal enemies. The Pontiff, on the other hand, though the Cæsar holds his rank not of him, but by an independent Divine commission, has the lofty privilege of personally admitting the Lord of the World to his high office, of hallowing the Lord's Anointed, and of making him in some sort a partaker in the mysterious privileges of the priesthood. The sway alike of Cæsar and of Pontiff is absolutely universal; it is local, in so far as Rome is its chosen seat; but it is in no way national; it is not confined to Italy, or Germany, or Europe; to each alike, in his own sphere, God has given the heathen for his inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for his possession. And each of these lofty offices is absolutely open to every baptized man; each alike is purely elective; each is open to merit in any rank of life or in any corner of Christendom. While smaller offices were closely confined by local or aristocratic restrictions, the throne of Augustus and the chair of Peter were, in theory at least, open to the ambition of every man of orthodox belief. Even in the darkest times of aristocratic exclusiveness, no one dared to lay down as a principle that the Roman Emperor need be of princely or noble ancestry. Freedom of birth—Roman citizenship, in short, to clothe mediæval ideas in classical words—was all that was needed. Each power, as a Divine Vicar upon earth, rises alike above all small considerations of race or birthplace. The Lord of the World has all mankind alike for the objects of his paternal rule; the successor of St. Peter welcomes all alike, from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, within the one universal fold over which he has the commission to bind and to loose, to remit and to retain.

Here is a conception as magnificent as it was impracticable. No wonder indeed that such a theory fascinated men's minds for ages, and that in such a cause they were willing to spend and to be spent. That it never was carried out, history tells us at the first glance. It is evident that neither the Roman Pontiff nor the Roman Cæsar ever extended their common sway over the whole of the world, or even over the whole of Christendom. And the two powers, which were in theory designed to work in harmony, appear, for the most part, in real history as the bitterest rivals. Still no theory, as a theory, can be more magnificent. But how did such a theory arise? What is the Roman Empire and the Roman Emperor? At the two ends of their existence those words express ideas as removed from one another as either of them is from the theory which Otto the Third and Gregory the Fifth did for a moment carry out in practice. At

the one end of the chain we see the heathen magistrate of a heathen commonwealth, carefully avoiding all royal titles and royal insignia, associating on terms of equality with other distinguished citizens, but carefully grasping the reality of absolute power by the stealthy process of uniting in his own person a variety of offices hitherto deemed inconsistent with one another. Such was the first Roman Emperor, and in his days the Roman Pontiff as yet was not. The last Roman Emperor was a German King, whose German Kingdom was almost as imaginary as his Roman Empire. He was a mighty potentate indeed, but mighty only through the possession of hereditary or conquered realms, which mostly lay beyond the limits of either Roman or German dominion. He was adorned with all the titles, and surrounded with all the external homage, which could befit either German King or Roman Emperor. But with the local Rome he had no farther connexion, no farther authority or influence over it, than might belong to any other Catholic prince of equal power. The Roman Emperor no longer claimed any shadow of jurisdiction in his ancient capital; and even in his German realm, his position had sunk to that of the president of one of the laxest of federal bodies. The Lord of the World, the temporal head of Christendom, retained nothing but a barren precedence over other princes, which other princes were not always ready to admit. His position, Roman, German, and œcumenical, was, as the event proved, utterly unreal and precarious, ready to fall in pieces at the first touch of a vigorous assailant. Such were Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus, the first, and Francis the Second, the last, of the Roman Emperors. Each is equally removed from the Roman Emperor of the true mediæval theory. How, then, did the same title, in theory denoting through the whole period one unchanged office, come to be attached at different times to personages so widely unlike each other? We will, under Mr. Bryce's guidance, run briefly through the various stages through which the grand theory of the Christian Empire arose and fell.

Mr. Bryce properly begins at the beginning. He starts with a sketch of the state of things under the old Roman Empire, the old dominion of the Roman Commonwealth under her nominal magistrates and practical sovereigns, the Emperors of the Julian, Claudian, and other imperial houses, down to the changes introduced first by Diocletian, and then by Constantine. The chief point here to be noticed is the absolute want of nationality in the Empire. To this characteristic of the Roman dominion, we once called attention in the article on the historical works of Mr. Finlay, to which we have already referred. But, in this lack of nationality, the Roman Empire does but

continue the Roman Republic. The Roman Republic was intensely local; every association gathered round the one centre, the city of Rome; but it was less national than any other commonwealth in all history. It grew, in fact, by gradually extending its franchise over Latium, Italy, and the whole Mediterranean world. The edict of Caracalla, whatever were its motives, did but put the finishing touch to the work begun by the mythical Romulus in his league with the Sabine Tatius. From the Ocean to the Euphrates, the civilized world was now Roman in name, and from the Ocean to Mount Taurus it was Roman in feeling. Mr. Bryce, we think, overrates the distinct nationality of the Greeks of this age, and underrates that of Syria and Egypt, provinces which never really became either Roman or Greek. Then came, under Diocletian and Constantine, the transformation of the Empire into something like an avowed royalty—we can hardly say an avowed monarchy, seeing that the system of Diocletian involved the simultaneous reign of more than one Emperor. Under this system too the Old Rome ceased to be the seat of government. Milan and Nikomêdeia became imperial cities, till Constantine made a better and more permanent choice than all, in his New Rome by the Bosphorus.

With Constantine, too, comes in a new element more important than all. Hitherto we have indeed had a Roman Empire, but it has as yet had no claim whatever, in a Christian sense, to the epithet of Holy. Hitherto Rome and her princes have been the enemies of the Faith, drunken with the blood of the saints. But from the conversion of Constantine onwards, the epithet, though not yet formally given, was, in truth, practically deserved. Rome and Christianity formed so close an alliance, that, in at least one portion of the Empire, the names Roman and Christian became synonymous.¹ Emperors presided in the councils of the Church; Christian ecclesiastics obtained the rank of high temporal dignitaries; orthodoxy and loyalty, heresy and treason, became almost convertible terms. Christianity, in fact, became the religion of the Roman Empire, universal within its limits, but making hardly any progress beyond them. And so it is to this day. Christianity still remains all but exclusively the religion of Europe and European colonies, that is, of those nations which either formed part of the Roman Empire, or came within the range of Rome's civilizing influence.² Thus the Empire, which once had been the bitterest foe of the gospel, now

¹ The Greek, mediæval and modern, down to the late classical revival, was indifferently called *Ῥωμαῖος* and *Χριστιανός*. *Ἕλλην*, as in the New Testament, expressed only the Paganism of a past age.

² See *North British Review*, August 1855 (vol. xxiii.) p. 452.

became inseparably connected with its profession. The heathen sanctity which had once hedged in the Emperor was now exchanged for a sanctity of another kind. The High Pontiff of pagan Rome passed by easy steps into the Anointed of the Lord, the temporal chief of Christendom.

The Empire then, and the Emperor, thus became Holy ; but yet the Empire, even in the East, was not a Caliphate. The successor of Mohammed inherited alike the temporal and the spiritual functions of the Prophet. In the Mohammedan system, Church and State needed not to be united, because they had never been distinct. But closely as the Roman Empire and the Christian Church became united, one might almost say identified, traces still remained of the days when they had been distinct and hostile bodies. The internal organization of the Church, the gradations of its hierarchy, the rights of bishops and of councils, had grown up nearly to perfection before the Empire became Christian. The constitution of the Church was a kind of theocratic democracy. The bishop's commission was divine, proceeding neither from the prince nor from the people ; but it was the popular voice, and not the voice of the priesthood alone, which marked out the person on whom that divine commission should be bestowed. Of such an organization the Emperor might become the patron, the protector, the external ruler, but he could not strictly become the head. The spiritual power thus remained something in close alliance with the temporal, but still something distinct. The two were never so completely fused together in the Imperial idea, as they were in the idea of the Caliphate. In the East, the priesthood became subservient ; in the West it became independent, and at last hostile. But in either case it was distinct. Whether Emperors deposed Patriarchs or Popes excommunicated Emperors, the Pontiff and the Emperor were two distinct persons. In the Mohammedan system, the Caliph is Pontiff and Emperor in one.

From the time of Constantine, Constantinople, the New Rome, became the chief seat of empire ; towards the end of the fifth century it became the only seat. It should never be forgotten, and Mr. Bryce calls all due attention to the fact, that the event of the year 476, so often mistaken for a fall of the Roman Empire, was, in its form, a reunion of the Western Empire to the Eastern. Here again, nothing is easier than to say that this is an unreal, unpractical view. It is an obvious thing to argue that Italy was not reunited to the East, but that the Roman dominion was destroyed altogether ; that the supremacy of the Eastern Emperors in Italy was merely nominal, and the pretended reunion of the Empire merely an excuse to save their foolish pride. Be it so ; but, as we said before on the

general subject, when words and forms, however unreal in themselves, exercise a practical influence on men's actions, they cease to be unreal. The majesty of Rome still lived in men's minds; the Roman Emperor, the Roman Consuls, the Roman Senate and People, still existed. Odoacer and Theodoric might reign as national kings over their own people;¹ but the Roman population of Italy cheated themselves into the belief that the barbarian King was merely a lieutenant of the absent emperor. Such a belief might be a delusion, but it was a living belief, and it did not always remain a delusion. When Belisarius, in the year of his consulship, landed in Italy, he appeared to the Roman population, not as a foreign conqueror, but as a deliverer come to restore them to their natural relation to their lawful sovereign. And as Mr. Bryce truly observes, unless we remember that the line of Emperors never ceased, that from 476 to 800 the Byzantine Cæsar was always in theory, often in practice, recognised as the lawful lord of Rome and Italy, it is impossible rightly to understand the true significance of the assumption of the Empire by Charles the Great.²

Almost the only defect of any consequence in Mr. Bryce's work is that he seems hardly to realize the importance, in any theory of the Empire, alike of the Eastern Empire and of the Eastern Church. He shows neither ignorance, nor concealment, nor even misconception of the facts. But he hardly gives the facts their full prominence. The truth is, that the existence of Eastern Christendom, as it is the great stumbling-block of the Papal theory, is also the great stumbling-block of the Imperial theory. Ingenious men might theorize about the two lights and the two swords, and argue whether of the twain were the brighter and the stronger. They might debate whether the Pope held of the Emperor, or the Emperor of the Pope; but it was agreed on both sides that there could be only one Pope and one Emperor. These magnificent theories of the Church and the Empire were in truth set aside by the fact that a large portion of Christendom, that portion, too, which could most truly claim to represent unchanged the earliest traditions both of the Church and of the Empire, recognised no Pope at all, and recog-

¹ Mr. Bryce, otherwise most accurate in his account of these events, repeats the common statement that Odoacer assumed the title of "King of Italy." We know of no ancient authority for this statement, and it is most unlikely in itself. Territorial titles were not in use till some ages later, and no one would be so unlikely to assume one of this kind as one who professed himself to be an imperial lieutenant.

² Mr. Bryce remarks that, in the Middle Ages, the Western Emperors of the fifth century seem to have been quite forgotten. The lists of emperors from Augustus to Maximilian or Rudolf or Ferdinand, always go on uninterruptedly in the Eastern line from Theodosius to Constantine the Sixth.

nised a rival Emperor. It is impossible to deny that, as far as uninterrupted political succession went, it was the Eastern and not the Western Emperor who was the lineal heir of the old Cæsars. The act which placed Charles the Great on the imperial throne was strictly a revolt, a justifiable revolt, it might be, but still a revolt. It was in the East, and in the East alone, that the Imperial titles and Imperial traditions—in a word, the whole political heritage of Rome—continued absolutely unbroken down to the days of the Frank Conquest. The Greek prince whom, as Mr. Finlay says, the Crusaders hurled from the Theodosian column, was a truer successor of Augustus than was Frederick Barbarossa. The Eastern Church too presented even a more practical answer to the claims of the Western Pontiff, than the Eastern Empire did to the claims of the Western Cæsar. The universal dominion of either was a theory, and only a theory, as long as their dominion reached not to the world's end, not to the Euphrates, but only to the Hadriatic. Alike in the days of Otto and in the days of Dante, the most unchanged portion of the Roman world still refused to acknowledge the sway of either the Western Cæsar or the Western Pontiff¹ In truth, the elaborate theories of the mediæval Empire were not propounded, and could not with any decency have been propounded, as long as the Eastern Church and Empire retained their old position. When Dante wrote, an Emperor of the Romans still reigned at Constantinople, but he had sunk to be simply one amidst a crowd of Eastern princes, Greek and Frank. By that time too there had begun to be some ground for bringing the charge of schism against the ancient Churches of the East. There was at least a pretext for saying that the Church of Constantinople had been reconciled to the Church of Rome, and had again fallen away. Such a theory could hardly have been put forth in the days of the great Macedonian Emperors, when the New Rome and not the Old, was still mistress of the Mediterranean, and when a large portion of the Italian peninsula still owed allegiance to the Eastern and not to the Western Cæsar. Mr. Bryce does not forget these things; but we cannot think that he gives them all the prominence which they certainly deserve.

From the accession of Charles the Great onwards, Mr. Bryce is thoroughly at home. During the whole of the eighth century, the Imperial power in Italy had been gradually waning. Lombard invasions had narrowed the boundary of the Imperial province, and the Iconoclast controversy had shaken the loyalty

¹ Dante, *De Monarchiâ*, iii. 10. Scindere imperium esset destruere ipsum, consistente imperio in unitate monarchiæ universalis.

of the Imperial subjects. The Bishop of Rome had stood forth as the champion alike of orthodoxy and of nationality, and the practical rule of the city had been transferred to the Frankish King. Still the tie was not formally severed; the image and superscription of Cæsar still appeared on the coin of his Western capital, and Pippin and Charles ruled, like Odoacer, by no higher title than that of Patrician. At last the accession of Eirênê filled up the measure of Western indignation. The throne of Augustus could not be lawfully filled by a woman, least of all by a woman who raised herself to power by the deposition and blinding of her own child. The throne was vacant; the Christian world could not remain without an Emperor;¹ the Senate and People of the Old Rome had too long submitted to the dictation of the New; they asserted their dormant rights, and chose their Patrician Charles, not as the founder of a new empire, not as the restorer of a fallen empire, but as the lawful successor of their last lawful sovereign, the injured Constantine the Sixth. In Mr. Bryce's words:—

“Later jurists labour to distinguish the power of Charles as Roman Emperor from that which he held already as king of the Franks and their subject allies: they insist that his coronation gave him the capital only, that it is absurd to talk of a Roman Empire in regions whither the eagles had never flown. In such expressions there seems to lurk either confusion or misconception. It was not the sovereignty of the city that Charles obtained in 800: that his father had already held as patrician and he had constantly exercised in the same capacity: it was the headship of the world, believed to appertain of right to the lawful Roman Emperor, whether he reigned on the Bosphorus, the Tiber, or the Rhine. A new title was not invented to serve the Pope's ambitious ends and gratify Frankish vanity, but the act of 364, and again of 476, was rescinded. The Empire became again what it had been before Diocletian, the place of the deposed Constantine vi. being legally filled up by a new Emperor, chosen by the people of the imperial city, and crowned by their bishop. And hence in all the annals of the time and of many succeeding centuries, Charles, sixty-eighth from Augustus, succeeds without a break to Constantine sixty-seventh.”

Of the memorable scene of Christmas Day, 800, we will also transcribe Mr. Bryce's brilliant picture:—

“At length the Frankish host entered Rome. The Pope's cause was heard; his innocence, already vindicated by a miracle, was pro-

¹ *Chron. Moissiac.* A. 801 (*Pertz Mon. Hist. Germ.* i. 505), “Cum enim apud Romam nunc præfatus Imperator, delati quidam sunt ad eum, dicentes quod apud Græcos nomen Imperatoris cessasset, et femina apud eos nomen Imperii teneret, Herena nomine, quæ filium suum Imperatorum fraude captum, oculos eruit, et sibi nomen Imperii usurpavit, ut Atalia in libro Regni legitur fecisse, audito Leo Papa et omnis conventus episcoporum et sacerdo-

nounced by the Patrician in full synod; his accusers condemned in his stead. Charles remained in the city for some weeks; and on Christmas Day, A.D. 800, he heard mass in the basilica of St. Peter. On the spot where now the gigantic dome of Bramante and Michael Angelo towers over the buildings of the modern city—the spot which tradition had hallowed as that of the Apostle's martyrdom, Constantine the Great had erected the oldest and the stateliest temple of Christian Rome. Nothing could be less like than was this basilica to those northern cathedrals, shadowy, fantastic, irregular, crowded with pillars, fringed all round by clustering shrines and chapels, which are to most of us the types of mediæval architecture. In its plan and decorations, in the spacious sunny hall, the roof plain as that of a Greek temple, the long rows of Corinthian columns, the vivid mosaics on its walls, in its brightness, its sternness, its simplicity, it had preserved every feature of Roman art, and had remained a perfect expression of the Roman character. From the transept, a flight of steps led up to the high altar underneath the great arch, the arch of triumph as it was called: behind in the semicircular apse, sat the clergy, rising tier above tier around its walls; in the midst, high above the rest, and looking down past the altar over the multitude, was placed the bishop's throne, itself the curule chair of some forgotten magistrate. From that chair the Pope now rose, as the reading of the Gospel ended, advanced to where Charles, who had exchanged his simple Frankish dress for the sandals and the chlamys of a Roman patrician, knelt in prayer by the high altar, and as in the sight of all he placed upon the brow of the barbarian chieftain the diadem of the Cæsars, then bent in obeisance before him, the church rang to the shout of the multitude, again free, again the lords and centre of the world, 'Karolo Augusto a Deo coronato magno et pacifico Imperatori Romanorum vita et victoria.' In that shout, echoed by the Franks without, was pronounced the union, so long in preparation, so mighty in its consequences, of the Roman and the Teuton, of the memories and the civilisation of the South with the fresh energy of the North, and from that moment modern history begins."

Thus was accomplished that revolution on which, in the West at least, no man had hitherto ventured. As yet no man of avowed Barbarian blood had ventured to assume the Imperial rank. Alaric, Ricimer, Chlodwig, Theodoric, Pippin himself, had never dared to style themselves Emperors of the Romans. They might be Kings of their own people, and Roman Consuls or Patricians, they might create or depose Emperors, but the Empire itself was beyond them. But now a man of Teutonic blood and speech was, by the election of the Old Rome, placed on her Imperial

tum seu abbatum, et senatus Francorum et omnes majores natu Romanorum, cum reliquo Christiano populo consilium habuerunt, ut ipsum Carolum, Regem Francorum, Imperatorem nominare deberent, qui Romam matrem Imperii tenebat, ubi semper Cæsares et Imperatores sedere soliti fuerunt; et ne pagani insultarent Christianis, si Imperatoris nomen apud Christianos cessasset."

throne. The Frankish King became a Roman Cæsar. And what should never be forgotten, he claimed, after his Imperial coronation, to reign not only as King but as Cæsar over the whole of his dominions. Those who had already sworn allegiance to the King were now called on afresh to swear allegiance to the Emperor. Thus was the dominion of Rome and her Emperor again formally extended alike over large provinces which had been wrested from the Empire, and over vast regions which the older Cæsars had never possessed. The Roman eagle was now replaced on the banks of the Ebro, and planted for the first time on the banks of the Eider. When Germany swore allegiance to the new Augustus, the defeat of Varus might be thought to be avenged by the hands of one who, in blood and speech and manners, was the true successor of Arminius. If Greece led captive her Roman conqueror, Rome now still more effectually led captive the Barbarian who strove to conceal, even from himself, the fact that he had conquered her.

All this, it is easy to say, was mere unreality and delusion. It is easy to argue that Charles was not a Roman Emperor in the same sense as Augustus or even as Augustulus. With what right could he be called the successor of Constantine the Sixth, when the dominions of the two princes had hardly a square mile of ground in common, while the Byzantine succession continued undisturbed, and bore sway even over some portions of Italy itself? Charles, it may be argued, was simply a Teutonic king, who satisfied a mere prejudice on the part of a portion of his subjects, by assuming an empty title which neither extended his rule over new dominions nor increased his prerogative within the old.

All this, no doubt, is true; it is all obvious enough to us at the distance of a thousand years. But it was not obvious to men at the time. And, as men's actions are governed, not by what, with further knowledge, they might have thought, but by what they actually did know and think, the assumption of the Imperial rank by Charles was neither unreal nor illusory, because it led to important practical results. In the eyes of all Charles's Italian subjects, probably in the eyes of many of his Gaulish subjects, the assumption of the Roman title made all the difference between legitimate and illegitimate dominion. The King of the Franks was a Barbarian conqueror, or at best a Barbarian deliverer; in the Emperor of the Romans men beheld the restorer of lawful and orderly government, after a long and violent interruption. Even in the eyes of his own Germans, Charles Augustus became, in some vague way, greater and holier than Charles the mere Frankish king, and in their exaltation of their prince, the nation felt itself

exalted also. The form of words did not as yet exist, but the West now saw again a Holy Roman Empire, and it was now a "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation."

This truth, however, was not as yet legally acknowledged; indeed it did not as yet exist in all its practical fulness. Charles was indeed a German king; but the possession of the Imperial crown by a German king did not identify the Imperial crown with the German nation in the same way that it did from the time of Otto the Great onward. The difference between the position of Charles and that of Otto is this: Otto was indeed the most powerful king of the West, but he was not the only king. The Imperial crown was annexed to the distinct local kingdom of the Eastern Franks, when it might conceivably have been annexed to the kingdom of the Burgundians, or even to the kingdom of the Western Franks. There thus arose, from Otto onwards, a distinct connexion between the Roman Empire and Germany as a distinct country and nation, one country and nation out of several possible competitors. But Charles was far more than all this: he was not only the most powerful king, but he was in some sense the only king. He might claim to be Lord of the World in a truer sense than any Emperor after his son, in as true a sense as any Emperor since Theodosius. Setting aside our own island, which passed almost for another world, Charles was actually either the immediate sovereign or the suzerain lord of all Western Christendom. The East was indeed ruled by a second Cæsar, who might, according to circumstances, be looked on either as an Imperial rival, a Tetricus or a Carausius, or as an Imperial colleague, a Valens or an Arcadius. But the West was all his own. He ruled, and, after his Imperial coronation, he ruled distinctly as Roman Augustus, over all the lands from the Ocean and the Ebro to the Elbe and the Theiss. His frontiers were surrounded, as the frontiers of Rome were in ancient times, by a string of allied and tributary states, the antitypes of the Massinissas and the Herods. In such a dominion as this, the mere Frankish nationality might well seem to be lost; Frank, Gaul, Burgundian, Italian, might seem to be alike subjects of Cæsar, or, if they better liked the title, citizens of Rome. Of course this appearance of universal dominion was delusive; but it was only in human nature that men should, at the time, be deluded by it.

But such an Empire as this needed the arm of Charles the Great himself to support it. One hardly knows whether it was in wisdom or in folly, because he saw not the consequences or because he saw that the consequences were unavoidable, that Charles sanctioned the principle of a division of his dominions among his sons. The Empire was still to be one and indivisible,

but the Emperor was to reign only as the superior lord over several Kings of his own house. Under Charles himself, his sons had reigned as kings over Italy and Aquitaine, and he had found them ever his loyal vicegerents. Possibly he hardly foresaw that the submission willingly yielded to a father, and such a father, would not be so willingly yielded to a brother, an uncle, or perhaps a distant cousin. Possibly he saw that no hand but his own could keep his dominions together; that it was better to make the best of a sad necessity; that it was something to secure a nominal and theoretical unity in the vassalage of all the kings to the imperial head of the family. Anyhow, he had precedents enough, Roman and Frankish. He was only treading in the steps of Chlodwig and of Pippin, and he may well have thought that he was treading in the steps of Diocletian, Constantine, and Theodosius. At all events, from the death of Lewis the Pious, or rather from the death of Charles himself, a state of division begins: Kings and Emperors rise and fall; the Empire is sometimes nominally, always practically, in abeyance. For one moment, under Charles the Fat, nearly the whole Empire is reunited; but, with his deposition in 888, the Eastern and the Western Franks, *Francia Teutonica* and *Francia Latina*—in modern language, Germany and France—are separated for ever. Germany, West France, Burgundy, Italy, become distinct kingdoms, ruled for the most part by kings not of the blood of the Great Charles. Through the first half of the ninth century, whenever there was an Emperor at all, instead of being Lord of the World, he was at most a King of Italy, with a very feeble hold indeed even on his peninsular kingdom.

Then came the revival under Otto the Great, the foundation of the Roman Empire under its latest form. The kingdoms of Germany and Italy were now united, and their common king, though he did not as yet assume the title, was, from the moment of his coronation at Aachen, Roman Emperor-Elect, "*Rex Romanorum in Cæsarem promovendus*." Once only, on the extinction of the direct line of the Ottos, did Italy again strive to establish a real national king. Though Kings of Italy were once or twice elected in later times in opposition to the reigning King or Emperor, they were discontented or rebellious princes of the imperial house, who certainly had no mind to confine their rule to Italy, if they could extend it over Germany and Burgundy also. From the days of Otto, the principle was gradually established that the chosen King of Germany acquired, as such, a right to the royal crowns of Italy and Burgundy,¹ and to the imperial crown of Rome. He was not

¹ After the acquisition of the kingdom of Burgundy in 1032. Mr. Bryce has an important note on the various uses of the word Burgundy, the most fluctuating and perplexing name in history.

Emperor till he had been crowned at Rome by the Roman Pontiff, but he, and no other, had a right to become Emperor. This was a state of things very different from the Empire of the first Cæsars, very different from the Empire of Charles, but it was still more widely different from the "phantom Empire," to use Mr. Bryce's words, of Guido and Berenger. The union of three out of the four Kingdoms into which the dominions of Charles had split, made the Empire, if not an universal monarchy, yet a power which had as yet no rival in Western Europe. France—modern, Celtic, Capetian, Parisian France—looked exceedingly like a revolted province, wrongfully separated from the body of the Empire and from the sway of the successor of Charles. States of which the old Cæsars had never heard, Denmark, Bohemia, Poland, Hungary, owed a homage more or less practical, to the Saxon, Frankish, or Swabian Augustus. The Holy Roman Empire had now assumed essentially the same form which it retained down to 1806; another distinct step had been taken towards making it the special heritage of the German nation.

It is at this point, the beginning of the Empire in its last shape, that Mr. Bryce stops to review the imperial theory as it was understood in the Middle Ages. What that theory was we have already tried to set forth; but it should be borne in mind that the theory grew in clearness and fulness, and moreover that people became the more inclined to theorize about an ideal Empire the more they saw the actual Empire depart from their own theories. One may doubt whether Otto the Great or any man of his time could have set forth the imperial creed in the distinct and elaborate shape into which it was thrown by Dante. Still the essential elements of the theory existed from the beginning. It was held, from the days of Otto, that the eternal fitness of things required an universal temporal, and an universal spiritual, chief of Christendom; that those chiefs were to be looked for in the Roman Emperor and the Roman Pontiff; lastly, that the true Roman Emperor was the German King. No Emperor was ever so thoroughly imbued with these notions as Otto the Third, who seems to have seriously intended to make Rome, in fact as well as in name, the seat of his Empire, and thence to rule the world by the help of a Pontiff like-minded with himself. Of the schemes, or rather the visions, of this wonderful young prince, so sadly cut off in the days of his brightest promise, Mr. Bryce gives us an eloquent picture:—

"Otto III.'s reign cannot pass unnoticed: short, sad, full of bright promise never fulfilled. His mother was the Greek princess Theophano; his preceptor, the illustrious Gerbert: through the one he

felt himself connected with the old Empire, and had imbibed the absolutism of Byzantium: by the other he had been reared in the dream of a renovated Rome, with her memories turned to realities. To accomplish that renovation, who so fit as he who with the vigorous blood of the Teutonic conqueror inherited the venerable rights of Constantinople? It was his design, now that the solemn millennial era of the founding of Christianity had arrived, to renew the majesty of the city and make her again the capital of a world-embracing Empire, victorious as Trajan's, despotic as Justinian's, holy as Constantine's. His young and visionary mind was too much dazzled by the gorgeous fancies it created to see the world as it was: Germany rude, Italy unquiet, Rome corrupt and faithless. . . . With his tutor on Peter's chair to second or direct him, Otto laboured in his great project in a spirit almost mystic. He had an intense religious belief in the Emperor's duties to the world—in his proclamations he calls himself 'Servant of the Apostles,' 'Servant of Jesus Christ'—together with the ambitious antiquarianism of a fiery imagination, kindled by the memorials of the glory and power he represented. . . . How far these brilliant and far-reaching plans were capable of realization, had their author lived to attempt it, can be but guessed at. It is reasonable to suppose that whatever power he might have gained in the South he would have lost in the North. Dwelling rarely in Germany, and in mind more a Greek than a Teuton, he reined in the fierce barons with no such tight hand as his grandfather had been wont to do, he neglected the schemes of northern conquest, he released the Polish dukes from the obligation of tribute. But all, save that those plans were his, is now no more than conjecture, for Otto III., 'the wonder of the world,' as his own generation called him, died childless on the threshold of manhood;—the victim, if we may trust a story of the time, of the revenge of Stephanía, widow of Crescentius, who ensnared him by her beauty, and slew him by a lingering poison. They carried him across the Alps with laments whose echoes sound faintly yet from the pages of monkish chroniclers, and buried him in the choir of the basilica at Aachen some twenty paces from the tomb of Charles the Great beneath the central dome. Two years had not passed since, on his last journey to Rome, he had opened that tomb, had gazed on the great Emperor, sitting on a marble throne, robed and crowned, with the Gospel-book open before him; and there, touching the dead hand, unclasping from the neck its golden cross, had taken, as it were, an investiture of Empire from his Frankish forerunner. Short as was his life and few his acts, Otto III. is in one respect more memorable than any who went before or came after him. None save he desired to make the seven-hilled city again the seat of dominion, reducing Germany and Lombardy and Greece to their rightful place of subject provinces. No one else so forgot the present to live in the light of the ancient order: no other soul was so possessed by that fervid mysticism, and that reverence for the glories of the past, whereon rested the idea of the mediæval Empire."

Mr. Bryce comments at some length on the union in the same

person of the incongruous functions of German King and Roman Emperor :—

“No two systems can be more unlike than those whose headship became thus vested in one person : the one centralized, the other local ; the one resting on a sublime theory, the other the rude offspring of anarchy ; the one gathering all power into the hands of an irresponsible monarch, the other limiting his rights, and authorizing resistance to his commands : the one demanding the equality of all citizens as creatures equal before heaven, the other bound up with an aristocracy the proudest, and in its gradations of rank the most exact that Europe had ever seen.”

He then goes on to show how the two conceptions were fused into a third different from either ; how the Emperor-King strove to merge his Kingship in his Empire ; how the titles of German royalty were dropped for ages, so that Cæsar was held to rule as Cæsar no less in Germany than in Italy ; how again, by a natural interchange of thought, the idea of the Empire became mingled with feudal notions ; how the Emperor became a Lord of the World, not as a direct ruler, like the old Cæsars, but as an universal suzerain, of whom local kings and dukes and commonwealth might hold as his vassals, while he himself held his Empire immediately of God alone. There can be no doubt that in Germany the effect of the union of the Kingdom with the Empire was the weakening and the final destruction of the royal power. The Germany of the Ottos and the Henrys, divided and turbulent as it seems when compared with modern centralized states, was actually the most united power in Western Europe, incomparably more united than contemporary England or France. The whole later history of Germany is simply a history of the steps by which this once united realm fell to pieces. The King gradually lost all real power, and yet he remained to the last surrounded by a halo of outward reverence beyond all other kings. The full examination of the causes of these phenomena belongs to German history. But it cannot be doubted that the chief cause of all was the fact that the German King was also Roman Emperor. It was not only that their Italian claims and titles led the German Kings into never-ending Italian wars, to the neglect of true German interests. This outward and palpable cause had doubtless a good deal to do with the matter ; but this was by no means all. The true causes lie deeper. The Emperor, Lord of the World, became, like the supreme deities of some mythologies, too great to act with effect as the local king of a popular kingdom. His local kingship was forgotten. The Emperors strove to merge their kingship in the Empire, and they did merge it in the Empire, though in an opposite way from that which they had intended. They

would reign as Emperors and not as Kings, meaning to reign as Emperors with more absolute and undisputed power. They did reign as Emperors and not as Kings, because the imperial power was found to be practically far less effective than the royal power. The Emperor, Lord of the World, exercised only a most vague and nominal supremacy beyond the limits of his own kingdoms; why, now that he reigned as Cæsar rather than as King, should Cæsar claim any more effective authority over Germany, Burgundy, and Italy, than he held over Gaul, or Spain, or Britain? He was Emperor alike in all realms; why should his jurisdiction, nominal in one, be any more practical in another? Thus, because their suzerain was of greater dignity than all other suzerains, did the vassal princes of Germany obtain a more complete independence than the vassal princes of any other realm. Again, the Empire was in its own nature elective. Mere kingdoms or duchies, mere local sovereignties, might pass from father to son like private estates; but the Empire, the chieftainship of Christendom, the temporal vicarship of God upon earth, could not be exposed to the chances of hereditary succession; it must remain as the loftiest of prizes, the fitting object of ambition for the worthiest of Roman citizens, that is, now, for all baptized men above the rank of a serf. The practical effect of this splendid theory was that, while the crowns of England and France became hereditary, the crown of Germany, as inseparable from the Empire, became purely elective.¹ Then followed the consequences which, in any but a very early state of society, are sure to follow on the establishment of a purely elective kingship. Each Emperor, uncertain whether he would be able to transmit his dignity to his son, thought more of the aggrandizement of his family than of maintaining the dignity of his crown. Escheated or forfeited fiefs, which in France would have gone to swell the royal domain, were employed in Germany to provide principalities for children whose succession to anything higher was uncertain. The election of each Emperor was commonly purchased by concessions to the Electors, and if an Emperor was so lucky as to procure the election of his son as King of the Romans during his lifetime, that special favour was purchased by further concessions still. The Empire sank to such a degree of poverty, that it became absolutely necessary to elect a prince whose hereditary dominions were large enough to enable him to maintain his imperial rank. Such princes made their hereditary

¹ Of course the old Teutonic law, in Germany and everywhere else, was election out of one royal family, but in England and France the hereditary element in this system grew at the expense of the elective, while in Germany the process was reversed.

dominions their first object, and retreated altogether to their hereditary capitals, sometimes beyond the limits of Roman or German dominion. Italy fell away, Burgundy was gradually swallowed up by France. The Holy Roman Empire was cut down to a German kingdom, whose very royalty was little more than a pageant. As if in some desperate hope of reviving the royal authority, Maximilian re-assumed the royal title,¹ almost forgotten since the days of Otto. The Roman Empire and the German Kingdom became practically hereditary in the House of Austria. From Charles the Fifth onwards, the Roman Emperor was again a mighty prince, but his might was neither as Roman Emperor nor as German King. The Emperor-King, with his Kingdom and Empire, sank, as we have already said, to be the president of one of the laxest of federal bodies.

Thus it was that the acquisition of the imperial dignity crushed and broke up the ancient kingdom of the Eastern Franks. Yet the influence of that splendid possession was not wholly destructive. It preserved in the very act of weakening. The Imperial idea was like the ivy which first makes a wall ruinous, and then preserves it from falling. The Empire in every way lessened the real power and influence of the Kingdom, but it insured its existence. We may be sure that any other kingdom whose King retained so little real authority as the King of Germany, would have fallen asunder far sooner than Germany did. But the King of Germany was also the Roman Emperor; as such he was surrounded by an atmosphere of vague majesty beyond all other kings; he was the object of a mysterious reverence, which did not at all hinder his vassals from robbing him of all effectual prerogatives, but which altogether hindered them from formally abolishing his office. The Roman Empire, as far as any real power or dignity was concerned, was buried in the grave of Frederick the Wonder of the World. But its ghost lingered on for five hundred and fifty years. Cæsar survived the Interregnum; he survived the Golden Bull; he survived the Reformation; he survived the Peace of Westphalia. The Roman Emperors, powerful as heads of the Austrian House, became, as Kings and Cæsars, almost as vain a pageant as a Merovingian King or an Abasside Caliph of Egypt. The temporal head of Christendom saw half of his own kingdom fall away into heresy. He saw his vassals, great and small, assume all the rights of independent sovereigns. He saw cities and provinces fall away one by one, some assuming perfect republican indepen-

¹ The old titles, "*Rex Orientalium Francorum*," etc., were gradually dropped under the Ottos. Henceforth the Emperor, though crowned at Aachen and sometimes at Arles, took no title but "*Imperator*" or "*Rex Romanorum*." Maximilian restored the ancient style under the form of "*Rex Germaniæ*," "*König in Germanien*."

dence,¹ some swallowed up by royal or revolutionary France. But the frail bark which carried Cæsar and his fortunes still kept on its course amid so many contending blasts. It was only when the magic spell of the name of Empire was dissolved by the rise of upstart and rival Emperors, that the fabric at last gave way. The assumption of the Imperial title by the Muscovite was the first step, but this alone did but little. The Russian Empire might be looked upon as in some vague way representing the Empire of Byzantium, or its sovereign might be spoken of as Emperor according to that rough analogy which confers the imperial title on the barbaric princes of China and Morocco. It was not till a rival appeared close on its own ground, that the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation fell utterly asunder. Side by side with the Emperor of the Romans suddenly arose an "Emperor of the French," giving himself out, with consummate but plausible impudence, as the true successor of the Great Charles. The Kingdom of Italy, almost forgotten since the days of the Hohenstaufen, arose again to place a new diadem on the same presumptuous brow. A King of Rome, a title unheard of since the days of Tarquin, next appeared, as if to mock the long line of German "Reges Romanorum." The assumption of the Imperial title by Buonaparte was met by Francis the Second in a way which showed that he must almost have forgotten his own existence. He, the King of Germany and Roman Emperor-Elect, could find no better means to put himself on a level with the Corsican usurper, than to add to his style the monstrous, ludicrous, and meaningless addition of "Hereditary Emperor of Austria."² An hereditary Emperor of Lichtenstein

¹ The Confederations of Switzerland and the United Provinces, whose independence of the Empire, practically established long before, was not formally recognised till 1648.

² "*Erbkaiser von Oesterreich*," as distinguished from "*Erwählter Römischer Kaiser*." This, as Mr. Bryce remarks, besides its absurdity in other ways, implies a complete forgetfulness of the meaning of the word "*Erwählter*." The title of "*Erwählter Römischer Kaiser*," "*Romanorum Imperator electus*," was introduced by Maximilian, under Papal sanction, to express what hitherto had been expressed by "*Rex Romanorum in Cæsarem promoven-dus*," that is, a prince elected at Frankfurt and crowned at Aachen (latterly crowned at Frankfurt also), but not yet Emperor, because not yet crowned at Rome by the Pope. This was the condition of all the Emperors since Charles the Fifth, none of whom were crowned by the Pope. They were therefore only "Emperors-elect," just like a bishop-elect, one that is chosen, but not yet consecrated. But when *Erbkaiser* could be opposed to "*Erwählter Kaiser*," it was clear that people fancied that *Erwählter* meant not "elect," but *elective*, as opposed to hereditary. In short, Francis the Second seems to have altogether forgotten who and what he was.

In the Peace of Presburg, in 1805, the Emperor is called throughout "Empe-reur d'Allemagne et d'Autriche," in the heading, "*Kaiser von Oesterreich*" only.

would have seemed no greater absurdity in the eyes of Charles or Otto or Frederick. When it had come to this, it was time that the old titles of Rome and Germany should pass away. As the elective King had made himself an hereditary Emperor, Dukes and Electors thought they had an equal right to make themselves hereditary Kings. Their new-fangled Majesties and Highnesses revolted against their renegade overlord, and found a willing protector west of the Rhine. The Roman Empire and the German Kingdom was now no more; the foreign Emperor declared that he did not recognise its existence;¹ and its own imperial chief proclaimed the final dissolution of the creation of Augustus, Charles, and Otto, in a document in which, after the formal enumeration of his own now degraded titles, the name of Rome does not occur.²

We have thus hurried through a period of more than eight hundred years, the revolutions of which are set forth by Mr. Bryce with singular clearness and power. He brings forth in its due prominence the great reign of Henry the Third, the moment when the Empire reached its highest pitch of real power. This was followed by the struggles between the spiritual and temporal powers under his son and grandson, which showed how vain was the theory which expected the Roman Cæsar and the Roman Pontiff to pull together in harmony. But Mr. Bryce's highest enthusiasm centres round the great House of Swabia. He gives us a brilliant picture of the reign of Frederick Barbarossa, into whose real character and position we need hardly say that he fully enters. On the reign of his grandson, "*Fridericus stupor mundi et innovator mirabilis*," Mr. Bryce is less full and less eloquent than we should have expected, but he clearly points out the importance of his reign as an epoch in Imperial history, and marks out boldly the fact that "with Frederick fell the Empire." The Empire, in short, from Rudolf onwards, is a revival, something analogous to the Empire of the Palaiologi at Constantinople. Internal disorganization had done in the Western Empire what foreign conquest had done in the Eastern. Rudolf, Adolf, Albert, were mere German kings; they never crossed the Alps to assume either

¹ See the addition made by Buonaparte to the Act of Confederation of the Rhine: "*Sa Majesté . . . ne reconnoit plus l'existence de la constitution Germanique.*"

² The form used throughout is "*deutsches Reich*." But the titles run as of old, "*Erwählter Römischer Kaiser*," "*König in Germanien*," etc., only the new-fashioned "*Erbkaiser von Oesterreich*" is thrust in between them. Even the "*zu allen Zeiten Mehrer des Reichs*," the old ludicrous mistranslation of "*semper Augustus*" is not left out in the document which proclaims the Empire to have come to an end.

the golden crown of Rome or the iron crown of Monza. With Henry the Seventh we reach a new period, or rather his reign is like a few years transported onwards from an earlier time. The revival of classical learning had given a revived impulse to the Imperial idea, just as the revival of the Civil Law had done at an earlier time. Of the ideas with which men then looked upon the Empire, Dante, in his work *De Monarchia*, is the great exponent. It must not be thought for a moment that Dante's subject is monarchy, in the common sense of the word, royal government as opposed to aristocracy or democracy. With him *monarchia* is synonymous with *imperium*. There may be many kings and princes, but there is only one monarch, one universal chief, the Roman Emperor. He proves elaborately, in the peculiar style of reasoning current in that age, that an universal monarch is necessary, that the Roman Emperor is of right the universal monarch, that the Emperor does not hold his crown of the Pope, but immediately of God alone. But he has not a word of argument to show that the German King is really the Roman Emperor; that is assumed as a matter of course; there was no need to prove, because nobody doubted, that whatever belonged of right to Augustus Cæsar belonged of right to his legitimate successor, Harry of Luxemburg. On this branch of the argument—one which, to our notions, stood quite as much in need of proof as any of the others—Dante does not vouchsafe a single line. The illusion survived untouched. In Mr. Bryce's words:—

“The offices of the imperial household, instituted by Constantine the Great, were attached to the noblest families of Germany. The Emperor and Empress, before their coronation at Rome, were lodged in the chambers called those of Augustus and Livia; a bare sword was borne before them by the prætorian prefect; their processions were adorned by the standards, eagles, wolves, and dragons, which had figured in the train of Hadrian or Theodosius. The constant title of the Emperor himself, according to the style introduced by Probus, was ‘semper Augustus,’ or ‘perpetuus Augustus,’ which erring etymology translated ‘at all times increaser of the Empire.’ [*Zu allen Zeiten Mehrer des Reichs.*] The *pontificatus maximus* of his predecessors was supposed to be preserved by his admission as a canon of St. Peter's at Rome and St. Mary's at Aachen. Annalists invariably number the place of each sovereign from Augustus downwards. The notion of an uninterrupted succession, which moves the stranger's wondering smile as he sees ranged round the magnificent Golden Hall of Augsburg the portraits of the Cæsars, laurelled, helmeted, and periwigged, from the conqueror of Gaul to the partitioner of Poland, was to those generations not an article of faith only because its denial was inconceivable.”

The philosophy of the matter Mr. Bryce explains in a brilliant passage:—

"In truth, through all that period which we call the Dark and Middle Ages men's minds were possessed by the belief that all things continued as they were from the beginning, that no chasm never to be recrossed lay between them and that ancient world to which they had not ceased to look back. We who are centuries removed, can see that there had passed a great and wonderful change upon thought, and art, and literature, and politics, and society itself: a change whose best illustration is to be found in the process whereby there arose out of the primitive basilica the Romanesque cathedral, and from it in turn the endless varieties of the Gothic. But so gradual was the change, that each generation felt it passing over them no more than a man feels that perpetual transformation by which his body is renewed from year to year; while the few who had learning enough to study antiquity through its contemporary records, were prevented by the utter want of criticism and of that which we call historical feeling, from seeing how prodigious was the contrast between themselves and those whom they admired. There is nothing more modern than the critical spirit which dwells upon the difference between the minds of men in one age and in another; which endeavours to make each age its own interpreter, and judge what it did or produced by a relative standard. . . . And thus, when we remember that the notion of progress and development, and of change as the necessary condition thereof, was unwelcome or unknown in mediæval times, we may better understand, though we do not cease to wonder, how men, never doubting that the political system of antiquity had descended to them, modified indeed, yet in substance the same, should have believed that the Frank, the Saxon, and the Suabian, ruled all Europe by a right which seems to us not less fantastic than that fabled charter whereby Alexander the Great bequeathed his Empire, to the Slavic race for the love of Roxolana."

We have not room to follow Mr. Bryce through all the stages of the later German history, when the Empire had lost all Roman and imperial character, when the Emperor was again a mere German King, or rather a mere president of a German Confederation. The steps by which Germany sank from a kingdom into a confederation have an interest of their own, but it is one which more closely touches federal than imperial history. Germany is, as far as we know, the only example of a Confederation which arose, not out of the union of elements before distinct, but out of the dissolution of a formerly existing kingdom. From the Peace of Westphalia—we might almost say from the Interregnum onwards—the imperial historian has little more to do than to watch the strange and blind affection with which men clung to the mere name of what had once been great and glorious. And yet we have seen that even that name was not without its practical effect. If, in Mr. Bryce's emphatic words, "the German Kingdom broke down beneath the weight

of the Roman Empire," it was certainly the name of the Roman Empire which hindered the severed pieces from altogether flying asunder. And the recollection of the Empire works still in modern politics, though we fear more for evil than for good. Patriotic Germans indeed look back with a sigh to the days when Germany was great and united under her Ottos and her Henrys, but these are remembrances of the Kingdom rather than of the Empire. The memory of the Empire is mainly used in modern times to prop up the position of the two upstart powers which now venture to profane the Imperial title. Because Gaul was once a German province, the Lord of Paris would have us believe that the successor of Charles is to be found among a people who in the days of the great Emperor had no national being. Because certain Austrian Dukes were chosen Roman Emperors, we are called upon, sometimes to condemn the great Frederick as a forerunner of Francis Joseph, sometimes to justify Francis Joseph as a successor of the great Frederick. We will wind up with the fervid and eloquent comments of Mr. Bryce on this latter head. A more vigorous denunciation of the great Austrian imposture we have seldom come across—

"Austria has indeed, in some things, but too faithfully reproduced the policy of the Saxon and Suabian Cæsars. Like her, they oppressed and insulted the Italian people: but it was in the defence of rights which the Italians themselves admitted. Like her, they lusted after a dominion over the races on their borders, but that dominion was to them a means of spreading civilisation and religion in savage countries, not of pampering upon their revenues a hated court and aristocracy. Like her, they strove to maintain a strong government at home, but they did it when a strong government was the first of political blessings. Like her, they gathered and maintained vast armies; but those armies were composed of knights and barons who lived for war alone, not of peasants torn away from useful labour and condemned to the cruel task of perpetuating their own bondage by crushing the aspirations of another nationality. They sinned grievously, no doubt, but they sinned in the dim twilight of a half-barbarous age, not in the noonday blaze of modern civilisation. The enthusiasm for mediæval faith and simplicity which was so fervid some years ago, has run its course, and is not likely soon to revive. He who reads the history of the Middle Ages will not deny that its heroes, even the best of them, were in some respects little better than savages. But when he approaches more recent times, and sees how, during the last three hundred years, kings have dealt with their subjects, and with each other, he will forget the ferocity of the Middle Ages, in horror at the heartlessness, the treachery, the injustice all the more odious because it sometimes wears the mask of legality, which disgraces the annals of the military monarchies of Europe. With regard, however, to the

pretensions of modern Austria, the truth is that this dispute about the worth of the old system has no bearing upon them at all. The day of imperial greatness was already past when Rudolf of the first Hapsburg reached the throne; while during what may be called the Austrian period, from Maximilian to Francis II., the Holy Empire was to Germany a mere clog and incumbrance, which the unhappy nation bore, because she knew not how to rid herself of it. The Germans are welcome to appeal to the old Empire to prove that they were once a united people. Nor is there any harm in their comparing the politics of the twelfth century with those of the nineteenth, although to argue from the one to the other seems to betray a want of historical judgment. But the one thing which is wholly absurd is to make Francis Joseph of Austria the successor of Frederick of Hohenstaufen, and justify the most sordid and ungenial of modern despotisms by the example of the mirror of mediæval chivalry, the noblest creation of mediæval thought."

- ART. VIII.—1. *Etchings and Sketchings*. By A. PEN, Esq.
 2. *Sketches Contributed to Bell's Life*.
 3. *The Fiddle-Faddle Fashion Book*.
 4. *Parody in Lithograph of Mulready's Post-Office Envelope*.
 5. *The Children of the Mobility*.
 6. *The Comic Latin Grammar*. By PERCEVAL LEIGH. Illustrated by LEECH.
 7. *The Comic English Grammar*. By the Same.
 8. *Bentley's Miscellany*. For many years. Profuse Illustrations.
 9. *The Marchioness de Brinvilliers*. By ALBERT SMITH and LEECH.
 10. *The Adventures of Jack Ledbury*. By Do. and do.
 11. *Blaine's Encyclopædia of Rural Sports*.
 12. *Ballads*. By BON GUALTIER.
 13. *Puck on Pegasus*.
 14. *The Militiaman Abroad*.
 15. *Christopher Tadpole*.
 16. *Paul's Dashes of American Humour*.
 17. *Seeley's Porcelain Tower*.
 18. *Christmas Numbers of the London Illustrated News*.
 19. *The Quizziology of the British Drama*. By G. A. A'BECKETT.
 20. *The Story of a Feather*. By DOUGLAS JERROLD.
 21. *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*.
 22. *Life of a Foxhound*. By JOHN MILLS.
 23. *Crock of Gold, etc.*
 24. *Colin Clink*.
 25. *The Book of British Song*.
 26. *Stanley Thorn*.
 27. *Jack Hinton*.
 28. *Punch's Pocket-Book*. Up to 1864. Etchings and small woodcuts.
 29. *Douglas Jerrold's Collected Works*.
 30. *The Earlier Volumes of Once a Week*.
 31. *Jack Brag*. By THEODORE HOOK.
 32. *Journey to Pau*. By HON. ERSKINE MURRAY.
 33. *The Month*. By ALBERT SMITH.
 34. *The Rising Generation: A Series of Twelve Large Coloured Plates*.
 35. *The Comic Cocker*.
 36. *Young Troublesome*.
 37. *The Comic History of England*. Etchings and woodcuts.
 38. *The Comic History of Rome*. Do. and do.
 39. *Handley Cross*.
 40. *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*.

41. *Ask Mamma.*
42. *Plain or Ringlets.*
43. *Mr. Faccy Romford's Hounds.*
44. *A Little Tour in Ireland.* By an Oxonian.
45. *Master Jacky in Love: A Sequel to Young Troublesome.*
46. *The Christmas Carol.* By CHARLES DICKENS.
47. *The Cricket on the Hearth.* Do.
48. *The Chimes.* Do.
49. *Punch from 1841.*

IF man is made to mourn, he also, poor fellow! and without doubt therefore, is made to laugh. He needs it all, and he gets it. For human nature may say of herself in the words of the ballad, "Werena my heart licht, I wad die."

Man is the only animal that laughs; it is as peculiar to him as his chin and his *hippocampus minor*.¹ The perception of a joke, the smile, the sense of the ludicrous, the quiet laugh, the roar of laughter, are all our own; and we may be laughed as well as tickled to death, as in the story of the French nun of mature years, who, during a vehement fit of laughter, was observed by her sisters to sit suddenly still and look very "gash" (like the Laird of Garscadden²), this being considered a farther part of the joke, when they found she was elsewhere.

In books, old and new, there is no end of philosophizing upon the ludicrous and its cause; from Aristotle, who says it is some error in truth or propriety, but at the same time neither painful nor pernicious; and Cicero, who defines it as that which, without impropriety, notes and exposes an impropriety; to Jean Paul, who says it is the opposite of the sublime, the infinitely great, and is therefore the infinitely little; and Kant, who gives it as the sudden conversion into nothing of a long raised and highly-wrought expectation; many have been the attempts to unsphere the spirit of a joke and make it tell its secret; but we agree with our excellent and judicious friend Quintilian, that its *ratio* is at best *anceps*. There is a certain robust felicity about old Hobbes's saying, that "it is a *sudden glory*, or sense of eminency above others or our former selves." There is no doubt at least about the suddenness and the glory; all true laughter must be involuntary, must come and go as it lists, must take us and shake us heartily and by surprise. No man can laugh any more than he can sneeze at will, and he has nearly as little to do with its ending—it dies out, disdaining to be killed. He may grin

¹ No other animal has a chin proper, and it is a comfort, in its own small way, that Mr. Huxley has not yet found the lesser sea-horse in our grandfather's brain.

² Vide Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*.

and guffaw, because these are worked by muscles under the dominion of volition, but your diaphragm, the midriff, into which your joker pokes his elbow, he is the great organ of genuine laughter and the sudden glory, and he, as you all know, when made absurd by hiccup, is masterless as the wind, "untamable as flies;" therefore is he called by the grave Haller, *nobilissimus post cor musculus*; for, ladies and gentlemen, your heart is only a (often very) hollow muscle. If you wish to know what is done in your interior when you laugh, here it is from Dr Carpenter. He classes it along with sobbing and hiccup, and says: "In it the muscles of expiration are in convulsive movement, more or less violent, and send out the breath in a series of jerks, the *glottis* being open," the *glottis* being the little chink at the top of the windpipe.

As to the mental impression on the sensorium that sets these jerks agoing, and arches that noble muscle, we, as already said, think it may be left to a specific sense of its own, and that laughter is the effect and very often the cause of the laughable, and therefore of itself—a definition which has the merit of being self-contained. But is it not well that we are made to laugh, that, from the first sleepy gleam moving like sunshine over an infant's cheek, to the cheery and feeble chirrup of his great-grandfather by the fireside, we laugh at the laughable, when the depths of our strange nature are dappled and rippled, or tossed into wildest laughter by anything, so that it be droll, just as we shudder when soused with cold water—because we can't help it?

But we are drifting into disquisition and must beware. What is it to us or the public that the pneumogastric and phrenic nerves are the telegraphs from their head-quarters in the brain to this same midriff—that if cut, there would be an end of our funny messages, and of a good deal more; that the *musculus nobilissimus*, if wounded in its feelings from without or from within, takes to outrageous laughter of the dreariest sort; that if anything goes wrong at the central *thalami*, as they are called, of these nerves, the vehicles of will and feeling, they too make sad fools of themselves by sending down absurd, incoherent telegrams "at lairge"?

One might be diffuse upon the various ways in which laughter seizes upon and deals with mankind; how it excruciates some, making them look and yell as if caught in a trap. How a man takes to crowing like a cock, or as if under permanent hooping-cough, ending his series of explosions victoriously with his well-known "clarion wild and shrill." How provocative of laughter such a musical performance always is to his

friends, leading them to lay snares for him! We knew an excellent man—a country doctor—who, if wanted in the village, might be traced out by his convivial crow. It was droll to observe him resisting internally and on the sly the beginnings of his *bravura*; how it always prevailed. How another friend, huge, learned, and wise, whom laughter seizes and rends, is made desperate, and at times ends in crashing his chair, and concluding his burst on its ruins, and on the floor. In houses where he is familiar, a special chair is set for him, braced with iron for the stress.

Then one might discourse on the uses of laughter as a muscular exercise; on its drawing into action lazy muscles, supernumeraries, which get off easily under ordinary circumstances; how much good the convulsive succussion of the whole man does to his chylo-poietic and other viscera; how it laughs to scorn care and *malaise* of all kinds; how it makes you cry without sorrow, and ache every inch of you without wrong done to any one; how it clears the liver and enlivens the spleen, and makes the very cockles of the heart to tingle. By the bye, what are these cockles of tradition, but the *columnæ carnee*, that pull away at the valves, and keep all things tight?

But why should we trouble ourselves and you with either the physiology or the philosophy of laughter, when all that anybody needs to say or to hear, is said, so as to make all after saying hopeless and needless, by Sydney Smith, in his two chapters on Wit and Humour, in his *Notes of Lectures on Moral Philosophy*? Why it is that when any one—except possibly Mr. Tupper—hears for the first time, that wisest of wits' joke to his doctor, when told by him to "take a walk on an empty stomach;"—"on whose?"—he laughs right out, loud and strong, may be a question as hard to answer as the why he curls up his nose when tickled with a straw, or sneezes when he looks at the sun; but it is not hard to be thankful for the joke, and for the tickle, and for the sneeze. Our business rather is now gratefully to acknowledge the singular genius, the great personal and artistic worth of one of our best masters of "heart-easing mirth," than to discourse upon the why and how he makes us laugh so pleasantly, so wholesomely and well,—and to deplore, along with all his friends (who has not in him lost a friend?), his sudden and irreparable loss. It was as if something personal to every one was gone; as if a fruit we all ate and rejoiced in had vanished for ever; a something good and cheery, and to be thankful for, which came every week as sure as Thursday—never to come again. Our only return to him for all his unflinching goodness and cheer, is the memory of the heart, and he has it if any man in the British empire has. The noble,

honest, kindly, diligent, sound-hearted, modest, and manly John Leech—the very incarnation in look, character, and work of the best in an Englishman.

As there is and has always been, since we had letters or art of our own, a rich abounding power and sense of humour and of fun in the English nature; so ever since that same nature was pleased to divert and express itself and its jokes in art as well as in books, we have had no lack of depictees of the droll, the odd, the terrible, and the queer. Hogarth is the first and greatest of them all, the greatest master in his own *terribile via* the world has ever seen. If you want to know his worth and the exquisite beauty of his colouring, study his pictures, and possess his prints, and read Charles Lamb on his genius. Then came the savage Gillray, strong and coarse as Churchill, the very Tipton Slasher of political caricature; then we had Bunbury, Rowlandson, and Woodward, more violent than strong, more odd than droll, and often more disgusting than either. Smirke, with his delicate, pure, pleasant humour, as seen in his plates to *Don Quixote*, which are not unworthy of that marvellous book, the most deeply and exquisitely humorous piece of genius in all literature; then Edwin Landseer's *Monkeyana*, forgotten by, and we fear unknown to many, so wickedly funny, so awfully human, as almost to convert us to Mr. Huxley's pedigree—*The Duel*, for instance. Then we had Henry Alken in the Hunting Field, and poor Heath, the ex-Captain of Dragoons, facile and profuse, unscrupulous and clever. Then the greatest since Hogarth, though limited in range and tending to excess, George Cruickshank, who happily still lives and plies his matchless needle;—it would take an entire paper to expound his keen, penetrating power, his moral intensity, his gift of wild grimace, the dexterity and super-subtlety of his etching, its firm and delicate lines. Then came poor short-lived tragical Seymour, whom Thackeray wished to succeed as artist to *Pickwick*; he embodied *Pickwick* as did "Phiz,"—Hablot Browne,—*Messrs. Quilp* and *Pecksniff*, and *Micky Free*, and whose steeple-chasing Irish cocktails we all know and relish; but his manner is too much for him and for us, and his ideas are neither deep nor copious, hence everlasting and weak repetitions of himself. Kenny Meadows, with more genius, especially for fiends and all eldritch fancies, and still more mannerism. Sibson and Hood, whose drawings were quaint and queer enough, but his words better and queerer. Thackeray, very great, answering wonderfully his own idea. We wonder that his *Snobs* and *Modern Novelists* and miscellaneous papers were ever published without his own cuts. What would *Mrs. Perkins' Ball* be without *The Mulligan*, as the spread-eagle, frantic and glorious, doing the

mazurka, without *Miss Bunyon*, and them all; and the good little *Nightingale*, singing "Home, Sweet Home" to that young, premature brute Hewlett, in *Dr. Birch*. But we have already recorded our estimate of Mr. Thackeray's worth as an artist;¹ and all his drolleries and quaint bits of himself,—his comic melancholy, his wistful children, his terrific soldans in the early *Punches*. They should all be collected,—wherever he escapes from his pen to his pencil, they should never be divorced. Then Doyle, with his wealth of dainty phantasies, his glamourie, his wonderful power of expressing the weird and uncanny, his fairies and goblins, his enchanted castles and maidens, his plump caracolliing pony chargers, his charm of colour and of unearthly beauty in his water-colours. No one is more thoroughly himself and alone than Doyle. We need only name his father, "H. B.," the master of gentlemanly, political satire,—as Gillray was of brutal. Tenniel we still have, excellent, careful, and often strong and effective; but more an artist and a draughtsman than a genius or a humourist.

John Leech is different from all these, and, taken as a whole, surpasses them all, even Cruickshank, and seats himself next, though below, William Hogarth. Well might Thackeray, in his delightful notice of his friend and fellow-Carthusian in *The Quarterly*, say, "There is no blinking the fact, that in Mr. Punch's Cabinet John Leech is the right-hand man. Fancy a number of *Punch* without Leech's picture! What would you give for it?" This was said ten years ago. How much more true it is now! We don't need to *fancy* it any longer! And yet, doubtless, nature is already preparing some one else—she is for ever filling her horn—whom we shall never think better, or in his own way, half so good, but who like him will be, let us trust, new and true, modest, and good; let us, meanwhile, rest and be thankful, and look back on the past. We'll move on by and bye—"to fresh fields and pastures new"—we suppose, and hope.

We are not going to give a biography, or a studied appraisalment of this great artist,—that has been already well done in the *Cornhill*,—and we trust the mighty "J. O." who knew him and loved him as a brother, and whose strong and fine hand—its truth, nicety, and power—we think we recognise in an admirable short notice of Leech as one of the "Men of Mark," in the *London Journal* of May 31, 1862—may employ his leisure in giving us a memorial of his friend. No one could do it better, not even the judicious Tom Taylor, and it is worth his while, to go down the great stream side by side with such a man. All that we shall now do is to give some particulars, not, so far as we know, given to the public, and end

¹ *North Brit. Review*, No. lxxix., Feb. 1864.

with a few selected woodcuts from *Punch*—illustrative of his various moods and gifts—for which we are indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans,—two men to whom and to whose noble generosity and enterprise we owe it that *Punch* is what he is ; men who have made their relation to him and to his staff of writers and artists, a labour of love ; dealing in everything, from the quality of the paper up to the genius, with truly disinterested liberality ; and who, to give only one instance, must have given Mr. Leech, during his twenty-three years' connexion with them, upwards of £40,000,—money richly deserved, and well won, for no money could pay in full what he was to them and to us ; but still, not the less honourable to them than to him.¹

¹ When the history of the rise and progress of *Punch* comes to be written, it will be found that the Weekly Dinner has been one of the chief things which contributed to its success. Almost from the foundation of that journal it has been the habit of the contributors every Wednesday to dine together. In the winter months, the dinner is usually held in the front room of the first floor of No. 11, Bouverie Street, Whitefriars,—the business offices of the proprietors, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. Sometimes these dinners are held at the Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden. During the summer months, it is customary to have ten or twelve dinners at places in the neighbourhood of London, Greenwich, Richmond, Blackwall, etc. And once a year they attend the annual dinner of the firm, at which compositors, readers, printers, machinememen, clerks, etc., dine. This dinner is called the "Way Goose," and is often referred to in *Punch*.

At the weekly dinner, the contents of the forthcoming number of *Punch* are discussed. When the cloth is removed, and dessert is laid on the table, the first question put by the editor is, "What shall the Cartoon be?"

During the lifetimes of Jerrold and Thackeray, the discussions after dinner ran very high, owing to the constitutional antipathy existing between these two. Jerrold being the oldest, as well as the noisiest, generally came off victorious. In these rows it required all the suavity of Mark Lemon (and he has a great deal of that quality) to calm the storm ; his award always being final.

The third edition of Wednesday's *Sun* is generally brought in to give the latest intelligence, so as to bring the Cartoon down to the latest date. On the Thursday morning following, the editor calls at the houses of the artists to see what is being done. On Friday night all copy is delivered and put into type, and at two o'clock on Saturday proofs are revised, the forms made up, and with the last movement of the engine, the whole of the type is placed under the press, which cannot be moved until the Monday morning, when the steam is again up. This precaution is taken to prevent waggish tricks on the part of practical joking compositors.

At these dinners none but those connected with the staff proper are permitted to attend ; the only occasional exceptions, we believe, have been Sir Joseph Paxton, Mr. Layard, the present Foreign Under-Secretary, Charles Dickens, and Charles Dickens, junior. As an illustration of the benefit arising from these meetings, we may mention that Jerrold always used to say, "It is no use any of us quarrelling, because next Wednesday must come round with its dinner, when we will all have to shake hands again." By means of these meetings, the discussions arising on all questions helped both caricaturist and wit to take a broad view of things, as well as enabled the editor to get his team to draw well together, and give a uniformity of tone to all the contributions.

John Leech, we believe remotely of Irish extraction, was a thoroughly London boy, though never one whit of a Cockney in nature or look. He was born in 1817, being thus six years younger than Thackeray, both of them Charterhouse boys. We rejoice to learn that Lord Russell has, in the kindest way, given to Mr. Leech's eldest boy a presentation to this famous school, where the best men of London birth have so long had their training, as Brougham and Jeffrey, Scott and Cockburn, had at the Edinburgh High School. This gift of our Foreign Minister is twice blessed, and is an act the country may well thank him for.

When between six and seven years of age, some of Leech's drawings were seen by the great Flaxman, and, after carefully looking at them and the boy, he said, "That boy must be an artist; he will be nothing else or less." This was said in full consciousness of what is involved in advising such a step. His father wisely, doubtless, thought otherwise, and put him to the medical profession at St. Bartholomew's, under Mr. Stanley. He was very near being sent to Edinburgh, and apprenticed to Sir George Ballingall. If he had come to us then, he would have found one student, since famous, with whom he would have cordialized: Edward, afterwards Professor Forbes, who to his other great gifts added that of drawing, especially of all sorts of wild, fanciful, elfish pleasantries and freaks, most original and ethereal—and the specimens of which, in their many strange resting-places, it would be worth the while to reproduce in a volume. Leech soon became known among his fellow-students for his lifelike, keen, but always good-natured caricatures; he was for ever drawing. He never had any regular art-lessons, but his medical studies furnished him with a knowledge of the structure and proportions of the human form, which gives such reality to his drawing; and he never parades his knowledge, or is its slave; he values expression ever above mere form, never falsifying, but often neglecting, or rather subordinating, the latter to the former.

This intense realism and insight, this pure intense power of observation it is that makes the Greek sculptors so infinitely above the Roman.

We believe the Greeks knew nothing of what was under the skin—it was considered profane to open the human body and dissect it; but they studied form and action with that keen, sure, unforgetting, loving eye, that purely realistic faculty, which probably they, as a race, had in more exquisite perfection than any other people before or since. Objective truth they read, and could repeat as from a book. The Romans, with their hardy, penetrating, audacious, nature—*rerum Domini*—wanted to know

not only what appears, but what is, and what makes appear. They had no misgivings or shyness at cutting into and laying bare their dead fellows, as little as they had in killing them or being themselves killed; and as so often happens, their strength was their weakness, their pride their fall. They must needs show off their knowledge and their muscles, and therefore they made their statues as if without skin, and put on as violent and often impossible action as ever did Buonarotti. Compare the Laocoon and his boys (small men, rather) with the Elgin marbles; the riders on the frieze so comely in their going, so lissome; their skin slipping sweetly over their muscles; their modestly representing not of what they know, but of what they see.

In John Leech and Tenniel you see something of the same contrast; the one knows more than he needs, and shows it accordingly; the other knowing by instinct, or from good sense, that drawing has only to do with appearances, with things that may be seen, not with things that may be known, drew merely what he saw, but then with what an inevitable, concentrated eye and hand he did draw that! This made him so pre-eminent in reproducing the expression of action—especially intense and rapid action. No knowledge of what muscles were acting, and what are their attachments, etc., could teach a man how a horse trots, or how he gathers himself up to leap, or how a broken-backed cab-horse would lie and look, or even how *Mr. Briggs*—excellent soul—when returning home, gently, and copiously ebriose from Epsom on his *donkey*, would sway about on his podgy legs, when instructing his amazed and ancient groom and friend as to putting up and rubbing down—the *mare*. But observation such as the Greeks had, that *ἀκριβεία* or accuracy—carefulness, as they called it—it enabled Leech to do all this to the life.

All through his course, more and more, he fed upon nature and he had his reward in having perpetually at hand her freshness, her variety, her endlessness. There is a pleasant illustration of this given in a letter in *Notes and Queries* for November 5, 1864:—"On one occasion he and I were riding to town in an omnibus, when an elderly gentleman, in a very peculiar dress, and with very marked features, stepped into the vehicle, and sat down immediately in front of us. He stared so hard and made such wry faces at us, that I could hardly refrain from laughter. My discomfiture was almost completed when Leech suddenly exclaimed, 'By the way, did Prendergast ever show you that extraordinary account which has been lately forwarded to him?' and, producing his note-book, added, 'Just run your eye up that column, and tell me what you *can* make

of it?' The page was *blank*; but two minutes afterwards the features of that strange old gentleman gaping at us were reflected with life-like fidelity upon it." There is humour in the choice of the word "Prendergast." This is the true way to nurse invention, to preen and let grow imagination's wings, on which she soars forth into the ideal, "sailing with supreme dominion through the azure depths of air." It is the man who takes in, who can give out. The man who does not do the one, soon takes to spinning his own fancies out of his interior, like a spider, and he snares himself at last as well as his victims. It is the bee that makes honey, and it is out of the eater that there comes forth meat, out of the strong that there comes forth sweetness. In the letter we refer to, which is well worth reading, there is a good remark, that Leech had no mere *minutiae*, as Turner had none; everything was subordinated to the main purpose he had, but he had exquisite *finesse* and delicacy when it was that he wanted. Look at his drawing of our "Jocund Morn," from the boots to the swallows. His pencil work on wood was marvellous for freedom and loveliness.

The bent of his genius and external causes made him, when about seventeen, give up the study of medicine and go in stoutly and for life for art. His diligence was amazing, as witnessed by the list we give, by no means perfect, of his works; in *Bentley* they are in multitudes; and in *Punch* alone, up to 1862, there are more than three thousand separate drawings! with hardly the vestige of a repetition; it may be the same tune, but it is a new variation. In nothing is his realistic power more seen than in those delightful records of his own holidays in *Punch*. A geologist will tell you the exact structure of that rock in the Tay at Campsie Linn, where *Mr. Briggs* is carrying out that huge salmon in his arms, tenderly and safely, as if it were his first-born. All his seascapes—Scarborough, Folkestone, Biarritz, etc., etc.—any one who has been there does not need to be told their names, and, as we have already said, his men are as native as his rocks, his bathers at Boulogne and Biarritz, his gamekeepers and gillies in Blair-Athole and Lochaber—you have seen them there, the very men; *Duncan Roy* is one of them; and those men and women at Galway, in the Claddich, they are liker than themselves, more Irish than the Irish. In this respect his foreigners are wonderful, one of the rarest artistic achievements. Thackeray also could draw a foreigner,—as witness that dreary woman outworker in the Kickleburys. Mr. Frith can't. Then as to dress; this was one of the things Leech very early mastered and knew the meaning and power of, and it is worth mastering, for in it, the dress, is much of the man, both given and received. To see this, look at

almost his first large drawing in *Punch*, two months after it started, called "Foreign Affairs." Look, too, at what is still one of his richest works, with all the fervour and abundance, the very dew of his youth,—the *Comic Latin Grammar*. Look at the dress of Menelaus, who threatens to give poor Helen, his wife, "a good hiding." Look at his droll etchings and woodcuts for the otherwise tiresomely brilliant *Comic Histories*, by Gilbert A'Beckett, with their too much puns.

Leech was singularly modest, both as a man and as an artist. This came by nature, and was indicative of the harmony and sweetness of his essence ; but doubtless the perpetual going to nature, and drawing out of her fulness, kept him humble, as well as made him rich, made him, what every man of sense and power must be, conscious of his own strength ; but before the great mother he was simple and loving, attentive to her lessons, as a child, for ever learning and doing.

This honesty and modesty were curiously brought out when he was, after much persuasion, induced to make the coloured drawings for that exhibition which was such a splendid success, bringing in nearly £5000. Nothing could induce him to do what was wanted, call them *paintings*. "They are mere sketches," he said, "and very crude sketches too, and I have no wish to be made a laughing-stock by calling them what they are not." Here was at once modesty and honest pride, or rather that truthfulness which lay at the root of his character, and was also its "bright, consummate flower," and he went further than this, in having printed in the Catalogue the following words :—"These sketches have no claim to be regarded or tested as finished pictures. It is impossible for any one to know the fact better than I do. They have no pretensions to a higher name than that I have given them—SKETCHES IN OIL."

We have had, by the kindness of Mr. John Heugh, their possessor, the privilege of having beside us for some time two of the best of those coloured sketches, and we feel at once the candour and accuracy of their author's title. It is quite touching the unaccustomedness, the boyish, anxious, laborious workmanship of the practised hand that had done so much, so rapidly and perfectly in another style. They do not make us regret much that he did not earlier devote himself to painting proper, because then what would have become of these 3000 cuts in *Punch*? But he shows, especially, true powers of landscape painting, a pure and deep sense of distance, translucency, and colour, and the power of gleams and shadows on water. His girls are lovelier without colour—have, indeed, "to the eye and prospect of the soul," a more exquisite bloom, the bloom within the skin, the brightness in

the dark eye, all more expressed than in those actually coloured. So it often is; give enough to set the looker-on a-painting imagining, realizing, bringing up "the shows of things to the desires of the mind," and no one but the highest painter can paint like that. This is the true office of the masters of all the ideal arts, to evoke, as did the rising sun on Memnon, the sleeping beauty and music and melody of another's soul, to make every reader a poet, every onlooker an artist, every listener eloquent and tuneful, so be it that they have the seeing eye, the hearing ear, the loving and understanding heart.

As is well known, this exhibition took London captive. It was the most extraordinary record by drawing, of the manners and customs and dress of a people, ever produced. It was full "from morn to dewy eve," and as full of mirth; at times this made it like a theatre convulsed as one man by the *vis comica* of one man. The laughter of special, often family groups, broke out opposite each drawing, spread contagiously effervescing throughout, lulling and waxing again and again like waves of the sea. From his reserve, pride, and nicety, Leech could never be got to go when any one was in the room; he had an especial horror of being what he called "caught and talked at by enthusiastic people." It is worth mentioning here, as it shows his true literary turn as a humourist, and adds greatly to the completeness of his drawings and of his genius, that all the funny, witty, and often most felicitous titles and wordings of all sorts *were written by himself*; he was most particular about this.

One day a sporting nobleman visited the gallery with his huntsman, whose naïve and knowing criticisms greatly amused his master. At last, coming to one of the favourite hunting pictures, he said, "Ah! my Lord, nothin' but a party as knows 'osses cud have draw'd them ere 'unters." The origin and means of these sketches in oil is curious. Mr. Leech had often been asked to undertake works of this character, but he had for so many years been accustomed to draw with the pencil, and that only on small blocks, that he had little confidence in his ability to draw on a large scale. The idea originated with Mr. Mark Lemon, his friend and colleague, who saw that by a new invention—a beautiful piece of machinery—the impression of a block in *Punch*, being first taken on a sheet of india-rubber, might be enlarged; when, by a lithographic process, the copy thus got could be transferred to the stone, and impressions printed upon a large sheet of canvas. Having thus obtained an outline groundwork consisting of his own lines enlarged some eight times the area of the original block, Leech pro-

ceeded to colour these. His knowledge of the manipulation of oil colours was very slight, and it was under the guidance of his friend, John Everett Millais, that his first attempts were made, and crude enough they were. He used a kind of transparent colour which allowed the coarse lines of the enlargement to show through, so that the production presented the appearance of indifferent lithographs, slightly tinted. In a short time, however, he obtained great mastery over oil colour, and instead of allowing the thick fatty lines of printers' ink to remain on the canvas, he, by the use of turpentine, removed the ink, particularly with regard to the lines of the face and figure. These he redrew with his own hand in a fine and delicate manner. To this he added a delicacy of finish, particularly in flesh colour, which greatly enhanced the value and beauty of his later works. To any one acquainted with these sketches, we may mention for illustration of these remarks, No. 65 in the Catalogue. This work presents all the incompleteness and crudity of his early style. The picture represents *Piscator* seated on a wooden fence on a raw morning in a pelting shower of rain, the lines necessary to give the effect of a leaden atmosphere being very numerous and close. The works which illustrated his later style are best shown in Nos. 36 and 41. In the framing of these sketches he persisted in leaving a margin of white canvas somewhat after the manner of water-colour sketches.

Of all art satirists none have such a pervading sense and power of girlish and ripe womanly beauty as Leech. Hogarth alone, as in his *Poor Poet's Wife*, comes near him. There is a genuine domesticity about his scenes that could come only from a man who was much at his own fireside, and in the nursery when baby was washed. You see he is himself *paterfamilias*, with no Bohemian taint or raffish turn. What he draws he has seen. What he asks you to live in and laugh at and with, he has laughed at and lived in. It is this wholesomeness, and, to use the right word, this goodness, that makes Leech more than a drawer of funny pictures, more even than a great artist.¹ It makes him a teacher and an example of virtue in its widest sense, from that of manliness to the sweet devotion of woman, and the loving, open mouth and eyes of *parvula* on your knee. How different is the same class of art in France! you dare not let your wife or girls see their Leech; he is not for our virgins and boys. Hear what Thackeray says on this point:—

¹ It is honourable to the regular art of this country that many of its best men early recognised in Leech a true brother. Millais and Elmore and others were his constant *friends*; and we know that more than twelve years ago Mr. Harvey, now the perspicacious President of the Royal Scottish Academy, wished to make Leech and Thackeray honorary members of that body.

"Now, while Mr. Leech has been making his comments upon our society and manners, one of the wittiest and keenest observers has been giving a description of his own country of France, in a thousand brilliant pages, and it is a task not a little amusing and curious for a student of manners to note the difference between the two satirists—perhaps between the societies which they describe. Leech's England is a country peopled by noble elderly squires, riding large-boned horses, followed across country by lovely beings of the most gorgeous proportions, by respectful retainers, by gallant little boys emulating the courage and pluck of the sire. The joke is the precocious courage of the child, his gallantry as he charges at his fences, his coolness as he eyes the glass of port or tells grandpapa that he likes his champagne dry. How does Gavarni represent the family-father, the sire, the old gentleman in his country, the civilized country? Paterfamilias, in a dyed wig and whiskers, is leering by the side of Mademoiselle Coralie on her sofa in the Rue de Bréda; Paterfamilias, with a mask and a nose half-a-yard long, is hobbling after her at the ball. The *enfant terrible* is making Papa and Mamma alike ridiculous by showing us Mamma's lover, who is lurking behind the screen. A thousand volumes are written protesting against the seventh commandment. The old man is for ever hunting after the young woman, the wife is for ever cheating the husband. The fun of the old comedy never seems to end in France; and we have the word of their own satirists, novelists, painters of society, that it is being played from day to day.

"In the works of that barbarian artist Hogarth, the subject which affords such playful sport to the civilized Frenchman is stigmatized as a fearful crime, and is visited by a ghastly retribution. The English savage never thinks of such a crime as funny, and a hundred years after Hogarth, our modern 'painter of mankind,' still retains his barbarous modesty, is tender with children, decorous before women, has never once thought that he had a right or calling to wound the modesty of either.

"Mr. Leech surveys society from the gentleman's point of view. In old days, when Mr. Jerrold lived and wrote for that celebrated periodical, he took the other side: he looked up at the rich and great with a fierce, sarcastic aspect, and a threatening posture; and his outcry or challenge was—'Ye rich and great, look out! We, the people, are as good as you. Have a care, ye priests, wallowing on the tithe pig, and rolling in carriages and four; ye landlords grinding the poor; ye vulgar fine ladies bullying innocent governesses, and what not,—we will expose your vulgarity, we will put down your oppression, we will vindicate the nobility of our common nature,' and so forth. A great deal is to be said on the Jerrold side; a great deal was said; perhaps even a great deal too much. It is not a little curious to speculate upon the works of these two famous contributors of *Punch*, these two 'preachers,' as the phrase is. 'Woe to you, you tyrant and heartless oppressor of the poor!' calls out Jerrold as Dives's carriage rolls by. 'Beware of the time when your bloated coachman shall be hurled from

his box, when your gilded flunkey shall be cast to the earth from his perch, and your pampered horses shall run away with you and your vulgar wife and smash you into ruin.' The other philosopher looks at Dives and his cavalcade in his own peculiar manner. He admires the horses and copies with the most curious felicity their form and action. The footman's calves and powder, the coachman's red face and floss wig, the over-dressed lady and plethoric gentleman in the carriage, he depicts with the happiest strokes; and if there is a pretty girl and a rosy child on the back seat, he 'takes them up tenderly' and touches them with a hand that has a caress in it. This artist is very tender towards all the little people. It is hard to say whether he loves boys or girls most—those delightful little men on their ponies in the hunting fields, those charming little Lady Adas flirting at the juvenile ball; or Tom the butcher's boy, on the slide; or ragged little Emly pulling the go-cart freighted with Elizarann and her doll. Steele, Fielding, Goldsmith, Dickens are similarly tender in their pictures of children. 'We may be barbarians, Monsieur —, but even the savages are occasionally kind to their papooses.' When are the holidays? Mothers of families ought to come to this exhibition and bring the children. Then there are the full-grown young ladies—the very full-grown young ladies—dancing in the ball-room, or reposing by the sea-shore—the men can peep at whole seraglios of these beauties for the moderate charge of one shilling, and bring away their charming likenesses in the illustrated catalogue (two-and-six). In the 'Mermaids' Haunt,' for example, there is a siren combing her golden locks, and another dark-eyed witch actually sketching you as you look at her, whom Ulysses could not resist. To walk by the side of the much-sounding sea and come upon such a bevy of beauties as this, what bliss for a man or a painter! The mermaids in that haunt, haunt the beholder for hours after. Where is the shore on which those creatures were sketched? The sly catalogue does not tell us.

"The outdoor sketcher will not fail to remark the excellent fidelity with which Mr. Leech draws the back-grounds of his little pictures. The homely landscape, the sea, the winter wood by which the huntsmen ride, the light and clouds, the birds floating over head, are indicated by a few strokes which show the artist's untiring watchfulness and love of nature. He is a natural truth-teller, and indulges in no flights of fancy, as Hogarth was before him. He speaks his mind out quite honestly, like a thorough Briton. He loves horses, dogs, river and field sports. He loves home and children, that you can see. He holds Frenchmen in light esteem. A bloated 'Mosoo' walking Leicester Square, with a huge cigar and a little hat, with 'billard' and 'estaminet' written on his flaccid face—is a favourite study with him; the unshaven jowl, the waist tied with a string, the boots which pad the Quadrant pavement, this dingy and disreputable being exercises a fascination over Mr. Punch's favourite artist. We trace, too, in his works a prejudice against the Hebrew nation, against the natives of an island much celebrated for its verdure and its wrongs; these are lamentable prejudices indeed, but what man is without his own? No man

has ever depicted the little 'Snob' with such a delightful touch. Leech fondles and dandles this creature as he does the children. To remember one or two of those dear gents is to laugh. To watch them looking at their own portraits in this pleasant gallery will be no small part of the exhibition; and as we can all go and see our neighbours caricatured here, it is just possible that our neighbours may find some smart likenesses of *their* neighbours in these brilliant, life-like, goodnatured sketches in oil."—*Times*, June 21, 1862.

We could not resist giving this long extract. What perfection of thought and word! It is, alas! a draught of a wine we can no more get; the vine is gone. What flavour in his "dear prisoned spirit of the impassioned grape!" What a *bouquet*! Why is not everything that hand ever wrote, reproduced? shall we ever again be regaled with such cenanthic acid and ether?—the volatile essences by which a wine is itself and none other—its flower and bloom; the reason why Chambertin is not Sherry, and Sauterne neither. Our scientific friends will remember that these same delicate acids and oils are compounds of the lightest of all bodies, hydrogen, and the brightest when concentrated in the diamond, carbon; and these in the same proportion as sugar! Moreover, this ethereal oil and acid of wine, what we may call its genius, never exceeds a forty-thousandth part of the wine! the elevating powers of the fragrant Burgundies are supposed to be more due to this essence than to its amount of alcohol. Thackeray, Jeremy Taylor, Charles Lamb, old Fuller, Sydney Smith, Ruskin, each have the felicity of a specific cenanthic acid and oil—a bouquet of his own; others' wines are fruity or dry or brandied, or "from the Cape," or from the gooseberry, as the case may be. For common household use commend us to the stout home-brewed from the Swift, Defoe, Cobbet, and Southey taps.

Much has been said about the annoyance which organ-grinding caused to Leech, but there were other things which also gave him great annoyance, and amongst these was his grievance against the wood-engravers.

His drawings on the polished and chalked surface of the wood-block were beautiful to look at. Great admiration has been bestowed upon the delicacy and artistic feeling shown in the wood-blocks as they appeared in *Punch*, but any one who saw these exquisite little gems as they came from his hands would scarcely recognise the same things when they appeared in print in *Punch*. When he had finished one of his blocks, he would show it to his friends and say, "Look at this, and watch for its appearance in *Punch*." Sometimes he would point to a little beauty in a landscape, and calling particular attention to it, would say that probably all his fine little touches would be

"cut away," in a still more literal sense than that in which he uses the word in his address.

When, however, we come to consider the circumstances and pressure under which these blocks were almost always engraved, the wonder will be that they were so perfect. The blocks upon which he drew were composed of small squares, fastened together at the back, so that when the drawing was completed on the block, it was unscrewed, and the various pieces handed over to a number of engravers, each having a square inch or two of landscape, figure, or face, as the case might be, not knowing what proportion of light and shade each piece bore to the whole.

Had these blocks been carefully and thoughtfully engraved by one hand, and then been printed by the hand instead of the steam press, we might have seen some of the *finesse* and beauty which the drawing showed *before* it was "cut away."

There was nothing that was so great a mark of the gentleness of his nature as his steady abstinence from personality. His correspondence was large, and a perusal of it only shows how careful he must have been, to have shunned the many traps that were laid for him to make him a partisan in personal quarrels. Some of the most wonderful suggestions were forwarded to him, but he had a most keen scent for everything in the shape of personality.

We need do little more than allude to the singular purity and good taste manifested in everything he drew or wrote. We do not know any finer instance of blamelessness in art or literature, such perfect delicacy and cleanness of mind,—nothing coarse, nothing having the slightest taint of indecency,—no *double entendre*,—no laughing at virtue,—no glorifying or glozing of vice,—nothing to make any one of his own lovely girls blush, or his own handsome face hide itself. This gentleness and thorough gentlemanliness pervades all his works. They are done by a man you would take into your family and to your heart at once. To go over his four volumes of *Pictures of Life and Character* is not only a wholesome pleasure and diversion: it is a liberal education. And then he is not the least of a soft or *goody* man, no small sentimentalism or *petit maître* work: he is a man and an Englishman to the backbone; who rode and fished as if that were his chief business, took his fences fearlessly, quietly, and mercifully, and knew how to run his salmon and land him. He was, what is better still, a public-spirited man; a keen, hearty, earnest politician, with strong convictions, a Liberal deserving the name. His political pencillings are as full of good, energetic politics, as they are of strong portraiture and drawing. He is almost always on the right side,—sometimes, like his great chief Mr. Punch, not on the popular one.

From the wonderful fidelity with which he rendered the cabmen and *gamins* of London, we might suppose he had them into his room to sit to him as studies. He never did this; he liked actions better than states. He was perpetually taking notes of all he saw; but this was the whole, and a great one. With this, and with his own vivid memory and bright informing spirit, he did it all. One thing we may be pardoned for alluding to as illustrative of his art. His wife, who was every way worthy of him, and without whom he was scarce ever seen at any place of public amusement, was very beautiful; and the appearance of those lovely English maidens we all so delight in, with their short foreheads, arch looks, and dark laughing eyes, their innocence and *esprit*, dates from about his marriage. They are all, as it were, *after* her;—her sisters; and as she grew more matronly, she may still be traced in her mature comeliness and motherly charms. Much of his sketches and their dramatic point are personal experience, as in “Mr. Briggs has a Slate off his House, and the Consequences.” He was not, as indeed might be expected, what is called a funny man. Such a man was Albert Smith, whose absolute levity and funniness became ponderous, serious, and dreary, the crackling of thorns under the pot. Leech had melancholy in his nature, especially in his latter years, when the strain of incessant production and work made his fine organization super-sensitive and apprehensive of coming evil. It was about a year before his death, when in the hunting field, that he first felt that terrible breast-pang, the last agony of which killed him, as he fell into his father’s arms; while a child’s party, such as he had often been inspired by, and given to us, was in the house. Probably he had by some strain, or sudden muscular exertion, injured the mechanism of his heart. We all remember the shock of his death: how every one felt bereaved,—felt poorer,—felt something gone that nothing could replace,—some one that no one else could follow.

What we owe to him of wholesome, hearty mirth and pleasure, and of something better, good as they are, than either—purity, affection, pluck, humour, kindness, good humour, good feeling, good breeding, the love of nature, of one another, of truth—the joys of children, the loveliness of our homely English fields, with their sunsets and village spires, their glimpses into the pure infinite beyond—the sea and all its fulness, its waves “curling their monstrous heads and hanging them,” their crisping smiles on the sunlit sands—all that variety of nature and of man which is only less infinite than its Maker; something of this, and of that mysterious quality called humour, that fragrance and flavour of the soul, which God has given us to cheer our lot, to help us to “take heart and hope, and steer right on—

ward," to have our joke, that lets us laugh at and make game of ourselves when we have little else to laugh at or play with—of that which gives us when we will the silver lining of the cloud, and paints a rainbow on the darkened sky out of our own "troubles tears;"—something of all these has this great and simple-hearted, hard-working artist given to us and to our children, as a joy and a possession for ever. Let us be grateful to him, let us give him our best honour, affection, and regard.

Mr. Leech was tall, strongly but delicately made, graceful, long-limbed, with a grave, handsome face, a sensitive, gentle mouth, but a mouth that could be "set," deep, penetrating eyes, an open, high, and broad forehead, exquisitely modelled. He looked like his works—nimble, vigorous, and gentle; open, and yet reserved; seeing everything, saying not much; capable of heartiest mirth, but generally quiet. Once at one of John Parry's wonderful performances, "Mrs. Roseleaf's Tea-party," when the whole house was in roars, Leech's rich laughter was heard topping them all. There are, as far as we know, only two photographs of him: one—very beautiful, like a perfect English gentleman—by Silvy; the other more robust and homely, but very good, by Caldesi. We hope there is a portrait of him by his devoted friend Millais, whose experience and thoughts of his worth as a man and as an artist one would give a good deal to have.

When Thackeray wrote the notice of his sketches in *The Times*, Leech was hugely delighted—rejoiced in it like a child, and said, "That's like putting £1000 in my pocket." With all the temptations he had to Club life, he never went to the Garrick to spend the evenings, except on the Saturdays, which he never missed. On Sunday afternoons, in summer, Thackeray and he might often be seen regaling themselves with their fellow-creatures in the Zoological Gardens, and making their own queer observations, to which, doubtless, we are indebted for our baby hippopotamus and many another four-footed joke. He never would go to houses where he knew he was asked only to be seen and trotted out. He was not a frequenter of *Mrs. Leo Hunter's* at homes.

We now give a few typical woodcuts. It is impossible, from the size of our page, to give any of the larger, and often more complete and dramatic drawings. We hope ours will send everybody to the volumes themselves. There should immediately be made, so long as it is possible, a complete collection of his works, and a noble monument to industry and honest work, as well as genius and goodness, it would be. We begin with the British Lion:—



THE STATE OF THE NATION.—DISRAELI MEASURING THE
BRITISH LION.

This is from a large Cartoon, but we have only space for the British Lion's head. He is dressed as a farm-labourer. He has his hat and a big stick in his hand, and his tail innocently draggling under his smock-frock, which has the usual elaborate needle-work displayed. Disraeli, who is taking his measure for rehabilitating the creature, is about a third shorter, and we would say six times lighter.

What a leonine simpleton ! What a visage ! How much is in it, and how much not ! Look at his shirt collar and chubby cheek ! What hair ! copious and rank as the son of Manoah's, each particular hair growing straight out into space, and taking its own noway particular way ; his honest, simple eyes, well apart ; his snub, infantile nose ; his long upper lip, unreclaimed as No-man's-land, or the Libyan desert, unstubbed as "Thornaby Waäste;" his mouth closed, and down at the corner, partly from stomach in discontent (Giles is always dyspeptic), partly from contempt of the same. He is submitting to be measured and taken advantage of behind his back by his Semitic brother. He will submit to this and much more, but not to more than that. He draws his line like other people, when it occurs to him ; and he keeps his line, and breaks yours if you don't look to it.

He may be kicked over, and take it mildly, smiling, it may be, as if he ought somehow to take it well, though appearances are against it. You may even knock him down, and he gets up red and flustered, and with his hands among his hair, and his eyes rounder and brighter, and his mouth more linear, his one

leg a little behind the other; but if you hit him again, calling him a liar or a coward, or his old woman no better than she should be, then he means mischief, and is at it and you. For he is like Judah, a true lion's whelp. Let us be thankful he is so gentle, and can be so fierce and staunch.

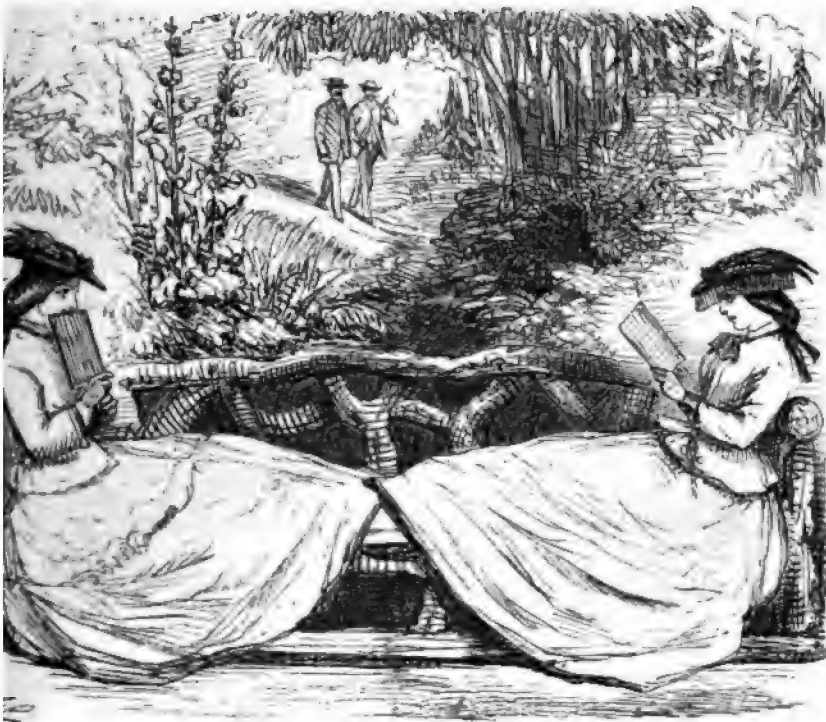


Did you ever see such a wind? How it is making game of everything; how everything scuds! Look at his whiskers. Look at the tail of his descending friend's horse. Look at another's precursory "Lincoln and Bennett" bowling along! Look

at his horse's head—the jaded but game old mare ; the drawing of her is exquisite ; indeed, there is no end of praising his horses. They are all different, and a dealer could tell you their ages and price, possibly their pedigree.

There is a large woodcut in the *Illustrated London News* (any one who has it should frame it, and put the best plate-glass over it) ; it is called “ Very Polite. The party on the grey, having invited some strangers to lunch, shows them the nearest way (by half a mile) to his house.” The “ party ” is a big English squire—sixteen stone at least—with the handsome, insolent face of many of his tribe, and the nose of William the Conqueror. He has put the grey suddenly and quite close to a hurdle-fence that nobody but such a man would face, and nothing but such blood and bone could take. He is returning from a “ run,” and is either ashamed of his guests, and wants to tail them off, or would like to get home and tell his wife that “ some beggars ” are coming to lunch ; or it may be merely of the nature of a sudden lark, for the escape of his own and his grey's unsatisfied “ go.” The grey is over it like a bird. The drawing of this horse is marvellous ; it is an action that could only last a fraction of a second, and yet the artist has taken it. Observe the group in the road of the astounded “ strangers.” There is the big hulking, sulky young cornet, “ funking,” as it is technically called ; our friend Tom Noddy behind him, idiotic and ludicrous as usual, but going to go at it like a man such as he is,—the wintry elms, the big hedger at his work on his knees,—all done to the quick. But the finest bit of all is the eye of the mare. She knows well it is a short cut home ; and her cheery, fearless, gentle eye is keenly fixed, not on where she is about to land—that's all right—but on the distance, probably her own stable belfry. This woodcut is very valuable, and one of the largest he ever did.

How arch ! how lovely ! how maidenly in this their "sweet hour of prime," the two conspirators are ! What a clever bit of composition ! how workmanlike the rustic seat ! how jauntily the



approaching young swells are bearing down upon them, keeping time with their long legs ! you know how they will be chaffing all through other in a minute ; what ringing laughs !



“AND JOUCUND DAY
STANDS TIPTOE ON THE MISTY MOUNTAIN TOPS.”

And is not she a jocund *morn*? day is too old for her. She is in “the first garden of her simpleness”—in “the innocent brightness of her new-born day.” How plumb she stands! How firm these dainty heels!—leaning forward just a little on the wind; her petticoat, a mere hint of its wee bit of scoloped work, done by herself, doubtless; the billowy gown; the modest little *souppçon* of the white silk stockings, anybody else would have shown none, or too much; the shadow of puffing papa approaching to help her down; the wonderful sense of air and space. The only thing we question is—Would papa’s hat’s shadow show the rim *across*, instead of only at the sides?



BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

First—"W'NT TAK' THY QUOAT OFF, THEN! OI TELL THEE OI'M AS GOOD A MON AS THEE!"

Second—"THEE A MON! WHOY, THOU BE'EST ONLY WALKIN' ABOUT TO SAVE THY FUNERAL EXPENSES."

This belongs to a set of drawings made when down in Staffordshire, his wife's county. They are all full of savage strength. They show how little he drew from fancy, and how much from nature, memory and invention proper, which, as does also true imagination, postulate a foundation in materials and fact. A mere Cockney--whose idea of a rough was that of a London ruffian--would have put Staffordshire clothes on the Bill Sykes he may have seen in the flesh or more likely on the stage, and that would be all: Leech gives you

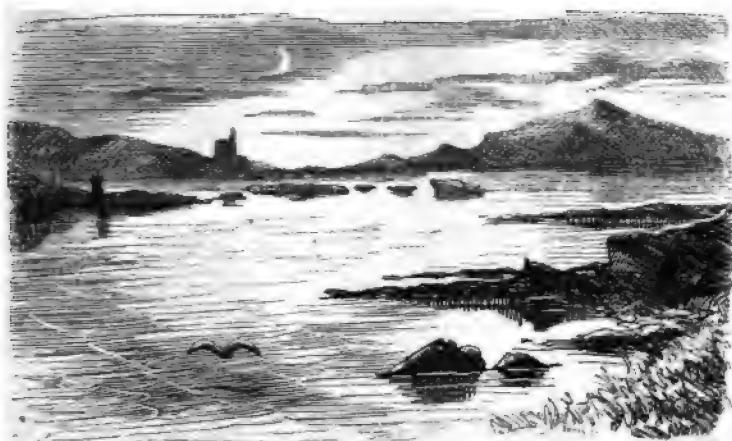
the essence, the clothes and the county. Look at these two fellows, brutal as their own bull-dogs and as staunch,—having their own virtues too, in a way,—what a shoulder, what a deltoid and biceps! the upper man developed largely by generations of arm work, the legs well enough, but not in proportion,—their education having been neglected. Contrast these men with Leech's Highlandmen in *Briggs' Salmon and Grouse Adventures*: there matters are reversed, because so are the conditions of growth. A Staffordshire torso on Rannoch or Liddesdale legs would be an ugly customer. Observe the pipe fallen round from the mouth's action in speaking, and see how the potteries are indicated by the smoking brick cupola.



This is delicious! What comic *vis*! Pluck and perspiration! bewilderment and bottom! He'll be at it again presently, give him time. This is only one of the rounds, and the boot-hooks are ready for the next. Look at the state of his back-hair, his small, determined eye! the braces burst with the stress! The affair is being done in some remote, solitary room. The hat is ready, looking at him, and so are the spurs and the other boot, standing bolt upright and impossible; but he'll do it; apoplexy and asphyxia may be imminent; but doubtless these are the very boots he won the steeplechase in. A British lion this too, not to be "done," hating that *bête* of a word "impossible" as much as Bonaparte did, and as Briggs does

him. We have an obscure notion, too, that he has put the wrong foot into the boot; never mind.

The character of *Mr. Briggs*, throughout all predicaments in *Punch*, is, we think, better sustained, more real, more thoroughly respectable and comic, than even Mr. Pickwick's. Somehow, though the latter worthy is always very delightful and like himself when he is with us, one doesn't know what becomes of him the rest of the day; and if he was asked to *be*, we fear he couldn't live through an hour, or do anything for himself. He is for the stage. *Briggs* is a man you have seen, he is a man of business, of sense, and energy; a good husband and citizen, a true Briton and Christian, peppery, generous, plucky, obstinate, faithful to his spouse and bill; only he has this craze about hunting and sport in general.



This is from the *Little Tour in Ireland*, in which, by the bye, is one of the only two drawings he ever made of himself,—at page 141; it is a back view of him, riding with very short stirrups a rakish Irish pony; he is in the Gap of Dunloe, and listening to a barefooted master of blarney. The other likeness is in a two-page Cartoon,—“Mr. Punch’s Fancy Ball,” January 1847. In the orchestra are the men on the *Punch* staff at the time. The first on the left is Mayhew, playing the cornet, then Percival Leigh the double bass, Gilbert A’Beckett the violin, Doyle the clarionette, Leech next playing the same—tall, handsome, and nervous—Mark Lemon, the editor, as conductor, appealing to the fell Jerrold to moderate his bitter transports on the drum. Mooning over all is Thackeray—big, vague, childlike—playing on the piccolo; and Tom Taylor earnestly pegging

away at the piano. What a change from such a fancy to this sunset and moonrise on the quiet, lonely Connemara Bay,—nothing living is seen but the great winged sea-bird flapping his way home, close to the “charmed wave.” The whole scene radiant, sacred, and still; “the gleam, the shadow, and the peace supreme.” The man who could feel this, and make us feel it, had the soul and the hand of a great painter.



A MORAL LESSON FROM THE NURSERY.

Arthur. DO YOU KNOW, FREDDY, THAT WE ARE ONLY MADE OF DUST?

Freddy. ARE WE? THEN I'M SURE WE OUGHT TO BE VERY CAREFUL
HOW WE PITCH INTO EACH OTHER SO. FOR FEAR WE MIGHT
CRUMBLE EACH OTHER ALL TO PIECES.

This speaks for itself. Nobody needs to be told which is Freddy; and you see the book from which Arthur got his views

of genesis and the mystery of being; and the motherly, tidy air of the beds! Freddy's right thumb in his belt; the artistic use of that mass of white beyond his head; the drawing of his right sole; the tremendous bit of theology in that "only"—do any of us know much more about it now than does Arthur?—only surely nobody would now say, according to Pet Marjory's brother, that our Arthur, as he now sits, clean and caller, all tucked up in his night-gown—made of soft cotton, thick and (doubtless) tweeled—and ready for any amount of discussion, is only "dirt."¹

We have said he was greater in humour than in caricature or even satire, and, like all true humourists, he had the tragic sense and power—for as is the height so is the depth, as is the mirth so is the melancholy; Loch Lomond is deepest when Ben dips into it.—Look at this. Mr. Merryman and his dead wife—there is nothing in Hogarth more tragic and more true. It is a travelling circus; its business at its height; the dying woman has just made a glorious leap through the papered hoop; the house is still ringing with the applause; she fell and was hurt cruelly, but saying nothing, crept into this caravan room; she has been prematurely delivered, and is now dead; she

¹ This word, in conjunction with children, brings into our mind a joke which happened to Dr. Norman M'Leod, and which he tells as only he can tell his own stories. He was watching some barelegged Glasgow street children who were busied in a great mud-work in the kennel. "What's that?" said he, stooping down. "It's a kirk," said they, never looking up. "Where's the door?" "There's the door," points a forefinger, that answers young Fleming's account of the constitution of man. "Where's the steeple?" "There's the steeple,"—a defunct spunk, slightly off the perpendicular. "Where's the poopit?" "There's the poopit," said the biggest, his finger making a hole in a special bit of clay he had been fondly rounding in his palms; "and where's the minister?" "Oh, ye see," looking as vacant as a congregation in such circumstances should, and as the hole did when he withdrew his finger: "*Ou're run oot o' dirt*;" but jumping up, and extinguishing for the time, with his bare foot, the entire back gallery, he exclaims, "There's Airchie comin', he's got a bit." Airchie soon converted his dirt into a minister, who was made round, and put into his hole, the gallery repaired, and the "call" vociferously unanimous and "sustained." Wouldn't that jovial piece of professional "dirt" chew his cud of droll fancies as he walked off, from the fall of man to the Aberdeen Act, and the entire subject of dirt.

"Where did Adam fall?" said his kindly old minister to "Wee Peter" at the examination. "Last nicht, at the close-mooth, sir" (Adam, like his old namesake, was in the way of frequenting a certain forbidden tree, his was "The Lemon Tree"—it was in Aberdeen), "and he's a' glaur yet," (glaur being *Scottice et Scotorum*, wet dirt.) "Ay, ay, my wee man," said the benevolent Calvinist, patting his head, "he's a' glaur yet,—he's a' glaur yet."



had been begging her Bill to come near her, and to hear her last words; Bill has kissed her, taken her to his heart—and she is gone. Look into this bit of misery and nature; look at her thin face, white as the waning moon

“Stranded on the pallid shore of morn;”

the women's awe-stricken, pitiful looks (the great Gomersal, with his big blue-black unwhiskered cheek, his heavy moustache, his business-like, urgent thumb,—even he is being solemnized and hushed); the trunk pulled out for the poor baby's clothes, secretly prepared at bye-hours by the poor mother; the neatly-mended tear in Mary's frock; the coronet, the slippers, the wand with its glittering star; the nearness of the buzzing multitude; the dignity of death over the whole. We do not know who “S. H.” is, who tells, with his strong simplicity, the story of “The Queen of the Arena”—it is in the first volume of *Once a Week*—but we can say nothing less of it than that it is worthy of this woodcut; it must have been true. Here, too, as in all Leech's works, there is a manly sweetness, an overcoming of evil by good, a gentleness that tames the anguish; you find yourself taking off your shoes, and bow as in the presence of the Supreme,—who gives, who takes away,—who restores the lost.¹

We end as we began, by being thankful for our gift of laughter, and for our makers of the same, for the pleasant joke, for the mirth that heals and heartens, and never wounds, that assuages and diverts. This, like all else, is a gift from the

¹ We remember many years ago, in St. Andrews, on the fair-day in September, standing before a show, where some wonderful tumbling and music and dancing was being done. It was called by way of *The Tempest*, a ballet, and *Miranda* was pirouetting away all glorious with her crown and rouge and tinsel. She was young, with dark, wild, rich eyes and hair, and shapely, tidy limbs. The Master of ceremonies, a big fellow of forty, with an honest, merry face, was urging the young lady to do her best, when suddenly I saw her start, and thought I heard a child's cry in the midst of the rough music. She looked eagerly at the big man, who smiled, made her jump higher than ever, at the same time winking to some one within. Up came the bewitching *Ferdinand*, glorious, too, but old and ebriose; and, under cover of a fresh round of cheers from the public, *Miranda* vanished. Presently the cry stopped, and the big man smiled again, and thumped his drum more fiercely. I stepped out of the crowd, and getting to the end of the caravan, peered through a broken panel. There was our gum-flower-crowned *Miranda* sitting beside a cradle, on an old regimental drum, with her baby at her breast. Oh! how lovely, how blessed, how at peace they looked, how all in all to each other! and the fat handy-pandy patting its plump, snowy, unfailing friend; it was like Hagar and young Ishmael by themselves. I learned that the big man was her husband, and used her well in his own gruff way.

Supreme Giver—to be used as not abused—to be kept in its proper place, neither despised nor estimated and cultivated overmuch; for it has its perils as well as its pleasures, and it is not always, as in this case, on the side of truth and virtue, modesty and sense. If you wish to know from a master of the art what are the dangers of giving one's-self too much up to the comic view of things, how it demoralizes the whole man, read what we have already earnestly commended to you, Sydney Smith's two lectures, in which there is something quite pathetic in the earnestness with which he speaks of the snares and the degradations that mere wit, comicality, and waggyery bring upon the best of men. We end with his concluding words:—

“ I have talked of the *danger* of wit and humour: I do not mean by that to enter into commonplace declamation against faculties because they *are* dangerous;—wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous, *every* thing is dangerous that has efficacy and vigour for its characteristics; nothing is safe but mediocrity. The business is, in conducting the understanding well, to risk something; to aim at uniting things that are commonly incompatible. The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is *eight* men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much *better* than witty, who loves honour, justice, decency, goodness, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit;—wit is *then* a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness,—teaching age, and care, and pain, to smile,—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. *Genuine and innocent wit and humour like this, is surely the flavour of the mind! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to 'charm his pained steps over the burning marle.'* ”

THE
NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

JUNE 1865.

ART. I.—*Friedrich August Wolf in seinem Verhältnisse zum Schulwesen und zur Pädagogik dargestellt.* Von Prof. Dr. J. F. J. ARNOLDT. 2 Bde, 8vo. Braunschweig, 1861-2.

F. A. WOLF is known to us in this country, if at all, in connexion with a certain theory of the origin of the Homeric poems. Here is a German life of him, in two volumes, in which that authorship is barely alluded to. Professor Arnoldt treats of Wolf as a teacher exclusively. If sectional biography be defensible at all, Professor Arnoldt needs no apology for bringing forward Wolf in this capacity. Wolf was eminently the professor; very secondarily the writer. Everything that he wrote, even his famous *Prolegomena* to Homer, was thrown upon paper under some casual inducement. He left no elaborate work; nothing with which he was himself satisfied. His editions were prepared for the use of his classes. On the other hand, it was he who created, and who himself gave the first example of, that enthusiasm for philological studies, which for sixty years—two generations—has been the quickening life of German education. Wolf seized, more completely than any one, since the first teachers of the Renaissance, that side of classical studies by which they are qualified, more completely than any other studies, to form and inspire the opening mind. Equally removed from the grammatical pedantry of the old schoolmaster, and the superficial *schön-geisterci* of the French Lyceum, Wolf, at once accurate and genial, struck out a new and original path. Wolf is the true author of modern classical culture. It appears to us impossible to find any other material of mental cultivation which can expand the soul as classical literature can expand it, and equally impossible, in the application of that literature to its purpose, to find any better example of method than that of Wolf.

It would require a volume to do justice to what Wolf was

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and effected in this function. We can pretend to do no more than direct the reader's attention to it in the following brief outline of his life and labours. In doing this, we shall have recourse, besides Wolf's own remains, which have never been collected, to an older biography, written by his son-in-law, Körte. It is by no means a well-written book, but it is naïve, simple, unaffected, real. Above all, it is a living book, a natural account of a man by another man. Professor Arnoldt's book, on the other hand, is written by a Prussian official. It is not in any spoken language, but in that written dialect which is current in Prussian bureaux. All imagination, all colouring, all individuality is expelled from these dreary sentences, which average ten lines each, and of which we feel sure that no English or French readers would ever get through ten pages without nausea.

FRIEDRICH AUGUST WOLF was born in 1759, in the same year as Porson, of whom Wolf himself has noted that his birth was (*Lit. An.* iii. 285) exactly 200 years after that of Casaubon. His father was in very humble circumstances. He was village schoolmaster and organist of Hainrode, a little village at the foot of the Harz, not far from Nordhausen. He was afterwards promoted to be assistant-teacher in the girls' school at Nordhausen, the highest preferment he ever reached. But in the Harz, poverty was not a synonyme for demoralization. The housekeeping of the poor schoolmaster was exemplary. The tone of the family was quiet, high-minded, and aimed at good-breeding. Of his mother, Wolf always spoke with tender affection. To her he owed the awakening of his intellectual life. She it was who had taught him to aim high. He never forgot her delight with him, when to the question—what he would like to be? the child stammered out, "a superdent" (superintendent, *i.e.*, "a bishop"). He often quoted her favourite axioms: "Poor! no one is poor but the devil; this is why people say, 'Poor devil!'" She would not hear of good disposition unless where the conduct was also good: "Neighbour's cow is well-disposed, but gives no milk." The schoolmaster had also his proverbial philosophy. The secret of happiness, he thought, might be communicated in half a dozen axioms: "Take thankfully whatever Providence sends;" "Nihil ad nos;" "Optationes tabes sunt animi," characterize the mild wisdom of the much-enduring German.

The father had had a little education; enough to make him ardently desire it for his son. He was so impatient to begin, that before the infant was two years old, it knew a large number of Latin words, and had acquired a sort of notion of declension and conjugation. By the time he was eight years old, the boy had learnt Latin enough to read an easy writer, the rudiments

of Greek and French; could sing and play the piano. His memory was as remarkable as Porson's. At this age he could retain from ten to fifteen lines on hearing them once read over. The father tried on him a variety of experiments which Wolf long afterwards recognised in Quintilian. But his ordinary way was the simple way: continued reading aloud with distinct utterance and exact pronunciation, learning by heart and repeating, combined with mental arithmetic. The removal to Nordhausen brought a grammar school within reach. Nordhausen is now a Prussian town with a manufacturing population of 16,000. It was then a quiet Imperial city, within its own walls, and with perhaps not half that number of inhabitants. But it had its grammar school, the stepping-stone for the very poorest of its citizens to the university and the world. Young Wolf rapidly passed through all the forms to the top of the school. At twelve, he had learnt all the Latin and Greek his masters here could teach. They would teach nothing else. The best of them, Hake, finding the boy reading Wieland's *Musarion*, snatched the book from his hands, not because it was a bad book, but because it was written in German. Of this Nordhausen we know all about the head-masters, the second-masters, and down to the assistant-masters. Not one of them who had the honour of teaching, or misteaching, F. A. Wolf, but is handed down to posterity at full-length for what he accomplished or what he neglected. Poor old Rector Fabricius, intrepidly teaching Greek grammar on the verge of seventy, and solemnly admonishing his boys to avoid "*nefandas libidines, et linguas novicias*," was really learned in literary history. His successor in the rectorate, Hake, is described as a first-rate teacher, but was cut off at thirty-eight by a complaint brought on by over-study. Of him Wolf always spoke with gratitude for what he had learned of him in the few months he was under him. The next rector, Albert, was an ignoramus. The best thing he could do was what he did,—shut up the school for months together. Wolf now fell into bad hands, or what seemed so. The young music-master was fast, if not dissipated, but also variously accomplished, a union of qualities fascinating to a boy of fifteen, eager to learn everything, and know life. Comrad-ing with him, Wolf, it seems, fell into bad habits. But they cannot have been very bad, as we find nothing specified worse than loafing, and playing practical jokes on the rector, whose incapacity for his post was notorious in the city. We suppose the spirits and precocity of the boy were too much for the *kleinstädter*, in whose eyes the music-master, Frankenstein, was a veritable rip, a "*cantor Tigellius*." When the schoolmaster's son forsook Greek for French, his ruin must have been half accomplished. These frolics, however, left no traces in Wolf's later life, unless so far

as they may have contributed, together with his own native vein of humour, to save him from starching into a Prussian martinet. In Wolf the man was never extinguished under the Doctor. He himself always maintained that he owed much to the cynical preceptor, whom he called "a rough diamond." Frankenstein knew little Latin and Greek, but he was a good French scholar, and could read Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and English. Under his auspices Wolf took up French and Italian together; pushed these with his characteristic impetuosity as far as to read Molière and the *Jerusalem Delivered*, and then began Spanish. As Frankenstein's housekeeper had mislaid the Spanish dictionary in her lodger's bed, Wolf was obliged to get through *Don Quixote* with help of a Dutch translation, thus pulling a pair of skulls. Dictionaries were not to be had at the Nordhausen stationer's. Frankenstein had to lend his pupil his own wretched Italian vocabulary; and as he could only part with it for a short time, Wolf set to work and copied out all the words to which neither Latin nor French would help him. He got the loan of a 'Bailey' for one month, wrote out one-third, and committed the rest to memory. He found a Jew in the city to teach him the rudiments of Hebrew grammar, and then threw himself with all his might into music, learning five or six instruments, and studying general bass, as if he had been designed, like his younger brother Theodore, for the musical profession. He took dancing lessons, and of course fell in love, not with any of the young ladies—little girls, and beneath the notice of a man of sixteen—but with a charming widow who superintended the class.

Such was Wolf's idle time, in Nordhausen eyes. It was not long before he began to think so himself. He returned with more zest than ever to classics. Having fared so ill in the way of teachers, he resolved, like Scaliger, to begin again, and be his own teacher. Had his tutors been better, there was something in Wolf's nature which would not be taught. He thought it some peculiarity of his mind that he never could bear a teacher three days together. He was still nominally at school. But the masters connived at his absence, judging, like Gibbon's Magdalen tutors, that his time would be better employed elsewhere. He always maintained that the character is formed between twelve and fifteen. Of himself he said, that all that he afterwards became he was at thirteen. Certainly the bent his studies now took was that which they ever afterwards obeyed. He resolved to devote himself to classics, and drew out an extensive scheme of self-education. An idea possessed him that, owing to the incompetency of his masters, he had been fundamentally mistaught. What if all he had been told as history should turn out mere fable? Beginning again with

the declensions, he read with new eyes the Latin and Greek classics, some carefully, others more cursorily; learnt by heart whole books of Homer, much of the Tragedians and Cicero, and went through the whole of Scapula and Faber's *Thesaurus*. He early saw how important it is to know in what books required information is to be looked for. He had long exhausted the scanty school library, of which he exercised, as by natural right, the guardianship. He borrowed of the two ministers and the physician, the only persons in the Imperial free city who had books. In Ilfeld, a neighbouring town, he found, besides another school library, a collection of books belonging to one of the masters, Leopold, who had edited some Lives of Plutarch. From his frequent visits here, himself and his mother would return home both loaded with books. When he got hold of a book which he had not time to read, he committed the title to memory, and ran over the preface and table of contents. In this way he laid the foundation of his extensive knowledge of the literature of Philology. An instinct of good sense kept him in his youth to the best authors, and in their proper order. As his horizon widened, his ambition to exhaust it grew. He used to look back with a shudder at what he exacted from his constitution in those two years, between school and university. He would sit up the whole night in a room without a stove, his feet in a pan of cold water, and one of his eyes bound up to rest the other. It was high time that this suicidal process should cease, when, in April 1777, it was brought to a close by his removal to the university.

GÖTTINGEN, 1777-1779.—He had already been to Göttingen, trudging from Nordhausen on foot, in March of the previous year, to secure a lodging and make the necessary arrangements. The second journey he had the luxury of an *Einspanner* to carry his clothes and books, and might himself mount on the top when tired. Though they left Nordhausen at dawn, it was dark before they reached the last village, where they had to put up for the night. Wolf's first act on entering Göttingen was to recruit himself with a good sleep, after which he set out to be matriculated. Wolf insisted on being inscribed in the matriculation-book as "Student of Philology." The pro-rector, Baldinger, an M.D. of some celebrity, laughed at the absurdity, and informed him there was no such faculty. Medicine, Law, Arts, and Theology were the four faculties; if he wanted (God forbid he should!) to become a schoolmaster, the way was to enter as student of Theology. Wolf, with his habitual obstinacy, refused to see the force of this. He meant to study Philology, and did not intend to study Theology; why should he be called what he was not? The pro-rector gave up the

point, and Wolf was actually inscribed as "Student of Philology," the first instance, not only at Göttingen, but at any university. That matriculation was an epoch in German education.

After the pro-rector came the rector. This was no other than Heyne, already at the height of his celebrity, and all-powerful in the university. Wolf had waited on Heyne the year before, bringing a letter of introduction. Heyne had received the awkward youth with his habitual discourtesy. Heyne, who was in fact overwhelmed with more business than he could get through, always had the air of grudging the minutes he gave to those he had to see officially. You saw that he was wishing the whole time that you would go. He hastily glanced at the letter, and asked young Wolf, who had been stupid enough to advise him to study "what he called Philology?" Wolf blundered out that this was the only study that had ever had any attraction for him. "Attraction! but it is not one of the university studies at all! You must be either theologian or jurist, and then you may give a little time by the way to classics, if you find you have leisure. That's the way I did!" Wolf was struck dumb at hearing the great philologist, whose name was awful through all the schools of North Germany, slight his own art, and repel a would-be disciple. Recovering himself, he explained that "he looked not for bread, but for fame. Not that he was well off, but that his liking for classical studies was so strong, he was ready to make sacrifices to gratify it. Were it only on account of the greater intellectual freedom, he vastly preferred these studies to Theology. No philologist was branded as a heretic for holding singular opinions." For an instant Heyne was surprised out of his official reserve, and exclaimed, "Freedom! where is freedom to be found in this life? The young must obey; and, in after life, let alone our superiors, there is always the public usurping an authority over our actions. As for classical studies, they are the straight road to starvation. At this moment lie on my desk letters from rectors and correctors (head and second masters of grammar schools), who tell me that they would be glad to be hanged, from actual destitution. Not all the learning in the world can get a thaler out of the purses of school committees. Professors in the classical department are but a little better paid. There are about four—at most six—good chairs of Philology in Germany." The young aspirant modestly suggested that one of those six he destined for himself. After this there was nothing left for Heyne but to laugh. He took a friendly leave of the future Professor of Philology, kindly intimating that any lectures of his for which Wolf entered his name should cost him nothing.

Heyne had not forgotten this conversation when Wolf came

before him the second time. After a little demur the "*Studiosus Philologiæ*" of the matriculation-book was suffered to pass. But when Wolf would have entered into some explanations about himself, Heyne abruptly wished him good-day, and retreated into his study. He left the youth, of whom he must have seen that he required and deserved advice and guidance in no ordinary degree, without either. He neither examined him, nor ascertained his point of proficiency, nor showed any inclination to interest himself in his reading in any way. Heyne's indifference made a deep impression upon Wolf. It is true, indeed, that it read him a useful lesson. When he became Professor, he made it a rule never to send a student away without seeing him, and giving him his best attention. However pressed by business, however pre-occupied with literary research, he regarded a call from a pupil as a first claim on his time; this too at Halle, surrounded by students whose poverty made them importunate, while Heyne had to do with the better-bred and better-to-do Hanoverians. Wolf took care not to inflict upon his own pupils the discomforts which Heyne's slight had entailed upon himself. So far, Heyne had unintentionally done him a service. But from this first interview all the relations of scholar and teacher received an unhappy bias, from which they never recovered, and which exercised an important influence on Wolf's whole career.

Before leaving the Professor's apartment, Wolf entered his name for a private course on the Iliad. This was then Heyne's crack lecture. He was known to be preparing an edition of Homer which was to drive out of the field all others: not an impossible enterprise, seeing that Ernesti's revision of Clarke was in possession. Wolf came to this course with the overstrained anticipations of a freshman. He took pains, which freshmen do not always take, in preparing for it. He noted all the books cited in the introductory lecture, assembled them round him, and spent often twenty hours in preparation for a single lecture. The result was that at the end of five weeks, and the first book of the Iliad, Wolf absented himself. He was disappointed. The lecturer's commentary seemed to him superficial. Heyne said of himself that he prelected as "a dog drinks from the Nile." There was a "hesitation—what seemed to Wolf a helplessness—in his method." "We might read so and so, but it is better, perhaps, to keep the old reading." "Emendation is a hazardous game!" "Can any one explain that?" Wolf's desertion could not escape even the short-sighted Heyne. He had his revenge on the deserter. Next semester Heyne announced a course on Pindar. The obscurities of Pindar particularly stimulated Wolf, who had long exhausted the little light that the commentators---Schmid, to wit, and Benedict---

could afford. He attended to give in his name. "This," said Heyne, "is a private course, to which only advanced students are to be admitted." Wolf indignantly demanded to be examined. Heyne took no notice of this, but declined to take his name. Some time afterwards, Heyne, who was placable, offered Wolf a nomination to his philological seminary, on condition of sending in the usual written exercise. Wolf retaliated by neither giving in the exercise nor taking notice of the offer. This headstrong temper clung to Wolf through life. What made his conduct on this occasion more foolish, was that Heyne's voice was all-powerful with the Hanoverian Government, and that a Göttingen student could not carry with him into the world any better recommendation than to have been one of Heyne's seminarists.

To the Nordhausen boy, Göttingen had meant Heyne. If he could not learn from Heyne, what could he learn from such poor creatures as Vollborth, Suchfort, Kulenkamp, a pastor, who, however, lectured upon Sophocles? They lived upon fragments of Heyne, carried off years before in their *Hefien*. It is true that Göttingen contained Michaelis, and Walch, and Meiners, and Blumenbach. Wolf attended regularly or irregularly, and admired the learning of Walch, and the critical method of Michaelis. But they did not teach classics. He gradually withdrew from the class-rooms altogether. The first day of a new course would see him there diligently taking down all the authorities which on such occasions the lecturer would recite and criticise. Armed with this bibliographical list he hurried to the library, carried off, by favour of one of the sub-librarians, a basket-load of books, and shut himself in his room till he had gone through them.

The marks of a "reading man" in a German university are the number of the courses he undertakes, the regularity with which he attends to the hour, and the diligence with which his pen follows the Professor's voice. Wolf despised *Hefien*, and even to give his attention to a speaker for an hour was irksome to him. But if he was little seen in the *Auditorium*, he was never to be found in the streets, the *Kneipe*, or the *Conditorei*. He gave up lectures to save time. Of this he was so great an economist, that he grudged the time spent in walking from one lecture to another, in dressing, but especially in hair-dressing. This last he put a stop to at the end of the first week. He had his hair cut short, and replaced the pigtail by a *perruque*, in defiance of the singularity, thus saving himself the hours wasted in waiting upon the *friseur*. He simplified his dressing—of washing, of course, there is no mention—till he could boast that the operation cost him three minutes out of his day. His acquaintances were many, but he contracted few or no intimacies. He

had no leisure for friendship. It was rare that a comrade knocked at his door. He himself was as sparing in his visits to others. He was never even present at a students' drinking-bout, till at Halle, after he had become Professor. His Nordhausen attachment, though not an engagement, preserved him from vulgar temptation, and he had not the *entrée* of a single house in the town. During the whole three years of his university life he had no female society. His books were all in all to him. The weekly batch which he drew from the public library must be got through in the time. Recreations he had none. We are not surprised to hear that at the end of his first year he was prostrated by a severe attack of illness. The skill of Baldinger and Weiss saved his life, and a visit to his native air recruited him. But he had learnt a lesson, and from this time forward his lamp was always extinguished by midnight.

In later life, and in a published letter, Wolf did not hesitate to ascribe the irregularity of his studies at the university to Heyne's neglect of him. With Wolf's after-career before us, we cannot help thinking that his own headstrong and self-willed character had at least as much to do with it. In the result it was as well. Since Gibbon, who took to Magdalen "a stock of learning which might have puzzled a doctor," so extraordinary a student had perhaps never entered a university. Not that Göttingen, in 1777, had sunk to the level of Oxford in 1754. Even Wolf might at eighteen have learnt from a less than Heyne. Heyne was essentially a dull, wooden man,—a pigtail professor after all. But there was life within, if you could break through to it. Heyne had an apprehension of antiquity as a real world. Without any originality of view himself, he had the skill to adopt the suggestions of more philosophical modern minds to the ancient world. He mediated between the ancient and the modern world. He did not invent historical science, but he first applied it, as it was supplied to him by others, to antiquity. Before him the mythology of Greece and Rome was a farrago of nursery tales. He at least led the way to an intelligent interpretation of it. To have been near Heyne, to have caught his points of view, would have been of great service to Wolf. That Wolf did learn from Heyne, that he did get from him, not directly but indirectly, all that Heyne was capable of giving him, appears to us highly probable. Most of us learn through our sympathies. But there are natures who also learn through their antipathies, natures which acquire from that which they resist. Wolf did not want drilling in the technical part of scholarship, a part which was Heyne's weakest side. He wanted insight, method, suggestions of meaning, drift, and purpose. His keen ear, on the watch for every whisper, collected we do not doubt by other methods as much of this

sort as he could have got from attending Heyne with the utmost diligence. Wolf himself admitted that he had learned from Heyne. He would have been more liberal in his acknowledgments had it not been necessary for him to defend himself against Heyne's claim to have suggested his Homeric theories. This claim Wolf indignantly rejected. But, putting the Homeric theory aside, we say that Heyne contributed to form Wolf. The process, indeed, was not that of docile attendance in a lecture-room, but rude collision, perhaps necessary to sharpen the attention of a defiant and unresponsive mind such as that of Wolf. Wolf was quite capable of nursing his resentments, and sacrificing comfort to brooding over the wounds of pride. But the restlessness of his faculties would not allow him to miss any notions which might be floating in his neighbourhood. Negligent as he was of lectures, Wolf carried away from Göttingen all that for his purposes was to be learnt there.

The Professors, however shut up in their *Fachstudien*, could not but remark the presence of such a phenomenal student. They did so, but without understanding the phenomenon. Indeed, looked at from the dons' side, there was so much presumption and self-conceit—the commonest of all phenomena—that they may be pardoned for not having looked beyond. How must the great Heyne have been ruffled, when going one morning to the library for the literature illustrative of the Latin classic on which he was going to lecture, he found the whole *apparatus criticus* to that author swept clean out of the shelves! Who could have got the books? There was only one person who knew his way to them. This was Wolf, who, in his usual odd way of following a lecture without attending it, was reading ahead of Heyne's course on Latin literature; reversing the usual practice, and being present in spirit, not in the flesh. He was an uncanny inmate of a comfortable university. Still more so when he began to give lectures as a private tutor, and got considerable classes. They were glad to get rid of him. This Heyne managed. Though not a seminarist, Heyne made him the offer of a place in the Government school at Ilfeld, of which Heyne was curator. This school was a select grammar school of the higher class; not a local *gymnasium*, but a grammar school on the English system, where about forty boys were boarded. Places in it were much coveted, and Wolf was at once pleased and surprised by the offer. Heyne, however, contrived to mortify him by requiring of him a trial lesson. The pretext of this was, that the appointment rested with the Ilfeld masters. It did so formally. But it was well known that Heyne's recommendation was a command, and that he repeatedly sent his own seminarists to fill vacancies without

further ceremony. A letter from Heyne to the head-master of Ilfeld has been discovered in the school archives there, which leaves us in no doubt as to Heyne's feeling towards Wolf:—

"30th August 1779.—. . . Herr Wolf . . . has capacity, but I don't like him. We must not go by that in this case. I have told him that he goes to Ilfeld to give a probationary lesson, and that he is not to think that he has got the place. I beg you will put him to a severe trial, and specially to test him on the point of docility. Set him a passage in Greek and another in Latin to put a class through, and let him, besides, correct an exercise which you have dictated to your boys."

Wolf was fully alive to the affront contrived for him, but had the good sense to submit. He was of course appointed, but only to the second of two assistant-masterships which were vacant at the same time. On 29th October 1779 he went through the ceremony of induction into his new post. There is a "report" to Heyne upon his lesson; "report" on that report by Heyne to the department at Hanover; "rescript" of minister ordering Wolf's installation; "deed" of installation, four pages in length; execution of deed by Wolf; finally, ceremony of "induction" to office,—which office is that of fourth master in a school of forty boys. Surely the paper-lust of a German bureau is satiated! Not at all! there is yet the "report" of the induction ceremonial, chronicling with faithful prolixity how the new *collaborator* was introduced at ten A.M. into the great class-room, where the assembled school was addressed by *Director* Meisner,—here abstract of Director's discourse,—whereupon the pupils promised fealty to Wolf; how, between eleven and twelve, he was led round the rooms and introduced to each boarder singly; how, at twelve, they sat down to table; how, after dinner, they took him to the music-lesson, etc. All these documents are still to be seen in the archives at Ilfeld or Hanover.

ILFELD AND OSTERODE, 1779-1783.—We will not be betrayed by our authorities into a detailed account of Wolf's school life. Two points only must be noticed. The proportion of masters to boys was liberal, consequently none of the masters were overwhelmed with work. Much time was thus left to Wolf for his own studies. Homer—here we see Heyne's influence—had occupied him much at Göttingen. It continued to do so; and it was at Ilfeld that his ideas on the composition of the Homeric poems took root in his mind. He had some negotiation with a publisher at Berlin about a volume of "Homeric Researches" which he projected. It fortunately came to nothing then. He had already begun to work upon Plato, and contemplated an "Introduction" to Plato for the use of students. This was also dropped. But he actually published an edition of the *Symposium*

(Leipz. 1782). It is remarkable for having notes and preface in German, being one of the earliest examples of this innovation. But we are not to infer that Wolf deliberately approved the fashion which soon set in. He had an unavowed object in his experiment. The great Friedrich's Letter to his Minister Von Zedlitz, in 1779, had sounded like the call of a trumpet through all the schools of North Germany. Wherever there was found a man of ambition or of zeal, his secret hope and prayer was to receive a call to Prussia. What Wolf's secret thoughts were, may be gathered not only from the allusion in the Preface to "the philosopher on the throne and his enlightened minister," from the compliment to Gedike, at that time all-powerful with Von Zedlitz, but from the character of the innovation, which aims at that "logical analysis of the matter" on which the "Letter" had laid such peculiar stress.

Besides the *Symposium*, Wolf printed an edition for school use of Lillo's *Fatal Curiosity*, with a short account of the author's life in English. A copy of this would be a bibliographical curiosity, since all the efforts of Wolf's biographer to recover one have been unsuccessful. But these were the diversions of his leisure. Wolf was never the writer. And though a prodigious reader, he threw now an undiminished energy into his school work. He soon became the life of Ilfeld. He reformed more than one malpractice in the school, and yet contrived to keep on good terms with his colleagues. He even improved his footing with Heyne. We can easily understand that he had frequent collision with the Director. Meisner was a personage irritably jealous of his authority, and here was the youngest of his staff continually throwing him into the shade. Nothing could have withstood Wolf's ascendancy had his judgment been equal to his force of character. He was ever and anon putting himself in the wrong from neglect of official etiquettes. He would bring a complaint directly before a college meeting, instead of lodging it with the Director, whose place it was, by the statutes, to bring it before the meeting. Then the Director triumphed. At other times, we find Meisner whining to Heyne: "I know not how I am to carry on the directorate, when it comes to such a pass that the young people are grasping at all the power! I must beg that my authority may be upheld, as is very needful."

Wolf had already, at twenty-two, outgrown a subordinate sphere, when, in the autumn of 1781, he was promoted, in the most unexpected way, to an independent post. He happened to see an advertisement in a newspaper, already three months old, that the municipality at Osterode, in the Harz, would shortly proceed to the election of a head-master at their grammar school. Within an hour, Wolf was in a vehicle on the

road to Osterode. He found on arrival that the place was as good as promised to one Krause, a private tutor at Göttingen. Wolf, not to be daunted, got leave to deliver a trial lesson, and so captivated the electors, with the *Superintendent* at their head, that they threw poor Krause overboard, and proceeded to elect Wolf unanimously. There was a momentary hitch, owing to the High Consistory in Hanover exacting a theological examination, to which Wolf declined to submit. This was got over. The promotion to be Rector of Osterode school, with its 700 thalers a year and house, was the more welcome to Wolf, as he had recently engaged himself with Sophia Hüpeden, daughter of a *Justiz-amtmann* at Neustadt. In March 1782 he was settled at Osterode with his bride. In August 1783 he left it for Halle. In that short interval he had re-organized a school fallen to decay during the rectorate of his blind and aged predecessor, who had been thirty years in office, restored its credit in the neighbourhood, and so enhanced his own reputation that two offers of better schools came to him before the end of the year. One of these, that of Gera, with a salary of 900 thalers, and a seat in the Consistory, was a highly desirable offer. To Gera he would have gone, when, just at the moment, came the much-desired call to a Prussian university. The *Symposium* had hit the mark. It had been brought under the notice of Von Zedlitz. Inquiries had been made at Göttingen and at Ilfeld, and of Reiz in Leipzig, and, in spite of an unfavourable reply from Heyne, a call had been sent to a chair of "Philology and Pädagogik" in the University of Halle. This sounds excellent; but alas, the parsimony of the great King! who wanted good professors, but thought they ought to be had very cheap; only 300 thalers could be allowed for "Philology and Pädagogik." Only £45 a year and no house! The curate, mentioned by Bishop Blomfield in one of his pamphlets, who advertised to teach "the Greek language, according to the method of the late Professor Porson, in six lessons, for one guinea," could hardly have undersold one of Friedrich's professors.

No prudent man, about to become a father, would have decided as Wolf did. He decided for Prussia, every way, purse included,—wisely, as the event showed. But his decision was most disinterested at the time. A Prussian university *then* had other inducements more attractive even than pay; and first-rate men are more willing to starve than an inferior class, for these inducements. The fault was not with Von Zedlitz, who did what he could; but the purse-strings were held so tight by the King that money was not to be got. Even to build the new library at Halle he must squeeze the funds out of the sum allowed for the professors. "You have my thanks," wrote Von Zedlitz to Wolf, "for preferring Halle to Gera; the greater

resort of men of learning, the concourse of hearers, and liberty of thought, may in some measure compensate you for the sacrifice." How are things changed since 1783!

HALLE, 1783-1806.—Wolf had never lost an opportunity or wasted an hour. Here he was, at twenty-four, with a learned reputation, a secured position, and a career opened before him, such as other men hope to attain at forty. The twenty-three years spent at Halle were bright, happy, and genial. He had an occupation in which he delighted, into which he threw himself heart and soul. He had the satisfaction of doing a great and growing work, of breathing a new life, not only into Halle, but into all the Protestant universities of Germany. Gesner, Ernesti, and Heyne, had indeed been pioneers of the road, but the impulse to movement on it came from Wolf. Like all great men and great movements, neither would have been what they were but that the time was come for them.

In 1783 two tendencies were in conflict in German education—an old and a new. The innovators were of that school of which Locke was the philosopher and Rousseau the prophet. They loudly denounced the waste of youthful years and freshness on the pedantic methods of the grammar schools, the confinement of instruction within the narrow orbit of the dead languages and theology, and called for a modern education for modern life. On the other hand, the schools and universities were in possession, and, in the name of orthodoxy, clung with fierce tenacity to Latin and Greek. The modern party had the advantage of having with them the sympathies of the age, the power of the press, and the penetrative propagand of French literature. The call for school reform had spread widely over the north of Europe, but nowhere had it met with a readier response than in North Germany. Its representatives here were that advanced section of reformers, of whom Basedow is the best known. Men of strong character and of eccentric career, these reformers who surrounded Basedow were seldom on sufficiently good terms with consistories to be presentable to public schools, even by so liberal a government as that of Friedrich II. They were therefore obliged to attempt their reform from without, by setting up an institution of their own—the Philanthropinum at Dessau. Their programme was a radical reform of the methods hitherto used. Education was no longer to bear the stamp of the convent. We must follow nature in everything, and let the child grow. Education of the head is everything, for the road to the heart is through the head. What is taught must be realities. Languages are only to be learnt for the matters to which they are the key. There is so much in the modern world worth knowing, that all superfluities must be retrenched from our course to find room for the

essential. All dead languages, however curious their literature, belong to the superfluous. All teaching should be by intuition. Learning should be made agreeable to the child. Man is by nature good. God, the Almighty Father, loves all his children. The love of man is natural to man; children should be trained through love. They should regard themselves as citizens of the world.—Such were the principles of the reformers.

In Prussia, with which we have more particularly to do, the views and efforts even of this more extreme party were looked on with a certain degree of approbation. Von Zedlitz, the enlightened Cultus-minister of Friedrich II., was quite willing to introduce into Prussia what was good in their plans. He sent Schütz, one of the Halle professors, to Dessau to inquire and report. The report was not favourable. But the breaking up of the establishment at Dessau, in the latter years of the seventh decennium (Basedow withdrew in 1778), was for education, says Schlosser, "what the dispersion at Babel was for civilisation in Asia." The Dessau teachers carried their ideas with them into every country. Trapp was brought to Halle. A new professorship, that of *Pädagogik*, was created expressly for him, and a kind of training-school—*Erziehungsinstitut*,—recently erected, was committed to his guidance.

Halle was not an unpromising soil for the experiment. It was a new university. Founded in 1696, it had not a tap-root running deep into the classical revival of the sixteenth century. It had itself originated in a certain reforming movement. Not in the movement for the reform of education, which had not yet begun, but in that movement for the regeneration of Protestantism, which was afterwards known by the name of Pietism. Halle was the Pietist university, and had shared the vicissitudes of that religious movement with which it had been associated. Pietism had begun as a life, had stiffened into a doctrine, and was dying out in the shape of a party. Its principle of life was fled, but its tenacity of existence remained. The theological faculty at Halle had sunk into being what the theological faculties at the older universities had long been,—merely the gate to the ministry. The three-year course was curtailed to two years, and only the barely necessary lectures given or attended. But the faculty of Theology was the gate, not only to the ministry, but also to the scholastic profession. The masters of the middle schools, and in great part also of the grammar schools, qualified for their posts in Theology. It was necessary, therefore, that Latin and Greek should be taught even to theological students. And accordingly classical lectures were given in the theological *Seminarium* by professors of no mean merit, *e.g.*, by Christian Gottfried Schütz, and by the young Niemeyer. At the same time that Trapp was appointed Professor of *Pädagogik* (1779),

Niemeyer was named Inspector of the *Seminarium*, and charged with the classical teaching in it. Trapp was not only a disciple of the new movement, but himself one of the Philanthropinists. Niemeyer was neither. A Halle man by birth and connexion, and a great-grandson of Francke, Niemeyer belonged by nature to Pietism. A pupil of Semler and Nösselt, he was drawn by education towards a more liberal school of thought. But though a theological professor, Niemeyer's interests were educational. He threw himself with all his power into the effort now making to raise the character of the teacher. The schools had been taught by the clergy. School-teaching was a temporary occupation engaged in by a young theologian till he could get a parish. The very first step must be to make it an independent profession, with its own prospects and rewards, and above all, with its proper training. He who was to teach must first learn what he was to teach, and not qualify for the office by learning something else. If he was to teach classics he must learn classics, not theology. On this principle the training-institute at Halle was to be managed. It was to be a school for breeding masters of grammar schools, and humanistic studies were to form a chief part of its curriculum. Niemeyer was to give the classical instruction; Trapp was to lecture on the art of teaching (*Pädagogik*).

Trapp turned out an entire failure. Successful at Dessau, in a school with boys, he was useless as a lecturer in a university. The reason of this is simple. He was a zealous empiric, and not well-grounded in any branch of knowledge. He found that he had mistaken his vocation, and, in the third year of his experiment, withdrew to Hamburg, to take charge of a school. When Trapp resigned, Von Zedlitz wrote to the King that he did not consider the loss irreparable, and that he was already in treaty "with an able man in the Electorate of Hanover." This was Wolf, who came to Halle to succeed Trapp. "Do your best," wrote Von Zedlitz, "to remove from Halle the only reproach to which it is open,—that it is not a school of Philology." This was what his patron intended, and he himself understood his call in this sense.

Wolf's opening semester disappointed the expectations of himself no less than his friends. It seemed likely that he would turn out, like Trapp, a mistake, only on the other side. Trapp knew nothing. Wolf found himself lecturing above the heads of his pupils. He had thrown all his energy and science into his lectures, but met no response. He found himself without sympathy, without appreciation, without a class. He fell into profound discouragement. He had forgotten that Halle was not Göttingen, where the labours of Gesner and Heyne, in a course of years, had slowly created a school of classical taste

and research. The ground required preparing for a crop. What was the "science of the ancient world"—*Alterthumswissenschaft*—to the sons of Saxon peasants, who came to the University only to qualify for places where, as pastors or schoolmasters, they might earn a livelihood, and lead an easy existence? Biester, Von Zedlitz's secretary, consoled him by reminding him "that Heyne had experienced the same indifference when he first began at Göttingen. He must persevere; sound, thorough teaching would make its way in the end. The state of things he described in the University was a serious evil, and to check it would be a signal service." Another friend gave him some advice very necessary in his narrow circumstances. "I am sure that Von Zedlitz means you well, and intends to increase your salary. But take my advice, and keep yourself always well informed of the exact state of the University chest. When you come to know the *esprit de corps* in Halle, you will find that for every 150 thalers that become vacant, there are 150 claimants. Let it be known at once among your colleagues that the first vacant 150 thalers are promised to you, and that you only accepted the call on that understanding. Ministers have short memories, no blame to them. Luckily they do not take it amiss to be reminded of one's existence. Do not forget this. Lastly, if you wish to have a friend in Biester, send him a paper for his monthly, and decline payment." Another friend added some useful hints on the *personnel* of the University. He ought to be extremely reserved at first on coming into a place where the other professors were mostly so much his seniors, and where the feeling towards the training-institute, towards the Minister himself, and his educational theories, was so various. He should be on his guard against Semler—an incautious man, and a strong anti-Zedlitzian. Nösselt would be no friend, as his object was gently to push Niemeyer. He would find the concerts of the bookseller Gebauer a good neutral-ground, where much might be picked up under cover of the piano. Let them call you close at first. Time will justify your behaviour as no more than prudent.

Thus encouraged, Wolf resolved to persevere. He threw up the training-school, of which he saw at once that he, at least, could make nothing, and laid himself out for philological teaching exclusively. To conquer indifference, to cure apathy, and to inspire new life into classical teaching, was to be his work. In a very few years he succeeded; entirely changed the spirit of the University of Halle, and through it of all the higher education in Germany, waking in schools and universities an enthusiasm for ancient literature, second only to that of the Revival in the sixteenth century. From this, in fact, comes in

great part both the direction and the force which have ever since been impressed on secondary education in Germany. If we would explore the secret of the superiority of their classical training, we must go back to its source, to the principles and practice developed at Halle by F. A. Wolf. A very summary notice is all that can be attempted here.

If we wish to raise the universities from their present torpor, we must begin by raising the schools. The only way of raising the schools is to send them better-prepared schoolmasters. School reform means schoolmaster reform. When the masters are better able to teach, the scholars will come better prepared to the university. Not that university studies should be anticipated at school. There is too much of this in our present schools. The master delivers lectures, and the boys ape the manners of students. There is a clear line of demarcation between school instruction and university instruction, which ought never to be overstepped. The characteristic of university instruction may be denoted by the word "science:" *wissenschaft*. I call all teaching scientific which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original source, *e.g.*, a knowledge of classical antiquity is scientific, when the remains of antiquity are connectedly studied in the original languages. School teaching, on the other hand, is directed to the memory and imagination. It must be preparatory to, not anticipatory of the university.

How are well-prepared schoolmasters to be got for our schools? How, that is, are able young men to be got to take the trouble of educating themselves as schoolmasters? Partly by exterior inducements, by better payment, and higher distinction—*honor et premium*,—not only by raising the stipends generally, but by occasional presents to deserving men. Wolf always passes more lightly over this head than we should expect, seeing that inadequate payment was, and still is, a Prussian schoolmaster's first grievance. We must remember that he was a professor, *i.e.*, a paid servant of Government, and lived through evil times, when a murmur was "sedition." The omission in part may fairly be ascribed to his own disinterestedness. But he does recur to it from time to time, as in his half-ironical "Instructions to Schoolmasters:" "Be always in good health, and know how to fast courageously whenever necessary." By exterior rewards, then, but not by them only. The first condition of a good teacher is that he should be a teacher, and nothing else; that he should be trained as a teacher, and not brought up to some other profession. In a word, the schools will never be better as long as the schoolmasters are theologians by profession. The

theological course in a university, with its smattering of classics, is about as good a preparation for a classical master as a course of feudal law would be. Examinations may be better than no test of fitness at all, but they are insufficient tests of fitness for office. You must train your masters under your own eye. No regulations can make good schools; we must have men. Even training cannot do all. To the making a successful teacher there belongs a special *charisma*. No man should dedicate himself to the profession who does not feel a special vocation to it. A zeal for his occupation, a love for youth, a genuine, deeply-seated, religious devotion to the service of the young, can alone make the toilsome occupation of school-teacher endurable.

In pursuance of this principle, Wolf, in 1786, prevailed upon the Chancellor of the University, Von Hoffmann, to erect a philological *seminarium*. This was an institution parallel to the theological *seminarium*, and intended for the special training of classical teachers, as that was for divines. The "exterior" inducements were not great: a "bourse," or exhibition of 40 thalers, tenable for two years. Wolf, as inspector, had 100 thalers. As the total number of seminarists was limited to twenty-four, the total cost of an establishment which exercised so vast an influence on education was about £180 a year. Forty thalers may have been not unwelcome to an indigent Halle student. Still, in the fact that sixty candidates offered themselves for the first examination, we see evidence that Wolf's teaching had already, in the third year, begun to tell. No one was eligible till he had completed his first year of residence, though any student of any faculty might be present at the seminary lectures. As it was a new experiment, the original regulations were very simple, and in practice were being continually altered or added to. Indeed, scarce a semester passed without some modification being suggested by experience. When, in 1810, Wolf was asked for a sketch of his method, he could only say that it so happened that the practice of the philological *seminarium* had never been reduced to written rules. Perhaps this was not so purely accidental. Wolf's tendencies were autocratic. He was very jealous of interference, even by authority. When once the Department of Education (*Oberschulcollegium*) ventured to suggest that the instruction given in the seminary might be made more popular, Wolf immediately sent in his resignation. As inspector, he was bound to send in a report every half-year, but it was rarely forthcoming till he had been several times admonished of his duty. He would allow no sub-tutor in the seminary but pupils of his own training; young men like J. L. Thilo, or Immanuel Bekker, entirely devoted to his views. The seminary thus was

not only Wolf's creation, but was wholly controlled and inspired by him.

The material inducements to Philology as a profession being so meagre, Wolf insisted that in the subject itself lay an all-sufficient inducement. He had known many an ardent young man to whom it was compensation enough, for starving pay, that he would be always engaged with the very study, which, were he rich, he would have made his occupation. What was this study? Not the acquisition of the Greek and Latin languages. These languages, Latin especially, had been regarded as introductory to the professions; as qualification for the study of Law or Theology. This was the meanest view that could be taken of the subject. Again, the languages had been regarded as the road to the literature; and the literature was supposed to constitute what was called "learning." This was a traditional superstition. There had, indeed, been a time when this was really the fact. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the works of the ancients were regarded not only as master-pieces of art, but as the storehouse of all knowledge. Education consisted then in appropriating their thoughts. All the sciences were to be founded upon the principles they had laid down. The history of the ancient world was the only school of the politician or the diplomatist. These views were true and fruitful in their day. They could be no longer either. The sciences had attained such a development, that any school handbook contained more truths of this sort than all the writings of antiquity. As vehicles of thought, the modern languages had superseded Latin. Nor, again, did the use of Philology lie in tracing the past history of science. True, there were dark corners in the sciences, which could be illuminated by a knowledge of their past. But this was only a special application of their knowledge, not that which conferred on it its universal value.

To find this value we must rise to a higher elevation. Classical learning might be compared to a vast mountain-range, of which the successive peaks offered wider and wider prospects. On each of these summits men had been inclined, at various periods in the history of learning, to rest as at the end of their journey. The toil of reaching many of these heights was often well repaid, but they were not the top. The time was now come when we might comprehend PHILOLOGY as a whole, as no longer subsidiary to other studies, as a science in itself, having its own end. He would propose to define this end as "knowledge of human nature as exhibited in antiquity." The expression seems to have been supplied by Wilhelm von Humboldt (*Humboldt to Wolf, Werke*, v. 18). It is largely developed by

Wolf. When we speak of "knowing human nature," we naturally think of that empirical worldly craft which is got by much mixing with men. In our definition, the expression bears the full sense of the words: the study of man's nature with its original forces and qualities, and the modifications which varied circumstances impose on those forms. This knowledge cannot be got from life. To get it we must have our eye continually directed upon some great nation, and follow the education of that nation through all its successive stages. We must study a community, not individuals. And what, in the knowledge of individuals, the study of some great man's biography is for us, that, in the knowledge of humanity, is done for us by the history of some highly cultivated nation. This is a knowledge which cannot be communicated by teaching. In this respect it is like Philosophy; it grows up in the mind as the result of long-continued occupation with the object. It is a constantly growing picture of a national existence, to which we are insensibly adding fresh traits. To create and preserve our conception of a full and harmonious national life, requires our most strenuous mental effort; nothing less, in short, than the devotion of our whole will and attention. The sources from which this conception is to be drawn are threefold—1. The written remains; 2. The works of art; and, 3. Other remains, such as buildings, inscriptions, coins, implements, weapons, etc.

To map out in detail the manifold sections into which this complex study branches, was the object of a special course, called in German university language, "Encyclopædia of Philology." There is in print one draft of such a course (*Museum der Alterthumswissenschaft*, i. 1), which, as dating in 1807, may be presumed to be in the form which Wolf finally approved. It has been translated into French; but it is almost unknown in this country, though we find that George Bancroft, the American historian, had projected an English translation, which, however, he did not execute. In it Wolf marshals the whole contents of Philology into six introductory, and eighteen material divisions. The six introductory disciplines prepare the student for entering within the circle of historical and real knowledge contained in the other eighteen branches. These eighteen antiquarian sciences are themselves so many means, which, united, conduct to the contemplation of antiquity. This end, this *epopteia*, or actual admission to the mysteries, is none other than that knowledge of which we have already spoken—the knowledge of man in the ancient world, as exhibited in an eminent organic common life. This attainment is the final reward of the true student. It is in his constant endeavour to grasp this many-sidedness of thought and feeling that consists

his progress, his self-culture. As a condition of this higher culture on the student's part, Wolf insisted on a feeling for the ideal. He resisted with all his power that mean habit of thought, by which he was surrounded in Halle, of looking at learning as the cow that kept the family in milk. He was fond of quoting that sentence of Aristotle, where he is explaining why drawing should form a part of all liberal education.¹ "*Recte studet qui sibi et vitæ studet*" should be our motto. Liberal studies followed in an illiberal spirit sink below any mechanical art in worth. It should be our constant endeavour to keep alive in our own bosoms a love for study. In reading with the fear of examination (*Examenscheu*) before our eyes, this is impossible. "*Perverse studere qui examinibus studeant.*"

Making classical study thus comprehensive, and fixing its aim thus high, Wolf descended in practice to the minutiae of grounding. He regarded all university instruction as, at most, introducing the learner to the subject; teaching him to find his own way in it. He would not load his pupils with the outpouring of his own learning. He aimed at infusing his own spirit into them, that, entering into fresh combinations in new personalities, it might strike out fresh and rich results for science. He refused, indeed, unprepared students in the *seminarium*, requiring every one to bring with him a competent knowledge of Greek and Latin. The student must rise up to the instruction, not the instruction descend to him. He looked to the energy of the individual as the source of his progress. In the seminary, all the work was done by the pupils themselves. The inspector presided and directed, like the moderator in the old universities, but did not lecture. The exercises (*Uebungen*) were of three kinds: interpretation, disputation, teaching a school-class. On an "interpretation" day, the student whose turn it was undertook not merely to render, or "construe" his author, but to support his interpretation by reasons. He was bound to show that he had used the best that commentators offered, but that he had, by reflection and comparison, made it his own. The interpretation was to be strictly of the sense, no exposition of the beauties, of the passage; not æsthetical, but grammatical. When necessary only it might be critical of the text, *e.g.*, emendation is an admissible way of meeting a difficulty in Martial, not so in Virgil. "You are to imagine you have before you the head form in a grammar school." Though only one, or two at most, students were to be put on in the hour, yet every one was to prepare himself as fully as if it were his turn to interpret. The whole exercise was to be gone through in Latin, except when Wolf directed German, of which

¹ Τὸ ζητεῖν πανταχοῦ τὸ χρήσιμον ἥκιστα ἀρμόττει τοῖς ἐλευθεροῖς.—*Polit.* viii. 3.

occasions he never gave notice beforehand. A whole paragraph of connected meaning was to be taken at once. The main drift to be first stated in few words. Then to pass to the secondary propositions; then to the words which were to be explained singly. This method to be strictly adhered to, to avoid confusion in the train of thought. The seminarist whose turn it was to interpret represented the professor for the time. When the interpreter got on tolerably, Wolf would allow him to proceed to the end of the hour without interrupting him once. But if he perceived in the performer assumption, self-conceit, or a tendency to shirk difficulties, his interference and correction were incessant. Many a seminarist who had incurred this fate, deservedly or undeservedly, "will remember as long as he lives," says Schulz, "the agony of such an hour" (*Erinnerungen von F. A. Wolf*, Berlin, 1836). The disputations, also in Latin, were *viva voce*, but not extemporaneous. The respondent, who chose his own opponent, had eight days' notice of his theme. They were to collect all the matter they could on the subject from books, and then arrange it in writing. The opponent must select for attack main points, not errors of expression or trivial matters. He was not to linger pertinaciously on one weak point, but to pass on to the next. Two hours per week were allotted to interpretation. Disputations were held at intervals of perhaps six weeks. Wolf was far from disapproving some vehemence in these contests, and thought a disputant should take in good part all that passed. Only, they must not come to blows, arguments too *hard*. Acrimony of feeling should not be shown, such amenities as "*quisquis talia blaterat est taxandus*" were improper; the individual should never be attacked. So long as disputant and opponent kept to the point, Wolf, as moderator, hardly interfered at all. It was generally a sign of dissatisfaction when he broke in on the dispute in German; though even Wolf had days on which Latin would not come fluently from his tongue. Not only the disputations, but all the exercises in the seminary, were open to the public, and were in fact attended regularly by all the classical students. The school-lessons were given by the seminarists twice a week, in one of the schools of the Francke Institute, one in the first form, where a Greek poet was read; the other in the third, in Latin syntax. Before going into the lesson, Wolf would give minute directions how to conduct it. The first lesson in each semester he gave himself, in the presence of the seminarists. After that he left them to go on alone. But he took care to be privately informed how the lessons had prospered, and administered praise or blame accordingly. By practice only, he was ever insisting, and not by theoretical rules, can one learn to

teach. It is just like any other art. One cannot learn to make shoes by drawing them with chalk on the wall, without leather.

The *seminarium* was one instrument, silently efficacious, by which Wolf raised classical studies in Germany. His public lectures were the more brilliant and popular instrument of his success. In his *Encyclopædie* he sketched a comprehensive scheme of philological research; he was prepared himself to give striking examples of original treatment in a great variety of the subjects into which he had partitioned it. He lectured, independently of the *seminarium*, fourteen hours a week in summer, and seventeen in the winter semester. He considered two lectures a day a proper average for a professor. Whoever attempts to read three hours, he would say, sinks into a mere *Hefleser*. During the twenty-three years he was at Halle, he seems to have read at least fifty different courses. Of these, many were interpretations of classical authors. Among the authors read we find the *Iliad*. This course was the most frequently repeated; ten times during the twenty-three years, *i.e.*, every second year, for it was begun in 1785. The *Odyssey* was given three times; the Homeric Hymns once. We find besides the Greek dramatists, Hesiod, Theognis, Pindar, Aristophanes, Herodotus, Demosthenes, and Æschines, Plato, Xenophon, Lucian, Longinus. Aristotle only occurs once, and that in the *Poetics*; the Gospels (Matthew and Mark) once. The usual Latin authors were also read. The subjects to which separate courses of original lectures were devoted, were as follows:—1. *Encyclopædia of Philology*; 2. *History of Greek Literature*; each of these nine times repeated; 3. *History of Latin Literature*, five times; 4. *Roman Antiquities*, seven times; 5. *Survey of Ancient History*, six times; 6. *Greek Antiquities* six times; 7. *Composition generally*; 8. *Latin Composition*; 9. *History of Philology*; 10. *Principles of History*; 11. *General introduction to Plato's writings*; 12. *Introduction to reading of Homer*; 13. *Numismatics*; 14. *Ancient Geography*; 15. *Ancient Painting*. He never printed any of these lectures; indeed, he did not write them out at length. He inserted in the *Jena Literary Gazette* a prohibition of any attempt to publish any of them under his name. They would be misrepresentations, he said; not intentionally, but because suggestions thrown out orally have a freedom which cannot belong to a formal written statement. But many copies were in circulation from the students' notebooks, of which four or five have since been printed. None of these, say his pupils, give more than a distant notion of his incomparable manners. Sparks struck from his anvil flew into every part of Germany, and beyond it; and may be found, says Bernhardt (*Griech. Lit.* i. 168), in the most remote corners. He disapproved the mechanical note-taking of the German

lecture-rooms, though he would occasionally dictate a sentence to be taken down, when he wished it to be thought over. Nor would he ever dictate translation, a favourite refuge of the lazy, but preferred to distribute sheets of a printed version. His lectures were all prepared, but all extempore; a few notes only before him. Occasionally, overtaken by the hour, he had to come before his class quite unprepared; and they never thought him more fresh and genial than at those times. All voices are united as to the power and impressiveness of his delivery. Carl von Raumer, who heard him in 1803, speaks of the peculiar spell which his vast learning, keen criticism, and ardent interest in his subject threw round the hearer. Goethe, on a visit to Wolf in 1805, prevailed upon one of the daughters to conceal him, more than once, behind the hangings during a lecture. The poet has recorded, in his own untranslatable words (*Tag und Jahres Hefte*, 1805), that his expectations were fulfilled by "the spontaneous deliverance of a full mind, a revelation issuing from a thorough knowledge, and diffusing itself over the audience with spirit, taste, and freedom." Bernhardt says it rather resembled clever and witty conversation than formal teaching. Even grown-up men would fain have put themselves to school to him; as Jacobs (the editor of the *Anthologia*), who, after he was master of the school at Gotha, formed a plan for going to Halle for a year to hear Wolf. Pupils, who became professors in their turn, even copied his singularities,—his rapid movement from the door to the desk, his constant hemming, his immovable look fixed on the text-book before him. The "wit" of which Bernhardt speaks is not to be understood of small jokes, intended to raise a laugh along the benches. This he despised, as a man who is rich in jewels does not forge small coin. It was rather a vein of lively thought running through all he uttered. "*Les hommes n'ont jamais montré plus d'esprit, que lorsqu'ils ont badiné*" found its exemplification in Wolf. The examples by which he would illustrate a rule were not merely striking, they were of that sort which impress themselves for ever upon the memory.

His aim in lecturing was not to communicate knowledge, but to stimulate. Full of knowledge as he was, he would only suggest, point out how and when a subject could be studied. Hence the impossibility of setting down his lectures in black and white. He did not enunciate truths, but, starting from some far-off point already established, arranged the extant material, examined the evidence as in open court, and so, after full hearing of both sides, allowed the result to establish itself before the mental eye. One bust, and one only, ornamented his lecture-room, that of Lessing. This was symbolical of the

spirit which breathed through all he said, the spirit of critical inquiry, which adheres precisely to the evidence, which discriminates with truth-loving care the certain from the probable, and scrupulously marks the exact shade of probability.

In a new course he would define the aim of the particular study in hand, mark the point from which it should be begun, and then indicate the books and other materials from which help was to be got. He generally gave a brief chronological outline of the literature, assigning his time, place, and value to every labourer in the field, in few and telling words. He marked the gaps and blanks in any province of learned investigation, suggesting them as undiscovered tracts to the enterprise of the young scholar. In interpretation lectures he would begin very slowly, dwelling long on short portions, and grammatically analysing at length. He treated the class as beginners requiring to be initiated gradually. As the semester advanced the pace was quickened, and more was directed to be read at home. He would have each writer illustrated only by himself or contemporary writers. He laid great stress on translation, insisting on the idiom of the language into which the translation was being made. He recommended that a verbal translation should be made the basis, and gradually improved upon till a new whole was produced. He would take for his text-book the author to whom his own studies were directed, whether he was editing or reviewing, *e.g.*, he lectured on the Homeric Hymns on occasion of Ilgen's edition (1796). This he found contributed to throw a fresh interest into the lectures.

To estimate the effort of a single mind, in proposing an aim thus lofty for classical studies, and in pushing them with so much vigour, we must remember that it was at the very crisis when the philanthropists seemed almost to have grasped their victory. They had succeeded in discrediting the study of the ancient languages, in general opinion, for the first time since the Renaissance. A reform of the grammar schools on their principles seemed imminent. Wolf represents the reaction against the new realism. His love for the investigation of antiquity was one impulse; but an antagonism to the prevalent views on education was also ever present. The presumption and ignorance of the philanthropists irritated him; their growing popularity alarmed him. He would not have conceived so completely his ideal of human culture as based on the traditions of the Greek world, had it not been brought out in sharp contrast with the school of useful knowledge. Even in 1786, the tone in which he speaks of humane studies is one of despondency. Alluding to the promise afforded by a young pupil,

he writes, "This is the only kind of solace left for us, who are occupied with matters which are in little esteem with the public. Every day sees the prospects of these studies become more and more clouded. The new hierophants now abroad desire to preserve their disciples from all tinge of literature, else they would no longer command their devotion." As time goes on the danger passes away, and Wolf's language becomes more hopeful. He is not less strenuous in denouncing the main principle of the innovators,—“education in knowledge of the useful;” but he is forward to welcome what is true and good in their doctrines. He spoke highly of the early forerunners of Philanthropism, Comenius and Locke. Of Rousseau's *Emile* he said it contained many good hints, especially on the treatment of the early years of infancy and childhood. Even Trapp's "*Pädagogik*" he praises, as offering many practical observations on mental training. He condemned all running-down of science, and favoured attempts of the moderate eclectics, e.g., Niemeyer (*Grundsätze der Erziehung*), to adopt as much as was practicable from the philanthropists.

Notwithstanding, he brings out in later years, with increasing emphasis, the educational ideal which had been steadily growing more distinct to him. This is the pure Greek ideal; as he defines it in 1807, a purely human education, and elevation of all the powers of mind and soul to a beautiful harmony of the inner and outer man, the ἐγκύκλιος παιδεία of the ancients. As long as there exists in the world a generation who make this elevation their aim, so long will they turn to the ancients for instruction and encouragement in prosecuting it. The simplicity, the dignity, the grand comprehensive spirit of their works, will ever make them a source from which the human soul will draw perpetual youth. Those grand old Greek characters are to us not personages displayed upon a remote historical stage, but intimate friends whom we have known and esteemed and loved. The banishment of this ideal from German schools would be the greater mistake, inasmuch as there is a peculiar affinity between the Greek and the Teutonic mind. Wolf appeals to Goethe (Dedication to *Museum*), "May your powerful aid be exerted to save our country from the sacrilegious hands which would tear from it the palladium of ancient learning! Be it in our language, be it in our blood, I know not, but no people of the modern world has fallen so readily in as we have with the tone of Greek poetry and oratory. We are not deterred from approaching the shrines of these heroes by the strange forms with which they surround themselves; we alone have never attempted to beautify their simplicity, to drape over their indelicacies."

Wolf's writings cannot be treated on their merits. They were strictly a part of his professional activity. He was eminently a teacher, not a writer. Everything he wrote, or projected writing, not excepting the celebrated *Prolegomena*, was an occasional publication arising out of some call or suggestion of his public teaching. Of this kind he printed not a little; and for one book which he achieved he projected twenty. We shall only mention a few among these to which particular interest attaches. In 1778 he added "Remarks," and promised an Appendix to a translation of Harris's *Hermes*. But the second volume, which should have contained Wolf's dissertations, never appeared. In the next year, he was reading Demosthenes, from the point of view of Attic law. He had hitherto relied on second-hand authorities for this branch, and was determined to do so no longer. As he read, the wish grew up to show in a single specimen how the mass of material, collected by the industry of ages, on Demosthenes, should be dealt with by an editor. It so happened that at this time a scheme was on foot for a collective publication of Greek classics. Körte, Wolf's excellent biographer, confounds (Körte, i. 252) this with another plan, promoted or patronized by Ruhnken, for a series of Latin classics. The Greek series was to be under the editorship of C. G. Schütz, then editor of the *Jena Literary Gazette*. Both projects were of that comprehensive character which rising scholars, in the exuberance of their powers, have formed, and will continue to form, in each generation,—projects of which the wrecks lie about us in our libraries, in vain warning future adventurers of their certain fate. Of the two schemes with which Wolf was connected, neither, as far as we know, produced any fruit, beyond the *Leptines*, which Wolf brought out in 1789. He intended his edition for advanced readers—not for schools. He would not have any classic read in schools which it required much antiquarian knowledge to understand. Wolf's material having been appropriated by all succeeding editors, has become pretty well known in this country in our schools and universities, though not in its original shape. A better known book among us, Böckh's *Public Economy of Athens*, owed its suggestion directly to Wolf's *Leptines*. The books both of Wolf and his pupil are not antiquarian books, but are penetrated by that tacit reference to the conditions of modern society, in which Wolf first led the way. The *Leptines*, at the time of its appearance, excited the attention of the learned world. It drew a complimentary letter from Heyne, who characteristically gives himself the air of knowing all that Wolf has to say, and therefore approving all he has said. The *Leptines* enjoyed that immunity from censure which is often accorded to first publications.

Not, indeed, that it needed indulgence, unless it were for the warmth of its outbreaks against Reiske, the last editor of Demosthenes. Even these were forgiven to a young scholar, who, from a truer critical stand-point, condemned the system of arbitrary emendation in which the editors of the eighteenth century indulged. We may remember that Porson felt bound to speak with no less severity of Reiske on this ground. In the lapse of time, Wolf himself detected his own errors, and twenty-seven years afterwards (1816) advertised a corrected edition, "*ab erroribus olim commissis purgatio*." But this too remained among unfulfilled projects.

A similar fate awaited the *Variae Lectiones* of Muretus, and the *Select Dialogues* of Lucian. Of each of these undertakings Wolf brought out a Vol. I., and there dropped them. In 1792 he revised the text of Herodian for the Francke press. It was too hurriedly done; he was extremely dissatisfied with his recension, and was always talking of an improved edition, but never put a hand to it. An edition of the *Tusculan Disputations*, in the same year, arose again out of the class-room. He thought this treatise much better fitted for beginners than the *Offices*, which, however, had established themselves by preference in the schools. Wolf had an afternoon lecture on the "Tusculans," which was rather a favourite of his. It was probably attended by the younger students, and he himself may have regarded it as a relaxation after other *collegia*, which required preparation. Orelli, who had a copy as taken down by some auditor, hints that Wolf had allowed himself great latitude in this lecture, with an eye to enlivening the afternoon, and that he would by no means have stood to all that he had said. Yet the extracts of the course which Orelli published (at the end of his edition, Turici, 1829) are rich in keen remark on the force of words and phrases, from which others besides beginners may learn much. Wolf himself had no thought of publishing these *Scholias*, as we truly call them. What he edited was the text only; an "*egregia recensio*," in Orelli's judgment, of a book, in which, after all Bentley had done for it, still lingered (and even yet linger) not a few corruptions.

The *Prolegomena* to Homer (1795) had the same casual origin. The work to which he owed European fame was written without premeditation, or the least anticipation of such a result. The Francke press, finding their school-Homer exhausted, asked Wolf to revise the text for a new edition. For twenty years he had had Homer, and the problem of the Homeric text, before him. Homeric criticism was an untouched soil. The scholars of the seventeenth century, who had tampered with every author, had held aloof from Homer as from sacred ground.

The text was a mere "vulgate," formed by continued reprinting with accumulating errors from the Venetian or Florentine editions. Clarke, whose name is a byword among school-boys, but who really possessed more metrical skill than any preceding editor, had done good service in expelling some of the more gross of these errors. Ernesti made (1759) improvements on Clarke, and this text (Ernesti-Clarkianus) was in complete possession of the field. No principle guided the editors. It was taken for granted that the ordinary canons of editing applied straight away to the Homeric text. Nor would it have been easy for any one, who had not seen the Venetian *Scholια*, to have discovered that it was not so. The Venetian *Scholια* were published by Villoison in 1788, and were immediately read with eagerness. Yet no scholar, Heyne least of all, saw in them what Wolf saw in them,—the true principle on which the text must be constituted. Even as late as 1803, we find Elmsley laying it down (*Ed. Rev.* vol. ii. p. 314) that "the plan which is adopted by the generality of enlightened editors" is the right one, and commending Heyne for having followed it.¹ The history of the Homeric text opened Wolf's eyes to the fact that the Homeric text is a unique case; that here we cannot make it our object to approximate our book to the book as it came from the hands of the author, and that the only thing left for us is to choose one among the Alexandrian texts as our *norma*. He was thus prepared to undertake, for a mere school edition, a revolution in the text of Homer, the extent and merits of which were only slowly appreciated after a lapse of years.

As there was to be no exegetical commentary, nor notes of any kind, Wolf's emendations ran the risk of being overlooked, or rejected as wanton, without some justification. This he proposed to provide in a preface, the original intention of which was simply to give an account of his method of dealing with the text. This bearing of the *Prolegomena* should ever be borne in mind in reading them. The Wolfian hypothesis has been treated in this country as a mere wanton paradox, the amusement of the vacant hours of a perverse ingenuity. It was really only an attempt to sketch the history of the text, with the purpose of showing the principle on which that text must necessarily be arranged.

The material was all at hand. He had long been in the habit of making a note of all he met with in his reading that bore on this favourite topic. His notes were mostly on single

¹ This error still lingers. Dindorf calls his Homer "*Ad optimorum librorum fidem expressa*"! In any sense of the words "best manuscripts," the "Marco. 454," must be the best, and *this* Dindorf has not collated.

sheets, or scraps of paper. When anything was to be written, these memoranda were gone through and winnowed. The views over which he was meditating were always present to him; he had but to marshal his proofs and illustrations. In the instance of Homer, this material was unusually abundant. The ideas to which he was now going to give birth had been maturing for twenty years. A great deal has been written on the question of Wolf's originality. He had seen Wood's *Essay on the Original Genius of Homer*; for though the essay had only "crept out to the extent of seven copies" at home, one of those seven had found its way to Germany, and a translation had appeared at Frankfort (1773), before the book was actually published in England. Casaubon's hint, and Bentley's more confident assertion, were both known to him. On the other hand, Vico was not known to him, even in 1795. But it is unnecessary to turn over the moderns in search of a prompter; Wolf has said nothing which is not embodied in the well-known passage of Josephus (*Cont. Apion*, i. 2), which is quoted everywhere, and which is itself the expression of a fact which was known to all the critics of the Ptolemaic age. Be this as it may, whoever was the suggester, the suggestion had early struck root in Wolf's mind, and found it congenial soil. In 1779, while still a student at Göttingen, he had written for Heyne an exercise, which had defended some heretical paradox on Homer. In the following year he offered Nicolai, the Berlin publisher, a dissertation "On the Origin of the Homeric Poems." Seeing that the dissertation was unwritten, and the projector a youth of one-and-twenty, we cannot say that Nicolai was unwise in declining the offer. The thought, banished for a time, occurred again and again, as his studies ranged more widely over classical antiquity. Yet, as his ideas gained in distinctness, they appeared to him to lose in probability. The ardour of youthful discovery was gradually tempered by a sense of the doubtfulness of all conclusions on a point of such high antiquity. In this state of mind he happened to meet with the notion in a flimsy French book, Perrault, *Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes*, 1690. Disgusted at finding himself in such bad company, he fell back at once on the traditional belief. He endeavoured with all his might to establish this opinion by evidence. Even after he had recurred to his original view, he continued for twelve years to assume in his public lectures the received origin of the poems. Thus it was, that once embarked on the question of the text of Homer, he found it impossible to quit it in few words. So the *Preface* grew into the *Prolegomena*, and the *Prolegomena* into a volume. He had begun printing at once, as if it were to cost him but a few days' writing. The whole was

composed with the printer at his heels—his lectures and other official duties going on all the while. "The Fair (Leipzig) hurries a man like death!" he wrote on one proof-sheet. Marks of this haste are apparent enough in the *Prolegomena*.

If we measure the *Prolegomena* by the impression produced by them on the course of classical learning, we shall be unable to name any other single work whose influence is to be compared to theirs. It was no momentary diversion, but an abiding impulse. "*Ingens philologiæ emendatio*," Böckh once (in 1834) ascribed to the *Prolegomena*. He might have said they had inaugurated a new epoch in Philology. Paradoxes startle, die out, and are forgotten. The *Prolegomena* turned critical inquiry into a new direction, which it has ever since obeyed. They first taught scholars that the resources of Greek and Latin were not exhausted when the languages were learned, but that the languages were but a step to an almost unexplored field of investigation. If, on the other hand, we measure the *Prolegomena* by the standard of the best critical essays which modern learning has given us, we shall not be able to place them in the highest rank. This is owing in part to a crudity of style, a fault not uncommon in great extempore orators. "Each step," writes Körte, "is firm; each word of exact precision. The Latin is that of a man who thinks out his expression; it is at once his own and genuinely Roman." But the excellent biographer is carried here far beyond the mark by his enthusiasm. Haste has, it appears to us, interfered greatly with clearness of style. But beyond this, there is undeniably a crudity of conception. This defect was inevitable. The Homeric problem was too complicated to be capable of being thought out by the first mind which grappled with it. The question has been wrought out with much greater precision and fulness of detail since by Lachmann, Lehrs, Nitzsch, Lauer, Hermann, Köchly, La Roche; and to their writings, inferior as they are in grasp and genius to Wolf, the young scholar who intends to study Homer must now have recourse. As a discussion of the special question, the *Prolegomena* have passed into oblivion. The book is laid aside. The author's name stands out brighter than ever, as we come more closely to discern how vast was the step he made on the way towards a true conception of the early times of Greek history. Niebuhr has been accused by Blum (*Einleitung in Rom's alte Geschichte*) of disingenuousness in not mentioning Wolf's *Prolegomena* as having suggested his idea, that the early history of Rome was founded on poems. There is no disingenuousness in the case. The fact is, that the leading ideas of Wolf's *Prolegomena* were of that character that they became at once, with all their consequences, the common property, not of scholars

only, but of all the world. The conception we all have of popular poetry seems to us so self-evident, that our difficulty is to understand that it was not always possessed. It requires an effort to remember that for ages even scholars applied the same measure to Virgil and Tasso as to Homer; that they confounded the artificial imitation with the genuine product of the creative imagination. Even on the more special question of the origin of the Homeric poems, whatever there may be to retrench in Wolf's arguments, his main proposition has maintained itself unshaken. His views have been continually gaining ground; and as Nitzsch himself before his death became a convert, we may safely say that no scholar will again find himself able to embrace the unitarian hypothesis.

We have a curious proof of this double character of the Wolfian ideas, viz., their originality and their obviousness, in the reception which the *Prolegomena* experienced on their publication.

Wolf had wished to confine the discussion of his views to the learned world. With this intention he wrote in Latin, and obstinately resisted all the proposals made him for any German version of his argument. In spite of his precautions, however, the little literary journals were very soon up in arms. The readers of Homer, or who wished to pass for such, were shocked, and pained, and distressed by this impious attempt to take their Homer from them. It was but a part of the jacobinical crusade against everything which our fathers had believed, every name which they had held in honour. The clamour affected Wolf little, if at all. The public was not then such a many-headed monster as it has since become; it had not so many throats to scream with. Wolf waited to hear what the learned world would say. In Holland, which held then the first place in learning, in England, in France, not a single voice was raised on his side. Villoison declared the book a "literary impiety," and is said to have regretted the publication of the *Scholæ*, which had placed arms in the hands of the German critic. Sainte-Croix, who, by courtesy, took rank among the learned, refuted Wolf without reading his book. Fauriel, indeed, at a later time, transplanted the Wolfian idea to French soil; but in 1795 he was only twenty-two. In England, Elmsley, in 1813, could only count "ten men who really study the minutæ of Greek."—(*Life of Blomfield*, i. 12.) Of that number Elmsley himself was confessedly among the first. But Elmsley in 1795 was only twenty-two. Even ten years later, when he wrote his review of Heyne's *Homer* (*Ed. Rev.* July 1803), he betrays a weakness as a Homeric scholar, which seems out of proportion to his strength when put forth on the dramatists. Though Wolf's historical criticism found no

favour in the English universities, yet by some process which we have not traced, (was it by Porson's advice?) nearly all his emendations were adopted in the Oxford Homer (called the *Grenville*) of 1800, though it was pretended by the editors that they were corrections made from the collation of MSS. Ruhnken, then at the head of European philologists, to whom the *Prolegomena* were dedicated, felt himself uncomfortably shaken in his habitual notions, but was too old to catch the new point of view on which conviction depended.

If Wolf got no assent from the scholars, he got, at least, nothing but bare contradiction. The thorough investigation of the subject could not take place till a generation of younger men arose, trained in the very ideas which Wolf's own teaching set afloat. Wolf had been long removed from the scene before anything worthy of the name of a counter argument appeared.

Besides the learned, there was another class whose judgment on the subject Wolf valued, and to whose consideration he had expressly recommended it. These were the poets. Their verdict was not on the whole favourable. Wilhelm von Humboldt indeed sympathized and approved. He undertook to read the whole of Homer through again, to test the hypothesis of the *Prolegomena* by his own impressions. Wieland, with radical levity, is said to have congratulated the world that "we were now rid of one superstition more;" but for himself appears to have gone on believing in the unity. Flaxman, to whom Lord Spencer had shown the *Prolegomena* on their appearance, gave his cordial approval, and endeavoured to spread the Wolfian notions in the two English universities. Nor was his conviction that of a moment, for in 1804 he writes to a friend:

"A perfection of arts and manufactures, as described in the *Odyssey*, is not to be found in countries without money or commerce. The Alexandrian critics could well supply these embellishments, yet what they have done seems wonderfully cautious. The successions of critical hands through which these poems have passed, must naturally give them a sort of homogeneous surface which we judge by, rather than the nice agreement of inornate parts, in supposing they were the production of one man. The *Prolegomena* strongly enforce the following truth, that human excellence in art and science is the accumulated labour of ages."

Flaxman's opinion, as this extract shows, must be taken in the character of the artist, not of the critic, though his acquaintance with what had been said on Homer must have been great, if it be true that he had consulted more than 2000 works during the composition of his *Outlines*. Schiller, like Walter Scott, set aside the rhapsodic origin of the poems without a hearing, as "necessarily barbarous." From Voss, least of all, was assent to

be expected. Voss had just achieved the triumph of making Homer the public property of German readers. Through Voss's translations Homer was at this moment (1795) the rage. Voss could not admit that he had anything to learn about his poet. His very position forced him to head the cry against the Wolfian heresies. Voss indeed was probably a sincere believer. For it was precisely that uniform tone of simplicity and nature which distinguishes the Homeric poetry from all artificial writing—it was precisely this tone which Voss had succeeded in preserving in his German version.

Of all the poets, by far the most important to Wolf was the opinion of Goethe. Goethe, too, had caught the Homeric fever which Voss had originated. The images of the cycle were fermenting in his mind with such vehemence, that he meditated an original epic, to be called the *Achilleis*. At Wilhelm von Humboldt's recommendation he read the *Prolegomena*, and re-read the Iliad thereupon. He felt himself deeply stirred by the suggestive pages. He was carried away by the brilliant speculation which seemed opened here, on the history of genius and poetic fiction. The theory of a collective Homer, he wrote to Schiller, "is favourable to my present scheme, as lending a modern bard a title to claim for himself a place among the Homeridae." This is "the broad road" which his epigram celebrates:—

"Erst die Gesundheit des Mannes der endlich vom Namen Homeros
Kühn uns befreiend, uns auch ruft in die vollere Bahn!"

In the spring of 1796, he sent Wolf a copy of *Wilhelm Meister*. In the letter which accompanied the gift, he said, "Perhaps you will soon have from me the announcement of an epic poem, in which I do not conceal how much I am indebted to that conviction you have so firmly implanted in my mind." Before long, however, Goethe returned to a faith in the unity, and this for the very same reason which had made him a convert to the rhapsodic origin,—conformity with his own subjective state of mind. He had embraced the new notions because they seemed "to resolve the two epics back into the original poetic ocean, out of which I may draw at pleasure." He returned to the old faith when the *Achilleis* was given up; he found the cyclic material no longer plastic for his purposes. Goethe's palinode is sung in the lines headed "Homer wieder Homer."—(*Werke*, ii. p. 335.) The date would be curious; but as Goethe's works are printed at present, absolutely without editorial superintendence, we have not the means of fixing it.

While the ruck of critics and poets were running down the *Prolegomena* as heretical novelties, a far more considerable adver-

sary came forward with an insinuation of the opposite kind. If there was one among the poets who might have been expected to give a hearty welcome to the Wolfian ideas—one, too, whose recommendation of them would have been all-powerful with the outside world—it was Herder. Herder's services to literature, great in many directions, had been in none more conspicuous than in the light he had been the first to throw on the origin of poetical fiction. Taking up a hint first thrown out by a far greater man—Lessing,—Herder had enforced and popularized the distinction between natural and artificial poetry. These discussions, and the establishment of the critical principle which Herder brought forward, were the proximate cause of that revolution in poetical taste which took place in Germany and England at the close of the last century. Immediately after bringing out the *Prolegomena*, Wolf had paid a visit to Jena and Weimar, and had there enjoyed the society of Goethe, of Wilhelm von Humboldt, and of Wieland, but had perceived, or imagined, that Herder had held aloof from him. A German is always ready to imagine that he is being cut; but in this instance it was not mere German susceptibility. On Wolf's return to Halle, he saw in the *Horen*, then the leading critical monthly, a paper headed "Homer, Time's Favourite." The anonymous author of the essay gave himself a supercilious air of overhauling, from *a priori* ground, the conclusions which Wolf had worked out, with modest hesitancy, on the ground of history. The writer dropped the remark by the way, that the rhapsodic origin of the Homeric poems had been long known to himself; that he had been long accustomed to regard Homer, like Thot and Hermes, as a constellation of lesser stars; that when a boy he had discovered the distinct authorship of the Iliad and the Odyssey; that when travelling, not long before, in Italy, he had casually met with the newly-published Venetian *Scholia*, and had been astonished to find the suspicions of his childhood so strikingly confirmed. In all this we have nothing more than the omniscient trick of the modern weekly reviewer, who has learned all he affects to know from the book he is running down—a trick become so vulgarized, that we hardly now understand Wolf's indignation. We certainly should never take his mode of defence, by replying to such a critique. This he did by inserting a paragraph in the *Jena Literary Gazette* for October, begging the public not to decide, on such insufficient grounds as the *Horen* offered, a question of complicated historical evidence; and promising a German reproduction of the *Prolegomena* by a friend. The public laughed at the advertisement, and believed Herder, pending the appearance of the friend's book, which never appeared. The advertisement only showed that Herder had

found the author's weak side. Wolf had been silent while run down as a teacher of heretical paradox, but could not bear to have his originality called in question.

Herder might possess the ear of the public, but among the learned he counted for nothing. It was notorious that he possessed neither the linguistic nor the historical knowledge requisite to form an opinion on the question. He was, in short, the modern reviewer, and accomplished in all his arts, for, if we may believe Garve, he had not even read the *Prolegomena* when he wrote his paper in the *Horen*. Wolf would have done better, as he himself acknowledged afterwards, to have taken no notice of Herder's impertinence. The case was different with Heyne. Wolf wrote to Heyne complaining of Herder's behaviour, and begging Heyne, should he think fit, to review the *Prolegomena* in the Göttingen *Gelehrte Anzeige*, to put the Homeric question fully before the public, going, as fully as could be done in a periodical, into the arguments for and against the hypothesis. Heyne had already written his notice. It is contained in the number for 21st November 1795. In it Heyne had coolly treated the *Prolegomena* as the "first fruit of the unexampled labours of Villoison." He had gone on to say that the case had always seemed to him a very simple one; that he had always held Wolf's views in his lectures, from which he even intimated that Wolf had originally derived them. That there might be no mistake, Heyne returned to the charge in the next number for 19th December.

Wolf hated controversy, as calling him away from his proper pursuits. But it was impossible, he thought, to let this challenge pass. If any hesitation remained, it was removed by a long letter he received from Heyne, dated 28th February 1796, and which professed to be an answer to Wolf's letter of the preceding November. In this letter, Heyne makes a cold compliment to Wolf on the extent of his researches; but, he adds immediately, "so many years as I have occupied myself with Homer, it would be difficult to say anything that could be new to me." He goes on to say that these ideas had early presented themselves to him as matter of course, for indeed they had occurred to many other readers of Homer. How early he had entertained these thoughts he could not say, but at least as early as he had read Macpherson's *Ossian*. He could not say what were his opinions as far back as 1779. Did not remember the essay on the subject which Wolf had sent in to him in that year. Recollected that he had talked with Herder on the subject in 1770. His own object in editing Homer (Heyne's Homer did not appear till 1802) was different—interpretative merely. Had he had more leisure he might have engaged in the historical inquiry as Wolf had done. Wolf was fortunate in not having his time so broken

in upon by incessant official calls. Wolf had spoken first—got the start of him. He gladly renounced the honours of priority in his favour. Only let the truth be spoken! by whom was of little consequence. That had always been his way of thinking. His own temperament, too, was different from Wolf's. Things appeared certain to some people which looked very doubtful to others. No matter! There were many roads to heaven. Let each go his own. Throughout the letter, which is long and embarrassed, Heyne does not repeat the charge of plagiarism. But he does not withdraw it. The utmost concession he makes is, "Had you come earlier to an understanding with me, my article in the *Anzeige* would have been expressed differently in many secondary particulars. Not that I ever say what I do not think; but what I say may be variously modified in expression."

Such a letter was not likely to conciliate Wolf. He now resolved to make no reply to Heyne except in print. This he did in a pamphlet published in 1797, called *Letters to Heyne*. This pamphlet we only know through Körte's account, who says it is a model of polemical elegance. The general merits of the controversy are obvious enough. As occupant of a leading chair in the wealthiest and most frequented of the German universities, and manager of one of the most considerable literary reviews, Heyne, even had he been a man of ordinary learning, must have possessed great weight in the academical world. But Heyne's learning was not ordinary. He had been for years considered to stand at the head of classical learning in Germany; to have in Europe no superior but Ruhnken. Without originality or philosophical power, without any grasp of the ancient world, without any real sense for scientifically historic inquiry, he had succeeded, by the adoption of hints thrown out by Lessing or by Winckelmann, in giving a novelty to his notes on classical books. He became the popular editor of school classics, and Heyne's editions were reprinted with avidity in Holland and England. His merits as a commentator are great, because the best commentator is the man who best adapts what others have struck out. The consideration which a conjuncture of favouring circumstances had procured him, was far beyond his real philological capacity. He had come to be thought—indeed, to think himself—the undoubted source of all the philological activity in Germany. Wolf's *Prolegomena*, dedicated not to him, but to Ruhnken, were an act of rebellion against a lawfully constituted sovereign, an altogether monstrous product, the work of one who had been an ill conditioned student, but who might have caught up some good notions from Heyne's lectures. Heyne, we doubt not, honestly believed himself the original parent of

anything there might be good in the *Prolegomena*. A letter of Heyne's has been since produced, of date 1790, in which, writing to Zoega, he speaks of the rhapsodic origin of the Homeric poems, and says that "it cannot be established by historical evidence." The fact is of no moment whichever way it be decided. Whether Heyne had previously rejected or received the rhapsodic origin, the originality of the *Prolegomena* remains the same. They are there to speak for themselves. Heyne contributed as much to them as Perrault or Wood. It is the whole conception, not the single hypothesis, which belongs to Wolf. His modern spirit of critical inquiry separates him from Heyne, as it does from Gesner, Ernesti, and the other German scholars of that century. The *Prolegomena* had the fate of all innovating books. Their real influence lay far below the superficial questions agitated in the contemporary controversy. That influence was silent and gradual, and was not fully felt till near a generation later, till Niebuhr and Ottfried Müller. Even in 1804 (Preface to the Göschen Homer), Wolf could say of himself that "he had few readers save those who had read to misrepresent."

Whatever disgusts this reception of the *Prolegomena* may have occasioned Wolf, it did not divert him from Homer. He projected two simultaneous editions of the text, one to be accompanied with a commentary. There was to be a volume of introduction, and several volumes of notes. One edition, without commentary or notes, was all there was ever executed. It is the Göschen Homer (1804), and is remarkable for a beauty of execution little regarded at that time, or any time, in Germany, and for correctness. Wolf boasts in the Preface to the Iliad that the two volumes do not contain a single printer's error. This exactness was attained (by Schäfer's help) in spite of repeated alterations of the adopted reading, such as almost drove the publisher to despair. While the book was printing, Wolf was not merely correcting the proof, but changing the reading again and again. He would hear nothing of commercial objections, but insisted upon ever new revises till he was quite satisfied that further improvement was impossible.

Our notice of Wolf's publication during the Halle period must be concluded by barely mentioning the Four Orations of Cicero (1801), in which he established, by an exhaustive inquiry, the suspicions of their genuineness, first broached by Markland. In the Preface to this volume, he hinted that there remained among the Ciceronian orations still another speech which was really a rhetorician's production. He wished to have the amusement of seeing on what speech the guessers would pitch. But he did not make them wait long, for in the next year came out his *Oratio pro Marcello* (1802). Körte relates a curious episode

in the history of Wolfian criticism. Boissonade, who was strongly against Wolf on the Homeric question, pronounced for him against the pseudo-Cicero, and wrote a *précis* of the argument of the *Marcellina* for the *Journal des Débats*. It was declined, on the ground that the *Débats* was on principle against innovation. The oration has passed for ages as Cicero's; and this journal, said the editor, "will not swerve from the principles of Rollin and the University of Paris, who never contested the authorship of these speeches." This, which we have on the best authority, that of Bast, who was in intimate relations with Boissonade, is probably the correct version of the story told by Von Gieslen, a literary Dane, who was in Paris in 1806, that a journal refused a notice of Wolf's essay because "the Academy had declared the Oration 'Pro Marcello' genuine."

The reader of anything that Wolf published during the Halle period will judge it amiss, if he does not bear in mind all through the subordinate relation in which it stands to his oral teaching. With Wolf the written work was ever only a makeshift, only intended to supplement the spoken word. When he had to write he felt in fetters. "A printed exposition," he complains, "wants the freedom one has in speaking."—(*Lit. Anal.* iv. 387.) Markland, he thinks, would have done still greater things than he has, if, instead of that scrupulosity which suggested to him misgivings where others could see no cause for them, he had come into collision with other minds as a public teacher; a remark this, founded on the fact that Markland had refused the Regius Professorship of Greek. But Wolf forgot, or did not know, that a Greek Professor in the English universities did not "teach," that there was, in fact, no public teaching in those seminaries, which decently shrouded the incompetency of their tutors in the privacy of a private apartment. To Wolf the pen was detestable. He wrote with great labour, polished indefatigably, and drove his publishers to despair by his never-ended corrections. Böckh, who had been his pupil, testifies to "the pains, the anxiety, the finish he was wont to bestow on what he wrote."¹ He never satisfied himself with anything he put on paper. His translation of the first hundred lines of the *Odyssey* cost him so much thought, that when the publishers pressed him to complete it, he said he would only do it for a ducat a line. That was the cost of the time. The "pride" of which Böckh speaks, was that of one who would not as he could, because he could not as he would. He was not "*piger scribendi ferre laborem*," but too solicitous "*scribendi recte*." Besides that, he had a genial enjoyment in his own pursuits,

¹ "Quanta cura, quam anxia, quam subtiliter W. solitus sit quæ scribebat pensare."

which never allowed him to regard his stores as mere material to be produced in print. He realized in himself Goethe's axiom, that "the man who has life in him feels himself to be here for his own sake, not for the public." His dissatisfaction with his own productions was mingled with a contempt—at a later time, too pronounced—for the public. "Does the public," he asks, "by buying our books, or oftener by leaving them unbought, imagine it acquires a right to complain that they are not finished? A much better ground of complaint would be, that an author had neglected to make his own mind complete!" With such feelings, we may rather wonder at the amount which he actually achieved, and the still larger amount he projected writing. He was never, during the Halle period, without some laborious editing on hand, while three or four more schemes were floating in his imagination. Each subject in succession engaged him vividly, and engrossed him wholly for the time. As soon as the first interest was over, his creative faculty was exhausted. Hence, of what he did publish, so much is unfinished. The *Prolegomena* themselves are a fragment; the second, or technical part, was never written. Nor, though he lived twenty years after the publication of the Preface of 1804, did he ever return to the Homeric question again. Friedländer has suggested this was because he feared to find his belief in his own conclusions shaken; and De Quincey says, "he had raised a ghost he could not lay." But it was the habit of his mind. "The gods," he used to say, "take no more account of the promises of authors than they do of lovers' vows." If they did, Wolf would have a heavy account to settle; for the titles and contents of his unwritten books fill many pages in Körte's *Life*. Among other things, he wished to recall all his editions, and reissue them in corrected recensions. Especially the *Herodian* and the *Hesiod*—notwithstanding Gaisford's favourable opinion of the latter—tormented him with the remembrance of their imperfections.

Wolf, then, must ever be looked upon as the teacher, not the writer. Even in 1796, at the height of his literary reputation, and full of Homeric schemes, he wrote of himself to Ruhnken, "*Docendo aliquanto plus quam scribendo delector*." The life of academical teacher satisfied his whole nature. From the moment this occupation was taken from him, he lost his equilibrium, and never was the same man again. A student once ventured to ask him if he really meant to deliver a course of lectures of which he had given notice on "the black board?" "To be sure," was the answer, "lecturing is necessary to my digestion!" His joy was in teaching, to be among his pupils, whether in or

out of the class-room. Their delight in hearing him equalled his. Long after he had ceased to be Professor, and only four years before his death, on a tour in Switzerland, a number of old pupils collected round him—he had a particular liking for the Swiss students—and nothing would serve them but that Wolf must give them a lecture on a passage in the *Odyssey*, just to reproduce old times. Heyne's bad manner with the students had left a deep impression on Wolf. He felt strongly the necessity of friendly sympathy between student and professor. He encouraged the young men to bring their difficulties to him. If they were shy of coming to him, he would visit them in their lodgings. He opened to them his house, and even his library, though he occasionally paid heavily for this liberality. Hanhart, in his *Recollections* of his teacher, says that he has more than once known Wolf rebuy his own books at a book-stall, where they had been turned into money by the rascally borrower. He made excursions with them in the vacation; he took them to the theatre when the Weimar corps—Goethe's corps—came to Lauchstedt. He generally gave a farewell supper to those pupils who were leaving the University. Though he drank with them—Wolf drank a great deal of wine, and smoked hard—though he bore himself among them as an old comrade rather than a superior, he never forfeited their respect. His witty and clever talk fascinated them, while his power of sarcasm kept them in awe. Though his supper-parties sometimes did not break up till after midnight, they did not lose their character of intellectual reunions. The students knew that he disapproved excess, and that he had more than once severely condemned their drinking-bouts in his semestral addresses.¹ Besides liking him for his comradeship, and admiring his conversation, they paid the reverential homage of devoted pupils to his mental superiority and surpassing attainments. Everything about Wolf was real and sound. He required no “*nimbus*.” He hated all affectation. “He left donnishness,” he would say, “to others whose learned rubbish required setting off.” “*Vornehmthun bleibe denen überlassen, die ihren gelehrten Jammer damit ausstaffiren müssen.*” The enthusiasm he excited in Halle is testified on all hands. It was not confined to the pupils of his own department. Escher, Professor of International Law at Zurich, told Nüssli that the greatest help he had ever had in his professional studies had been Wolf's philological lectures. Wolf indeed always distinguished between

¹ “*Modo hoc memineritis per assiduitatem lectionis et auditionis per propriarum virium in commentando et scribendo pericula, non per computationes, ganeas, aleam et lustra, neque adeo per aquas amenas vicini agri (Passendorf probably) viam ducere ad sanctam sapientiam.*”—*F. A. W. ap. Arnoldt*, i. 131.

his "pupils" and his "hearers." When the latter left his class to go over to their own faculty, he did not lose sight of them, calling them, jokingly, "*degeneres bonarum artium.*" Among his own pupils, again, he distinguished those who, as he said, "carried the thing farther." But three of his seminarists were especially dear to him, Heindorf, Immanuel Bekker, and August Böckh. Heindorf, a born Berliner, came recommended to him in 1794 by Spalding. Wolf from the very first took kindly to the affectionate youth, who, on his part, surrendered his whole being with the blind devotion of an idolater. Wolf became not merely his teacher, but replaced to him his father, whom he had lost. Heindorf's talents were not above the average, but his industry was extraordinary, and his disposition singly directed towards the good and the beautiful. These qualities promoted his intellectual growth, to the astonishment of his former tutors, who, when he returned home after leaving the University, said that "Wolf had awoke in him what they never thought was there." Wolf had set him on Plato as a congenial study. Among Wolf's thousand projects, an edition of Plato was one; this was about 1797. Not that he contemplated, he said, a satisfactory edition—"justa editio." This was a thing to dream of, but it would require a couple of generations to produce it. (As this was about 1797, the predicted edition is now, 1865, a little overdue.) Meantime, preliminary work might be done towards it. This was the origin of Heindorf's Plato, of which the first volume is dedicated to Wolf, "*ea qua parentem filius prosequitur pietate.*"

Heindorf, in his turn, prepared Immanuel Bekker for the university, and sent him up in 1803. The feminine and mystic nature of Heindorf had clung with tender abandonment to the master's side. Bekker's hardy temper had more powerful attractions for Wolf. Wolf soon discovered that the indomitable perseverance of this soul of iron shrunk from no labour, was to be daunted by no difficulties. Bearing all the while the extreme of poverty with stoical impassibility, young Bekker threw himself upon the classics with the whole force of a character determined to conquer. As the teacher raised his demands, the pupil rose to meet them. No task could be proposed to him which he did not accomplish, nay, exceed. This was exactly the stuff which Wolf had long been looking for, out of which to build a philologist. Before Bekker was twenty-one, Wolf had got him placed near himself, as *Inspector* of the seminary and *Repetent* in the university.

Wolf's relations with the students seem to have been more agreeable than those with his colleagues at Halle. This is no more than a conjecture, which we cannot verify without exami-

nation of his correspondence, yet unpublished. His son-in-law passes lightly over this point; a fact in itself suspicious. Arnoldt, as usual, offers no light. The character of the man, his after conduct in Berlin, where this character asserted itself without stint, make it certain that he was difficult to get on with. That overweening ascendancy which was gratified by the homage of pupils, met with constant checks from equals. That irritation was left behind in Wolf's mind from this source may be gathered from some casual expressions. In a letter, *e.g.*, of 1807, after he had left Halle, he is giving his reasons for declining a professorship in the new foundation of Berlin: "When one has been doing one's best in a university for twenty-two years, one has had enough of the bitternesses and jealousies of colleagueship" (*so hat man die Bitterkeiten einer neidischen Collegenschaft zur Genüge genossen*). Great allowance may be made for his position in Halle, thoroughly disinterested and great-natured, surrounded by smaller men, with a keen sense of their personal interests, and only half a heart in their profession. Of the corps of professors, Semler is the only one with whom we find Wolf in hearty friendship. This intimacy was founded upon congenial sentiments. The two had in common the same love of truth and unshackled inquiry, the same zeal of critical research. Semler's years—he was born in 1725—removed all thought of rivalry. He welcomed in the young professor a colleague of scientific zeal in the middle of a world of academical tradesmen. In spite of Semler's many weaknesses, Wolf remained attached to him to the last, when his old friends fell off. He published a short account of Semler's last days. And when Semler died, in 1791, Wolf, as pro-rector, issued the official invitation to his public funeral, in which he did not omit to speak of him as "*verum, bonum, ac decens unice curans*."

Wilhelm von Humboldt, writing to Wolf (*Werke*, v. 90), consoles with him over his isolation in Halle. But if Wolf was uncomfortable with his colleagues, he was compensated by a yearly enlarging circle of distant friends. These friends knew him only by his geniality and his enthusiasm for knowledge, not by his difficult temper and haughty disdain of pretenders to learning. The impressionable mind of Wilhelm von Humboldt, athirst for acquisition, and keenly alive to every movement of ideas, yielded at the first contact to the fascination of Wolf's bold and original speculation. Von Humboldt, who had married a Miss Dacheröden, had become early acquainted with Wolf under her father's roof, at Erfurt. He entered keenly into Wolf's "Homeric Researches," read Homer incessantly with Madame von Humboldt, and seemed given up for the

time to classical antiquity, under the guidance of this new master. From his literary retirement at Tezel he maintained a correspondence with Wolf, whose occasional answers he piously preserved in a splendidly bound album, lettered "Wolfiana." In vacation, Wolf visited him at his country seat, and saw him oftener when Humboldt came to settle at Jena. Nothing can be further from the truth than to say that Wilhelm von Humboldt was superficial. He sought to get to the bottom of every subject he approached. But such was the eager mobility of his intelligence, that he grasped at a field of knowledge such as only superficial men ordinarily attempt to cover. He did not flit to and fro sipping each flower alternately, but everything had its turn. While it was in vogue it was all in all. Contact with Wolf threw him upon Greek antiquity as if he had found a life pursuit. He came in contact with Schiller, and Schiller drew him away into poetry and æsthetics. But though Homer was forgotten Wolf was not. When he became minister, Von Humboldt had no object more at heart than to give Wolf an eminent sphere of labour; nor did he ever drop the tone of humble deference in which his earliest letters were written.

Even the imperial soul of Goethe had been moved for a moment, as we have seen, by the magnetic storm of Homeric investigation. The personal intercourse of Wolf and Goethe was continued to its subsidence. In 1805, Wolf spent some enjoyable days on a visit at Weimar. Goethe came once (at least) to Halle to visit Wolf, and has left on record his testimony to the instruction he derived from Wolf's conversation. In the summer of 1797, only a year before Ruhnken's death, Wolf made a journey to Holland expressly to see Ruhnken. He was accompanied by his daughter, Joanna, and a pupil named Ochsner, afterwards professor at Zurich. Ochsner ought to have performed the duty of reporter on this interesting occasion. As he did not, we cannot deny that Wolf's translation of his name, *ὄκνηπος*, is appropriate. On an article of Wolf's, written twenty years afterwards (de David. Ruhnkenii celebri quodam reperto literario.—*Lit. Anal.*, ii. 515), a charge has been founded against Wolf of turning against Ruhnken dead, whom living he had honoured. The charge is brought by Bake, in his preface to the *Apsines*, which he edited for the Oxford press. "Wolf," says Bake (a Dutchman and a dissyllable) "lacerated the memory of the dead with highly unbecoming and uncalled-for sarcasm." Any one but a Dutchman can see, by looking at the paper in question in the *Analecta*, that Wolf is jesting. It never would have occurred to Wolf, who had so much of the kind to answer for himself, to make it a *serious* accusation against any man that he had not written something he had said in print he in-

tended to write. And of Ruhnken we could prove, were it necessary, that Wolf always expressed himself with the reverence every scholar feels for one of the greatest names in classical learning.

In the list of Wolf's correspondents are two English names, Butler and Falconer, but their letters are not published. One glimpse we obtain of him directly from an English source, but not during the Halle period. In the summer of 1813, E. V. Blomfield, then fellow of Emanuel, paid a visit to Prussia, which had been long closed to English travellers. One of the first objects of his tour was to acquaint himself with the state of German scholarship, for which he was qualified by a knowledge of the language, then a rare accomplishment. On his return he sent a few notes of what he had learned to the *Museum Criticum*. They are meagre enough. But we may gather from them that Blomfield had become aware of the fact, probably not understood in this country before, that F. A. Wolf occupied, in the opinion of his countrymen, the highest place in classical philology.—(*Mus. Crit.* i. 274 ; ii. 524.)

The list of his correspondents is so large, that we should be inclined to think that Wolf had too much, rather than too little of this kind of intercourse on his hands. The central situation of Halle, too, close to Jena and Leipzig, conveniently near Weimar and Berlin, must have brought him many visitors. And to the disposition to be hospitable, which he had always had, were now added the means. His salary, for the two Professorships, had been gradually raised to 2100 thalers, exclusive of fees. Besides this he had a pension as foreign member of the Berlin Academy, which had grown from 200 to 900 thalers. Altogether, his situation at Halle was one with which he may well have felt thoroughly satisfied. That he did so feel, his repeated refusals to accept the calls which poured in from all quarters, are sufficient proof. Some of these invitations were set aside at once; others not without much self-conflict and consultation with friends. One, to Leyden, was especially tempting. The curators offered him a chair of "Greek Language and Antiquities," vacated by Luzac's involuntary resignation. The fame of Leyden—Ruhnken was still living—the wealth of its libraries and literary appliances, exercised a powerful attraction. Wolf took time to consider, and set his daughters to learn Dutch. Voss, whom he had consulted, wrote to him, "Ruhnken's letter is quite affecting. But were I the invited, I should act upon the old saying, 'He who sits comfortable should sit still.' I should stay where I was, and write to Berlin to demand a rise of 1000 thalers in my salary." On the other hand, Spalding, who confessed that he did not know what patriotism was, strongly

urged his acceptance. The confusion of political affairs in Holland, and the great expensiveness of Leyden, seem to have been the determining motives to his refusal. It turned out fortunately; for Luzac, who had appealed against the curators to the States-General, got his professorship back again. An invitation to Copenhagen, to be Director-in-Chief of Secondary Instruction in Denmark, with a salary of 1800 thalers, Wolf actually accepted. This fell through, owing to some *tracasseries*, which Körte cannot explain. In the great intellectual move in Bavaria, in the first years of the century, Wolf was not overlooked. Hegel was induced to leave Jena for Nürnberg, and the magnificent offer was made to Wolf of a seat in the Academy of Sciences at Munich, with a pension of 4500 florins, and next to nothing to do but to write what he liked.

Wolf decided notwithstanding to remain at Halle, little dreaming of the impending catastrophe which was to sweep away professors, students, and university in one common ruin. He declined the Munich call in 1805. In August 1806, Prussia declared war against Napoleon. It took Napoleon just six weeks to annihilate the Prussian army. The valley of the Saale became the theatre of the short and decisive campaign. Halle was occupied by one of the main Prussian corps. Wolf had full opportunity of seeing what these swaggering patriots were like. It is remarkable that Hegel at Jena, and Wolf at Halle, both foresaw what would inevitably happen, while every one around them was exulting in the assurance of an easy victory. Wolf incurred for the moment great obloquy on account of his "unpatriotic" sentiments. One of his colleagues sent his little boy to him every morning with some great news, adding on one occasion, "The Prussians are conquering, and will conquer!" "My lad," said Wolf, "you have not learnt your tenses; the Prussians are conquering, have conquered, and will conquer." But Wolf was overruled. The University threw itself passionately into the anti-Gallican movement. In spite of his opposition, it joined the town of Halle in an appeal for a subscription for clothing for a Prussian regiment. This appeal, couched in terms which Wolf thought highly unbecoming a university, was circulated in the papers, and, of course, fell into the hands of the enemy. On the morning of the 17th October, impelled by curiosity to see war, Wolf had gone out early into the quarters of Duke Eugene of Würtemberg before the town. He immediately perceived that something was wrong, retired hastily, and barricaded his house. By 11 A.M. the French were in the town. Wolf, alone in the house, with his daughter and a kitchen-maid, awaited their fate. More than one attempt was made to force an entrance, in vain. Order was speedily restored, thanks to the excellence

of French discipline, and the regular quartering parties began to go round. Several applicants were sent away. At last they committed themselves to a *sapeur* whose manner Wolf thought promising. Notwithstanding his blood-stained and fire-eating appearance, he behaved with such courtesy to the young lady, that he was installed in Wolf's lecture-room. She asked him where the Emperor was. "L'Empereur, mademoiselle, où il est? il est ici, il est là, il est partout!"

Thus fortunately escaped individual peril, Wolf was necessarily involved in the general proscription which the university had brought upon itself. On 20th October, an order of the day, issued by General Ménard, the commanding officer, suspended the lectures, and sent all the students to their homes with French passes. A stroke of the pen thus deprived Wolf at once of his means of subsistence and his occupation. It was a mysterious crisis, such as happens in few lives. From this moment forward nothing would go straight with him. He had fallen out with fortune, and was never reconciled with her.

BERLIN, 1807-1824.—Goethe at this critical moment came forward with advice. It was, as Goethe's advice usually was, the very best that could have been given. "Use this enforced leisure to *write*." Unfortunately, like most good advice, it was particularly unpalatable. During the winter indeed of 1806-7, Wolf occupied himself, *per otia Gallica*, as he said, with his *Encyclopædie*. To this leisure we probably owe the grand fragment with which the *Museum der Alterthumswissenschaft* opens. But early in the spring he left for Berlin, which became his residence from this time forward. The prospect at first was gloomy. He was reduced from affluence to poverty, from a settled occupation, which had become necessary for him, to an uncertain expectation. A roomy house and garden was ill exchanged for a lodging in a noisy street (No. 10, Dorotheenstrasse), where the partitions were so thin that what went on in the next room was necessarily heard. But this was only temporary. As Prussia slowly recovered from the blow of Jena, the prospect brightened. The policy of the Government was to compensate their country for its loss of territory by urging its moral and intellectual development. A university was to be created at Berlin, and to be filled with celebrities drawn from every part of Germany. Wilhelm von Humboldt was in the Ministry of Education. Under these circumstances, not only would there be a place for Wolf, but it was certain that one of the foremost places would be laid at his feet. He was only forty-eight, in the possession of sound health, and the full vigour of his faculties, and here was opening to him the prospect of a more brilliant career upon a wider theatre. A reign

of intellect was being inaugurated in Berlin. At Halle he had had a hard struggle to create an appreciation for his subject in a confined circle. Now, the most intellectual capital in Europe was waiting to catch instruction from his lips. The man who when young had never lost a chance, now threw away a certainty of success.

We are not going to write in detail the sad history of the wilfulness of genius. We shall invoke no muse to sing the wrath of this Achilles. The truth, however, ought to be told for the sake of the lesson which it conveys. Wolf had no self-knowledge. Far from having the perfectly-poised self-estimate of Goethe, he had not even the ordinary judgment of average men of the world. Long accustomed to feel himself the first man in a village, he thought he was to continue to hold the same place in Berlin. Impulsive and enthusiastic, his vanity and ambition ran away with him. He would not have a professorship. Well, he would have a professorship, but would not be tied to the duties of it like the other professors. He would hold his seat and pension in the Academy, but he would not be bound by the same obligations as the other academicians. This coquetry with duties which he could perform better than any one else, was because he secretly wished to be intrusted with functions which he could not perform at all. He wanted to enter the Government, of course in the department of Education. He secretly wished this, but would not say so. Von Humboldt divined his wish, and endeavoured to gratify it. He met with great opposition from influential persons, from all around. It was unprecedented, and might be inconvenient to introduce into a department a man of fifty, not bred to the civil service; above all, a man who, like Wolf, had ideas of his own. Von Humboldt persisted. It was, in his eyes, of such importance to have Wolf's aid in organizing the superior instruction, that all other considerations ought to give way. He prevailed; we suspect he employed his personal influence with the King on this occasion. An exceptional place was created for Wolf, in order to give play to his knowledge and experience on classical training. He was named Director of the scientific Delegacy of the Department of Public Instruction, besides being a member of the Department itself. But this did not please Wolf. Nothing would have pleased him except being absolute. He did not understand being member of a consultative board. He had no deference for the opinions of others. He wanted to override his colleagues in the department, as he had overridden his colleagues at Halle. He spurned at official etiquette. In this miserable display of fractiousness and vanity, Von Humboldt displayed himself truly magnanimous.

Superior to all petty considerations, he waived all affronts, and overlooked all irregularities, for the sake of preserving to the State Wolf's talents. Wolf, not knowing what he wanted, or what was good for him, like a child, was crying to be *Staatsrath*. He complained, most unjustly, that Von Stein would have made him *Staatsrath*, and that Von Humboldt stood in his way. "Do you know what it is, my dear fellow," was Humboldt's soothing reply, "to be *Staatsrath* in a Department? If you did, you would not desire it. Ask Süvern if he has been able to do a single thing on his own account this whole summer. You would be overwhelmed with writing and official business. I have created for you a position in which you are at hand to give your advice; you have nothing to do, and yet are secure of your salary however little you do. As *Director*, you have a rank above a *Staatsrath*; as member of the Department, you have equal rank with the *Staatsräthe*, without their burdensome duties." Wolf suffered himself to be named Director of the delegacy, a delegacy which consisted of men so distinguished as L. Spalding, Schleiermacher, Tralles, Bernhardt, and Erman. But hardly had he entered upon his new duties than he withdrew from them. He would not resign, but he would not act. He retired to his house, and like Lord Chatham in the inn at Marlborough, declared that the state of his health did not allow him to attend the sittings. In truth, there was disease of body; an obstinate ague hung about him all the summer of 1809 and the following winter, and a constant disorder or dissatisfaction of mind, discontent with himself, with his circumstances, with everybody around him. His gathering spleen was vented promiscuously upon institutions, arrangements, persons. Yet there was greatness of mind even in his frowardness. There was always truth in his criticisms, even when most ill-timed, or ill-judged in the measure of their severity. In his personal censures he never condescended to petty spite, though he might be harsh, and, as in the case of Heindorf, even cruel. He was prolific in throwing out ideas of what might be done, all of them admirable, but he himself would be the first to thwart any attempt to realize them. He wanted to have a philological *Seminar* on the same plan as that with which he had worked such wonders at Halle, but on a larger scale. A philological seminary was established. But one of the provisions in its statutes displeased him, and he declined to have anything to do with it.

Wolf had now had rope enough, and he had completely succeeded in strangling his own reputation. The patience of the officials was exhausted. But the Philistines were now strong enough to turn upon Samson and bind him. Upon one point

they were determined: not to have so impracticable a man as a colleague in any department of administration. The only thing that could be done with him was to make him lecture. He was fit for nothing but to be a professor. So it ended in the very thing which in his first pride he had most disdained, in his going back to his old work of lecturing, and being tied up by a stringent regulation to deliver his lectures or be mulcted of his stipend. The triumph of the red-tapists was complete. Their predictions were verified to the letter. Wolf's wilfulness furnished the bureaux with a convincing proof of their creed, that the man of ideas is an inferior being, not to be trusted with the real business of life. Blissful *Beamtenthum* may long point a moral from Wolf's history. We can easily forgive him for having wrecked his own prospects. It is more difficult to get over the injury he has done the cause, by having furnished in his conduct so signal a confirmation of the popular prejudice as to the unpractical character of learning.

Thus ignominiously ended Wolf's administrative career. It might have been speedily forgotten, if he had returned with concentrated strength to that field of philological research in which he was able to assert his uncontested supremacy. He did at last condescend to lecture; but his charm was fled. He never could get fairly into the swing again. The spring of that incomparable teaching talent was broken. He became irregular and careless, and his class-rooms emptied. He had hearers, but no pupils more. He was himself no longer the same man. "What was become of the Halle wolf? Eaten up by the Berlin wolf," said the wits of the wine-cellars. A spirit of contradiction, of universal negation, seized him, which disgusted even the unexclusive Goethe. He writes to Zelter, 28th August 1816, after Wolf had been on a visit to him:—

"It has come to this pass, that Wolf now contradicts not only everything one says, but denies everything that exists. It drives one positively to despair, however one may be prepared for the kind of thing. This preposterous temper grows upon him, and makes his society, which might be so instructive, intolerable. One even catches the craze one's-self; and I find myself saying before him the very opposite of what I really think. One can see, however, what an effective teacher this man must have been in earlier times, when he was as positive as he now is negative."

Become powerless in the professor's chair, it might be supposed that he would have taken refuge in the press, and devoted his splendid leisure to the execution of some of the thousand projects of editing and writing which his fertile invention had suggested. He did very little of this kind in the seventeen years of his Berlin life, and that little not his best; for the

Darstellung der Alterthumswissenschaft, though published in this period, was written earlier. The *Analecta*, published in 1816, show here and there rays of light such as Wolf's genius alone could have flashed forth; but these are momentary and fitful gleams. Of any sustained effort he seems to have become incapable. The *Plato*, advertised with much pomp, went no farther than a title-page full of promises; for the edition of the *Phædo* (1811), and that of the *Euthyphro*, *Apology*, and *Crito* (1820), did not belong to *the Plato*, but were only texts for the use of schools. Literature, too, had ceased to be a healthy occupation, and become but another material for embroiling him with his friends. His insupportable peremptoriness alienated them one by one. He engaged with Buttman to start a new classical journal, the *Museum der Alterthumswissenschaft*. But with Wolf copartnership was impossible. His associates must be his slaves, or at best his tools. He led off in the first number of the *Museum* with a masterly paper, and then retired in dudgeon. He would have nothing more to do with it. We are involuntarily reminded of the scenes between Hegel and Varnhagen von Ense on the committee of redaction of the *Berliner Jahrbücher*. Hegel, too, was domineering and pertinacious—"tyrannized," to use a Berlin expression, and had more than once nearly ruined the enterprise. But Hegel knew how to be beaten, and to yield, and continued to the last to lend a hearty support to the periodical of his school. Wolf quarrelled with Buttman; he quarrelled also with the gentle and submissive Heindorf. Heindorf's offence was the heinous one of having edited *Plato*. Finding that the master went on promising and did nothing towards the edition, Heindorf ventured on an edition of his own, humbly professing that it was only a stop-gap till *the* edition should make its appearance. For this Wolf fell upon him with savage ferocity, the more cruel because Heindorf was known to be dying. "*Ce chagrin philosophe est un peu trop sauvage!*" This onfall called forth a violent invective, in a pamphlet said to be the joint production of Buttman, Schleiermacher, Schneider, Niebuhr, and Böckh, in which Wolf's arrogance was retorted with insult, and his "literary bankruptcy" exposed to scorn and contempt. It was not well done, notwithstanding the constellation of names connected with it; so at least, Zelter reported to Goethe.—(Zelter to Goethe, 20th October 1816.) Yet, taken together with the odium accumulated on all sides, it produced an evident impression. He pretended not to have read it, and refused to answer it on that ground—"Weil ich solche Art Wische nicht zu lesen pflege!" He became more and more withdrawn; the "distinguished Eremit," Schleiermacher nicknamed him. Zelter describes him as rather subdued by the universal howl. "You

would be vastly amused if you could see the Isegrimm just now. There are a few who take his part ; but he is abused and run down to such a degree, that he cannot help feeling a little uneasiness. He looks like washed leather, and puts up with a good deal that would have been once intolerable to him.—(*Zelter to Goethe*, ii. 328.) The dedication of the *Analecta* is the outpouring of a sore and wounded egotism ; out of place in the front of a volume of classical criticism, but a curious page of mental revelation. Even in the middle of a critical article—one on Horace—he cannot restrain himself from outbreaks such as this :—“ . . . even if it had been otherwise worth the while of a scholar such as Lambinus to vex himself to death about the misrendering of a couple of words, when there is so much besides in this world out of joint.” The punishment he inflicted on Schleiermacher for his share in the pamphlet, is given with much better temper—almost with Porson’s quietness. It consisted in printing a single sentence of the *Phædo* side by side with Schleiermacher’s German version, marking the errors—almost as many as there are words—by *italics*. Schleiermacher’s weakness as a translator of Plato could not be more severely exposed.

For this lamentable displacement of genius there was to be no remedy, but the final remedy of all. Wolf’s health had been gradually giving way for some time. In 1822 he had a serious attack of illness. He celebrated his birth-day, 15th February 1824, with the presentiment that it was the last. His physician ordered a southern climate, and recommended Nice. On applying for the necessary leave of absence, the answer was that it would be granted on the usual condition,—the withdrawal of half the salary. This was to deprive him of the means of going at all, for Wolf had saved nothing. But by a direct application to the King, the special indulgence of leave of absence on full pay was obtained. So certain did he make that his petition would be granted, that he had started without waiting for an answer, and the leave, together with his passport, overtook him at Frankfort. He left Berlin on 14th April, saying, “I will either return strong and sound, or lay my bones in classic soil.” He took the route of Strasburg and Lyons, having friends or pupils to see at almost every place he stopped at. He halted a week at the country-seat of the Faure family at St. Peray, where everything was done that could contribute to soothe and cheer the visibly declining strength, additionally tried by the heat and hurry of a rapid journey. At Montpellier he was still able to go about and see everything. His own imprudent management of himself precipitated the catastrophe. At Cette

he insisted on bathing in the sea, that he might feel the Mediterranean. Impatient to get to the end of his journey, he would not be diverted from going through to Marseilles from Avignon in one day, though he had to get up at three A.M. to do it. Arrived at Marseilles, on the very next day he would go out to see the town. A fearful mistral (19th July) could not keep him within doors. He would bathe, and would drink not much wine, but quantities of iced-water, and eat *confitures*. Diarrhœa and other dangerous symptoms set in, which he met with more baths and more iced-water. On the 8th August he died. He was buried in classic ground—the old Phocæan Massilia. All attempts to discover, in 1852, the site of his grave in the cemetery, were fruitless. Instead of a monument on the site, a marble bust, by Heidel, was placed to his memory by the Association of German Philologists in the *aula* of the University of Halle.

In personal appearance Wolf had an imposing, dignified, somewhat imperious air. He was slightly above the middle size, broad-shouldered, deep-chested; hands and feet well proportioned. A capacious forehead, prominent eye-brow, searching blue eye, combined to express keenness and force of mind. The lips betrayed the interplay of good-humour and raillery, without any trace of the cynicism which unhappily appeared in his conduct at one period of his life. For in Wolf the social man was rarely disturbed by the crosses which vexed the existence of the public man. In his life-career he was a disappointed man; and his deliberate views of men and things were soured by his disappointment. But in social life his powerful nature resumed its sway; his intellect then retained, of the griefs of the Professor, only a caustic tinge, which gave poignancy to his wit. He must, we think, have been a difficult person to live with, as are all men of precise habits, and prodigious attention in organizing detail. He was separated from his wife in 1802, by mutual consent, she taking the eldest and youngest daughter, Wolf the second, Wilhelmina, afterwards married to W. Körte, Wolf's biographer. Körte, who is evidently on his father-in-law's side, says that Wolf's friends approved of the separation. We should like to hear the women's account of the matter, to apply Sydney Smith's well-known saying. Of domestic unhappiness it is idle for persons outside to judge; though Körte is not reserved, scarcely delicate, in the revelations which he permits himself. Wolf must have been a petty tyrant, exacting, without being harsh or inconsiderate. He was, *e.g.*, so avaricious of his time that he would make his appointments to minutes, and he expected others to be punctual to the moment, while he refused himself to be bound by his own engagement.

He expected cleanliness and order in the house, and yet was habitually careless in his own person. He had been trained when young in habits of rigid economy; he had in his nature a disposition to expensive furnishings. Instead of balancing each other, these opposite inclinations alternately ruled him, and led to laughable contradictions in conduct. His household seldom had enough of the necessary, often an abundance of the superfluous. He liked the society of women; with clever or educated women, the sarcasm of his wit, and the despotism of his temper, was laid aside, or merged in the deep sympathies of his nature which they brought out. With these he never overstepped the line which separates raillery from sneer. His memory was inexhaustible in traits of character and anecdotes of the persons he had lived with; especially of the originals which university life in the old time tended to produce. He never gave himself airs on the strength of his reputation; persons were known to have been with him months at a time without finding out that they had to do with one of the most learned men of the day. Yet at times he would express his personal feelings with an emphasis which shocked weaker natures. He used to chuckle immensely over Bentley's striking out as spurious the line of Terence, "*adversus nemini, nunquam preponens se illis.*" His hatred of affectation was conspicuous in either direction. He would not assume to be what he was not; nor would he affect modesty. The conversation once turned in his presence on a German dictionary of great pretensions, which was in high favour. Wolf showed, giving examples, that it was nothing beyond one of the ordinary second-hand compilations. The lady of the house, thinking to disarm the severity of the critic, said, among other things, "And you cannot think, Professor, what a high esteem the author has for you." "Well," was the reply, "for his opinion of me my man has good reason; his lexicon is not the less a scrubby book on that account." He hated letter-writing, but when he did write, wrote carefully. The letters of female correspondents he would keep for months open on his desk among his papers, and read them over and over again. Other letters he left for years unanswered. There is a vast collection of letters in the Berlin library, but they are entirely letters to Wolf. Of his own letters a few are published in the Schütz collection. They turn on personal affairs, and are biographically of great interest, but do not enter on classical topics. None of Wolf's books convey an impression of what he was. His letters, if they could be recovered, and if there were enough of them, might do so. His greatest work were his pupils, and, directly or indirectly, through them the whole school of German philologists of the nineteenth century.

- ART. II.—1. *The History of Prices.* By THOMAS TOOKE, Esq., and W. NEWMARCH, Esq. 1857.
2. *La Question De l'Or.* Par E. LEVASSEUR. 1858.
3. *The Probable Fall in the Value of Gold.* By M. CHEVALIER. Translated by R. COBDEN, Esq. 1859.
4. *A Serious Fall in the Value of Gold Ascertained.* By W. STANLEY JEVONS, Esq. 1863.
5. *The Drain of Silver to the East.* By W. NASSAU LEES, Esq. 1864.
6. *The Economy of Capital, or, Gold and Trade.* By R. H. PATTERSON, Esq. 1865.
7. *Principles of Political Economy.* By JOHN STUART MILL, Esq. Sixth Edition. 1865.
8. *Commercial Reports of Her Majesty's Consuls.*
9. *The Economist.*

ON the discovery of the new gold mines, under the name of the Gold Question, an economical inquiry, unconnected with party politics, for the first time gained the ear of the public at large. Yet public interest has been languid, in comparison with the real importance of the monetary problems involved. The chief reason for this is perhaps the diffusion of an opinion that the effect of the increase of money upon prices practically concerns persons alone whose pecuniary incomes are fixed; an opinion which would be sufficiently true if prices were everywhere uniformly affected, and with respect to all things alike. But the fact is, that the scale of relative incomes, and of relative prices, in different places, and with respect to different commodities, has been so altered, that the old level of profits in different employments, and the old rates of expenditure in different situations, have been permanently disturbed, and new elements must be imported into all calculations respecting the best markets to buy and sell in, the cost of living in different localities, the outgoings and returns in different trades, and the rates of interest which different investments will yield. Those who omit to take these new elements into account may find that their expenses, both as producers and consumers, are largely increased, while the prices of their own productions are not higher than formerly; or they may find themselves buyers in markets in which prices have unexpectedly and enormously risen, and sellers where they have risen in no such proportion; or again, they may miss investments which would yield extraordinary gain. The British farmer complains that while labour and many of the requisites of production are dearer, he gets no more money than formerly for his wheat, and the migration of population from the country

to the towns, and the production of animal food instead of corn, are among the results of changes in relative prices at home. Most writers on the effects of the Mines have confined their observations to changes in prices at home. The truth, however, is, that changes in prices abroad are of equal importance even to Englishmen, not for the purpose of theoretical instruction alone, but even with a view to pecuniary saving and gain. Every day people are making speculations and entering into transactions—in emigration, in foreign trade, and in foreign loans and undertakings—the prudence of which depends upon the movements of prices abroad. Great undertakings by Englishmen abroad in fact have been based upon estimates which have proved fallacious, because they made no sufficient allowance for the effects of an extraordinary increase of money in remote places. Chairmen of Indian Railway and Irrigation Companies, for example, have reported in London that the rise of prices in India had falsified all their calculations, and entailed the heaviest losses on contractors. Nor is it in production alone that the unequal alteration of prices has made itself felt, for consumers have been very differently affected, according to the place of their residence and the things they are accustomed to use. The class of British holders of fixed incomes, who have really been the chief sufferers from the increase of money in other hands than their own, are not fundholders and Government servants in Great Britain, who are generally placed first in dissertations on the subject, but military and civil servants of the Crown in India, who are confronted by a rise of prices to which there has been nothing similar in England since the reign of Elizabeth. Even in England itself, consumers are differently affected, according to their class of life and habits, and the localities they live in. To the agricultural labourer the price of grain is the chief matter, and grain is cheap; he suffers comparatively little from the dearness of butter and meat, and nothing from the dearness of service, now pressing so hard on the poorer gentry and tradesmen, especially in the parts of the country where such things used to be cheapest. It depends entirely on the localities men buy and sell in, and the things they buy and sell in them, how they are affected by the greater amount of money in the world; and statistical averages of prices in general are not only fallacious in principle, but misleading in practice. The additional money has been unequally distributed by the balance of trade to different countries, and very unequally shared by different classes in the countries receiving it; again, it has been spent by the classes receiving it, not upon all commodities alike, but unequally, and the supply of some things upon which there has been an additional expenditure has increased very much more

than that of others. Moreover, a low range of prices is raised more by a given addition to money than a high one, which is one reason why the change has been greatest in places once remarkable for their cheapness.¹ And from what has been said, it is plain that a change in comparative incomes and prices would have been caused by the new gold alone, since it would increase the incomes and expenditure only of the classes, beginning with the miners, to whose hands it successively came. But the new gold has by no means been the only new agency at work; an altered distribution of money through the world has been brought about by more general and permanent causes. And at a time like the present—a time of doubtful markets and hesitating trade—it is peculiarly desirable to lay hold of the fundamental causes at work, because, although the fortunes of individuals here and there may depend on the momentary condition of things, to the bulk of society the permanent agencies which prevail in the end, and the permanent rates they tend to establish, are the objects of greatest importance. Commerce and enterprise may pause and falter for a few weeks or months; a transitory disturbance originating in America may possibly agitate all markets; but such possibilities only make it of greater importance to know what to look forward to afterwards, and to distinguish between permanent and temporary changes of prices, and of the profits of production in each place and with respect to each sort of thing.

The general principle determining the distribution of the precious metals is, that money is spent by those who receive it on the things they want most for production or consumption, and in the places where those things can be procured at the smallest expense. To buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market is the policy of trade; and a combination of causes has latterly given, and is continually giving, buyers, on the one hand, access to cheaper places of production for many commodities, and the sellers of the produce of such places, on the other hand, easier access to the markets where their value is greatest. But this necessarily leads to a change in the seats of production and in relative prices, the tendency being always towards the production of

¹ The greater effect on low prices of an additional sum of money is a matter of considerable practical importance, which may be illustrated in this way. Let us suppose, and the supposition is not very wide of the facts, that the price of common labour was formerly 1s. 6d. a day in England, and a 1d. a day in India, and that the increased demand for labour has added a sixpence to the rate of daily wages in both countries, raising the rate from 1s. 6d. to 2s. in England, and from 1d. to 7d. in parts of India. Wages would then have risen 33 per cent. in England, and 600 per cent. in India; and whereas a contractor could only hire three men in England for the sum with which he could formerly have hired four, in India he could only hire one man for the sum with which he could formerly have hired six.

everything in the places within reach where its cost of production is least, and towards an equality in the prices of portable goods over the area of cheaper and closer commercial intercommunication. Producers in particular occupations and particular places, accordingly, have not only obtained no share in the new treasure, getting no additional custom either from the mining countries or from the countries these deal with, but have even found the demand for their produce decreasing, and transferred to other localities; and capital and industry are in a course of migration, not only because extraordinary profits are offered in new regions and new employments, but also because ordinary profits are no longer to be made in old places and old employments.

The great gold movement itself—that is to say, the production and distribution of the new gold—is only a part of a much larger movement, resulting from the new facilities of producing many things, gold among the number, in cheaper places than formerly, and disposing of them more readily in the places where their value is highest, and the enterprise with which such facilities are being turned to account. The mines of California and Australia, for which older mines were forsaken,¹ are only a particular class of new sources of production from which the markets of this world are being supplied, and their rapid development is only a particular instance of the energy with which cheaper and better sources of supply are sought and developed. The bent of the industrial and commercial movement of our times is, above all things, to discover and put to profitable use the special resources, metallic and non-metallic, in which each region excels, to seat every industry in the places best adapted for it, and to apply the skill and capital of old countries more productively in remote places with great natural resources. “The first phenomenon,” Mr. Patterson observes, “attendant upon the gold discoveries, has been the great emigration—the transfer of large masses of population from the old seats to new ones, the vast and sudden spread of civilized mankind over the earth. The countries where these gold-beds have been found are in the utmost ends of the earth, regions the most isolated from the seats of civilisation. Of all spots on the globe, California was the farthest removed from the highways of enterprise. Not a road to it was to be found on the map of the traveller; not a route to it was laid down in the charts of the mariner. Australia was, if possible, a still more isolated quarter of the globe.” This migration to the remote regions of the new gold is not, however, a singular and isolated movement of industry. We shall find, on the contrary, that

¹ “The product of gold in the Atlantic States has fallen off since the discoveries of gold in California.”—*Preliminary Report on the Eighth Census of the United States*, p. 63.

the key to the principal permanent changes in prices which have followed the path of the new gold through the world, is to be found in the fact that remoteness is no longer the obstacle it was to the best territorial division of labour, and that buried natural riches, and neglected local capabilities, are obtaining, in a thousand directions at once, a value proportionate rather to their actual quality than to their nearness to market, and attracting capital and skill by high profits to their development. For the same reason, and by the same aids to industrial enterprise which have brought miners and merchants to cheaper places for gold, cheaper places for the production and purchase of many other things have been contemporaneously found, and the distribution of the new gold and its effects upon prices have been very different from what they would have been, had the fertility of the new mines been the only altered condition of international trade. The general principle which regulates the distribution of money through the world, is, as we have said, that those who receive it naturally spend it on the things they want most, and in the places where such things can be had cheapest; but they have of late years obtained access to markets not formerly within reach, and much of the new money has been absorbed in new regions, and in the circulation of produce not before in the market. The world may at present be divided into three classes of regions: first, those in which prices were formerly highest; in the second place, those in which the new movements of trade have already raised prices towards the level prevailing in the former regions; and, thirdly, the places not yet within the influence of the new means of commercial intercommunication. The first and second class of regions may be said to be fast merging into one, with pecuniary rates approaching to equality, while the third class is also, in numerous directions, on the point of assimilation. A permanent change is thus taking place in the conditions which govern comparative prices in different markets, and one the more worthy of notice, since, in the earlier years after the discovery of the new mines, there was, both in the gold countries themselves, and in the chief markets of Europe, an abnormal, and, in a great measure, temporary elevation of prices, which, although not in reality principally due to the increase of gold, led to mistaken conclusions respecting its real effects.

The first rise of prices in California and Australia, from which M. Chevalier and other eminent writers were led to apprehend a proportionate fall in the value of money throughout Europe, was, in fact, as Mr. Newmarch has shown,¹ both temporary in degree and partial in extent; those things alone rising in price which were in demand with the classes whose pecuniary in-

¹ *History of Prices*, vol. vi. Appendix.

comes were increased. While, for instance, the coarser sorts of clothing adapted to life at the diggings were fetching extraordinary prices, the best quality of cloth was for a time altogether unsaleable. Moreover, the early rise in prices in the gold countries was not only partial, but only partially caused by the new gold. In the face of a rapidly increasing population, there was an actual decrease in the supply of labour and many of the necessaries of life. Farms and pastoral settlements were forsaken; the crops in many places were lost for want of hands; all building ceased in Melbourne at the very time that crowds were arriving; and the vessels coming from Europe were too full of emigrants to have room for considerable cargoes. So far too as the rise of prices was really caused by the increase of gold, and not by the scarcity of commodities, it should be taken into account that a great part of the gold current at first came not from the new but from the old mines of the world, brought by immigrants who did not come empty-handed, and who were driven to spend a good deal of old money before they could make any new, or even get to the mines. Hence the first fall in the value of money in the gold countries was in a great measure due to a temporary and abnormal condition of things, and not to the fertility of the mines. In 1854, prices in Victoria were already much lower than during the two years before, and the following table of prices, published by the Registrar-General of the colony, shows their continuous descent in subsequent years:—

ESTIMATED WEEKLY EXPENDITURE OF AN ARTISAN, HIS WIFE, AND THREE CHILDREN.

	1854.	1857.	1861.
Bread, 28 lbs.,	£0 12 6	£0 6 8½	£0 5 3
Beef or mutton, 21 lbs., . .	0 15 9	0 12 3	0 6 10
Potatoes, 21 lbs.,	0 5 10½	0 2 10½	0 1 0
Flour, 5 lbs.,	0 2 2	0 1 2½	0 1 0
Tea, 1 lb.,	0 2 0	0 2 6	0 2 9
Sugar, 6 lbs.,	0 3 0	0 2 6	0 2 3
Soap, 3 lbs.,	0 1 0	0 1 0	0 0 9
Candles, 2 lbs.,	0 1 6	0 1 4	0 1 2
Milk, 7 pints,	0 7 0	0 3 6	0 2 4
Butter, 2 lbs.,	0 9 0	0 5 6	0 3 0
Firewood, ¼ of ton,	0 12 6	0 6 0	0 4 0
Water, 1 load,	0 10 0	0 5 0	0 2 0
Rent of cottage, per week, .	2 0 0	0 10 0	0 6 0
Clothing,	0 15 0	0 10 0	0 6 0
School fees,	0 3 0	0 3 0	0 3 0
	£7 0 3½	£3 13 4½	£2 7 4

The reader will perceive in these figures a proof of the error of a method by which some writers have attempted to measure the permanent effect of the new mines on the value of money—that, namely, of taking an average of prices one year with another since their discovery. An average of prices for a succession of years hides the material point whether prices have continuously risen, or on the contrary have latterly fallen,—a point of great practical importance, since, as already observed, the general movement of prices has been very different in different places. As an illustration of this we beg attention to the following table of prices at Bilbao, in contrast with the previous table of prices at Victoria :—

	1854. ¹	1860.	1864.
Mutton, per lb., . . .	£0 0 2½	£0 0 4½	£0 0 8½
Beef, do., . . .	0 0 2½	0 0 4	5d. to 8d.
Veal, do., . . .	0 0 3½	0 0 8	8d. to 10d.
Butter, do., . . .	0 0 5	0 0 9½	0 1 3
Eggs, per dozen, . . .	0 0 3½	0 0 7½	0 0 10
Bread, per lb., . . .	0 0 1	0 0 2	0 0 2
Common wine, two quarts, .	0 0 7½	0 1 3½	0 0 10
Rent,	£15 to £20.	£50 to £80.	£30 to £80.

It is evident, from a comparison of the two tables, that persons intending to trade with or settle at either Melbourne or Bilbao, would make a serious mistake in averaging prices one year with another. The average would give a range more than three times too high at one of the places, and nearly three times too low at the other. Prices in Australia in the first years after the derangement of industry by the mines, and prices in Spain before the new gold had found entrance, are so far from affording a basis for calculations respecting the future probable value of money, that they ought rather to be excluded from the estimate. The contrast, however, between the descending movement of prices at one place, and their ascending movement at the other, indicates an important practical distinction. The causes which raised prices so high in Australia from 1852 to 1854 were in a great measure transitory and local; but those which have raised them in Spain are fundamental and

¹ Prices in 1854 were the average prices of a long period anterior. The very high price of wine in 1860 was in part occasioned by scarcity; not so with the other articles. The harvests have been good, and although bread was at the same price at Bilbao in 1864 as in 1860, in consequence of railway communication with the interior, its price rose in the interior between those years.

permanent in their character, and extend in their operations over the whole area of commercial intercommunication. Mr. Windham has left the following note of Dr. Johnson's conversation on the effect of turnpike-roads in England:—"Every place communicating with every other. Before, there were cheap places and dear places; now, all refuges are destroyed for elegant and genteel poverty. Disunion of families by furnishing a market for each man's ability, and destroying the dependence of one man upon another." The train of consequences described in these sentences has with extraordinary rapidity followed the recent increase in the communication between distant parts of the world, created by the knowledge and enterprise of our times, as well as by its better means of locomotion. Wherever these causes have acted may be seen the equalization of prices, the disappearance of comparative cheapness, the opening up of new markets for the special capabilities of each place and its inhabitants, and the rupture of ancient bonds of local dependence, of which Dr. Johnson saw, eighty years ago, almost the beginning in England. It is curious to observe how writers, at places the most remote from each other, fall naturally into the use of the very same words in describing the changes taking place under their eyes. Of Bilbao, the British Consul four years ago, when prices had not reached their subsequent pitch, reported—"The cost of living has risen enormously; and Bilbao, from being one of the cheapest towns in Europe, has become a comparatively dear place." From Yokohama, in Japan, the Consul writes:—"From being one of the cheapest places in the East, it has become second only to Shanghai in expensiveness." And from Alexandria we hear: "Egypt, which a few years ago was one of the cheapest countries, is fast rising to the Indian scale of prices."

The rising prices in such places indicate, it should be particularly observed, not a mere fall in the local value of money, but a rise in the general as well as in the pecuniary value of their produce. If all the cattle in the pastures of South America could be carried rapidly and cheaply to Europe, their value in money might be more than decupled; but the change would not be a depreciation of money; for, on the contrary, money would have found an additional demand. Less than a generation ago, the *Landes* of the *Gironde* were a pestilential waste, covering 300,000 hectares, and valued at 900,000 francs on the whole, or three francs a hectare on the average. Partly by being brought nearer to markets by railways, partly by the mere fact of their capabilities becoming known, partly by drainage and cultivation, and partly, no doubt, through the general increase of money in France, the price of the *Landes* has risen in the extra-

ordinary manner described in the British Consul's report, and more in detail by M. About, who relates that the tobacco crop of a single hectare was lately sold for more than a thousand francs, and that the wood alone, on a plot of 500 hectares only partly in plantation, will in less than twenty years be worth a million francs, being more than the worth of the whole territory of the *Landes* about the time that the mines of California were discovered. M. About adds :—"This enormous territory, which did not figure for a million francs when I was at college, will be worth six hundred millions in 1894." In the same work from which these figures are taken,¹ M. About graphically describes some of the causes of the enormous advance in prices in Paris. It denotes, he observes, that Paris has become the metropolis of the business as well as of the fashion of the Continent; and rents are trebled because shops and hotels are crowded, and Paris is a city frequented by the rich. So far as it goes, this description is true, though it fails to allow both for the immense influx of gold shown in the official accounts of the foreign commerce of France, and for the expenditure in the metropolis of vast sums lent to the Government from the old hoards of the people. But we must differ entirely from M. About where he says that while Paris has become a place only for the rich, there remains, and will always remain, a refuge for poverty in the country. "If the rise of prices in Paris terrifies you, there is the railway; it not only brings people to Paris, but takes them away. Live in the country." We affirm, on the contrary, that just because the railway brings people and things from the metropolis as well as to it, it brings metropolitan riches and prices into the country, and far more effectively than the old turnpike-road realizes Dr. Johnson's opinion of the results of easy communication between place and place: "Before, there were cheap places and dear places; now, all refuges are destroyed for elegant and genteel poverty." The price of eggs a few years ago at Bayonne was six or seven sous a dozen; now you will not get as good a dozen for fourteen; and the price of boarding in a *pension* at the same place has exactly doubled in the same period. In formerly less accessible places than Bayonne, the change in the cost of subsistence has been greater; and one cause of the concentration of the population of Europe in large towns—which is a fact of immense political significance in our times—is not only that access to them is easier, and employment in them is greater, but that railways are making the country as dear as the town. M. About recommends the country to the poor for its healthfulness and beauty as well as for economy; but modern means of locomotion, and the move-

¹ *Le Progrès*, 1864.

ment of which they are both cause and effect, tend to give all the advantages of each place a pecuniary value in proportion to their real utility and rarity, and to turn them to the utmost commercial account, thus finding new markets for the produce of the mines in the Pyrenees and the Alps. The same general tendency towards the commercial development of the natural wealth of such regions, which led to the production of the new gold, governs its distribution and effect upon prices. Buyers on the one hand, and sellers on the other, have gained, and are constantly gaining, access to new markets. The necessary consequence is to bring money in unusual abundance to places where prices were formerly low, and on the other hand, to bring the cheap produce of such places to the markets previously dearest, and to counteract more or less in the latter the fall in the value of gold which the increase in its quantity would otherwise have produced. And thus it is that stationary prices of commodities in general are the best marks of prosperity in one class of localities, namely, those in which money has always abounded, and where cheapness indicates improvement in production at home, and access to cheaper places of production abroad; while, in another class of localities, rising prices indicate improved means of exportation, better markets, and inducements for the ingress of capital and skill as well as money. For the rate of profit on capital and skill employed in the development of their resources, and bringing their produce cheaply to market, is in proportion to the increase of the quantity and price of the produce. If people can sell for £100 what cost them but £50, their profit in money is 100 per cent.; and the high profits and interest latterly yielded on capital employed in foreign trade and investments has arisen mainly from obtaining a share in the rising pecuniary value of the productions of regions whose commercial situation has been improved. This movement certainly tends to destroy the refuges of poverty, but it tends on the other hand to destroy poverty itself by "furnishing a market for each man's ability." It brings with it hardship to those whose condition is stationary, but it makes the condition of many progressive. A few years before Dr. Johnson's remarks on the effect of roads, Goldsmith made those excursions through the country which resulted in the poem of the *Deserted Village*, in which the features of the landscape, and something of personal incident, were drawn from his native village in Ireland; but the picture of the intrusion of the wealth of towns and "trade's unfeeling train" into remote parts of the country, was taken from England. The poet saw only the privation to the parson, who "remote from towns" had been passing rich at forty pounds a year, and the sorrowful side

of the migration of the peasantry ; Dr. Johnson saw also the market opened for each man's capacity by the union of localities, and the liberation of individuals from hereditary restraints and family dependence. This is exactly the movement which a philosophical jurist has pronounced to be the chief characteristic of progressive societies. Their movement is uniform, says Mr. Maine, in the substitution of the commercial principle of contract for the ancient family bond as the principle which associates men, and the amalgamation of isolated original groups into larger communities connected by local proximity.¹ This theory is equally true of the economic and of the legal and political framework of civilized society ; the migration of labour to new fields of employment, and of capital and wealth into the inmost recesses of the country or remoter regions, and of both money and commodities to new markets, are incidents of the better division of labour in which it results, by which the majority of men must be gainers ; and the working of the new gold mines is only a particular instance of a rapid development of the natural resources of each place, which must result in a vast increase of the aggregate of human wealth, although involving loss to particular classes. Considerable misapprehension has arisen with respect to the effects of the new gold, by attributing to it changes in prices due mainly to different causes. M. Levasseur, for example, concluded in 1857 that the mines had caused a monetary revolution in Western Europe very unfavourable to the wellbeing of the labouring classes. In the mining countries themselves, he observes that labouring men were the first to receive the gold, and the price of labour rose before that of commodities ; the latter rising only in consequence of the increased expenditure of the labouring class. But in countries like England and France, the new treasure was first received in exchange for commodities ; the price of which consequently, according to this able writer, rose before labour ; high profits preceded increased wages ; the manufacturer, the merchant, and the farmer were gainers, but

¹ Maine's *Ancient Law*, pp. 168-70, and 132. The following passage furnishes an interesting illustration of the combined social and economic results of the closer contiguity of places : "Les chemins de fer ont trouvé en France une très-grande inégalité dans le salaire de la main d'œuvre ; ils le font progressivement disparaître. Les chemins de fer français ont en outre donné au territoire plus d'homogénéité. Les distances étaient grandes, les moyens de communication limités. Le marché voisin était le seul régulateur, et alors se produisaient des différences de prix considérables. On ne consommait dans la campagne que ce que l'on produisait sur place, de là une nourriture peu variée et insuffisante par cela même. On était donc Breton, Gascon, Normand, Picard, Lorrain, Alsacien, Provençal."—*Les Chemins de Fer en 1862, et 1863*. Par Eugène Flachat, pp. 77-8.

the labouring classes were losers. This, he says, is a repetition of what happened in the sixteenth century after the influx of money from the mines of America, when the labourers incessantly complained of the insufficiency of their wages. Happily, however, the historical parallel fails, for wages in the sixteenth century were kept down by law; and the modern changes in production and trade, of which the new gold is only an instance, tend rather to lower than to raise the price of corn in England and the districts of France in which it was formerly dearest. "As commerce extends," says Mr. Mill, "and ignorant attempts to restrain it by tariffs become obsolete, commodities tend more and more to be produced in the places in which their production can be carried on at least expense of labour and capital to mankind." We get corn from America and Russia for the same reason that we get gold from California and Australia, instead of from our own rivers and mountains—although there is gold in every stream that flows and on the side of nearly every hill—namely, that we seek the cheapest places for everything, and have access to cheaper places than formerly for many things, corn and gold included. Bad harvests, the Russian war, and speculation, and not the cheapness of gold, were the chief causes of the dearness of corn, and of several other important commodities, in England and France from 1853 to 1857. We have here another example of the error of measuring permanent prices by averages of foregoing years, without regard to their ultimate range, and the permanent or temporary character of the causes of a rise. It is on the reasons for prices, and not on mere prices themselves, that producers should found calculations for the future; and a farmer would be greatly in error in taking the price of corn from 1853 to 1857 as a safe basis for calculating the future profit and loss of its growth. The harvest of 1853 was almost the worst for a century throughout Western Europe; that of 1855 was very deficient; that of 1856 was under an average, while the war with Russia still farther shortened supply and added to the cost of importation; and the scarcity of corn, and not the abundance of money, was the cause of the sufferings of the labouring classes during the period. The relative price of labour and bread in both countries has really undergone an alteration in favour of those who purchase the latter by the sale of the former. Thus in France, while corn has considerably fallen, money wages have greatly advanced both in country and town, and the advance has been constant. In 1860, the average of wages in Paris was 4*l.* 55*s.*, and is now computed at 5*l.*; and the pay of agricultural labour in the country around Bordeaux has risen in the same time from 40 to 50 sous a day. In the United Kingdom, money

wages have also considerably risen;¹ and the rise in the price of animal food, though greater in remote rural districts than in the large towns, and considerably greater on the average than is shown in any statistics on the subject, but little affects the bulk of the rural population, since agricultural labourers have never been accustomed to consume much of it. In towns, on the other hand, money wages have risen fully as much as the price of meat, the rise of which is, in fact, mainly due to an increased expenditure of the working population; and accordingly it is pork, and the inferior qualities of mutton and beef, which have risen most. The very causes which tend to raise wages and to cheapen corn, tea, sugar, and clothing, evidently tend to raise the price of animal food, by leaving the bulk of the people more to expend on it; it being a thing of which there are not the same means of increasing the supply as of clothing and corn. We cannot indeed exempt the owners of land from blame in respect to the dearness of meat and dairy produce, since the uncertain duration of tenure has been, along with some unfavourable seasons, an obstacle to the increase of the domestic supply, on which its price must chiefly depend. But the change in the relative prices of corn and fresh animal food, and the change in husbandry it is leading to, are mainly to be traced to the general movement of commerce, which it is the endeavour of this article to explain, and which is one certainly far from injurious to the labouring classes in its general results. The movement tends, as we have seen, to the production of everything, money included, in the cheapest accessible places, and its sale in the dearest accessible markets, and hence to equalize prices approximately in cheap and dear markets brought closer together, thereby raising considerably the price of each class of commodities, in the places connected, in which it was previously lowest, and, on the contrary, counteracting the effect of the increase of money in those in which it was previously highest. The price of corn has accordingly risen in many distant places nearly to its level in England; but in England its level has not been raised. But just as the improvement in communication is not the same between all parts of the world alike, and the equalization of prices is not universal for any commodities, so the improvement is not equal for all classes of commodities

¹ "Wages in husbandry are notoriously advancing. In Aberdeenshire, the wages of ploughmen in 1849 were £16 with board and lodging; in 1859, £22 with board and lodging. In Northumberland, wages which ten years ago amounted to 12s. weekly are now 15s. In Oxfordshire, carters and shepherds find their wages advanced from 8s. and 10s. to 12s. and 14s. In Cornwall, wages have risen from 8s. and 9s. to 10s. and 12s."—*Economist*, Jan. 21, 1860. The article contains several additional proofs of the rise in wages.

alike; and the price of commodities such as fresh butter and meat, which are portable only for a limited distance, has been equalized over a much smaller area than that of corn. The cheaper places to which London has access for fresh animal food, are only the remoter parts of the kingdom itself and the nearest parts of the Continent. Improvements in communication produce an approximation to equality in the prices of portable goods only in proportion to their portability, and hence a double change in relative prices ensues. In the first place, the prices of easily portable articles approach to a level in cheap and dear markets; but, secondly, as all things are not equally portable, a change is produced not only in comparative prices in different places, but in the comparative prices of different commodities; and both changes result in a disturbance of the profits of different occupations, and a change in the places of different industries. The same general cause tends to raise the price of meat at Athlone almost to the price it fetches in London, and to lower the price of corn in London almost to its price at Odessa. And the consequence is, that since labour and capital desert the occupations in which money returns are declining and stationary, for those in which they are increasing, the production of animal food is taking the place of the production of corn in this kingdom, and shepherds are increasing, and agricultural labourers decreasing in number.¹

But this internal change in our industrial economy, is a small part of the change in the territorial division of labour which the changes in relative prices in the world of commerce are pro-

¹ The number of shepherds returned at the last Census, was more than double the number enumerated in 1851. From the statistics of the Metropolitan Cattle-Market, it has however been supposed that the number of cattle and sheep in the United Kingdom has not increased. This supposition is entirely inconsistent with the notoriously increased consumption of meat by the poorer classes, the great attention to the production of stock, and the increase of shepherds. The probability seems to be that cattle from abroad have to a considerable extent taken the place of British animals in the London market, and a larger proportion of British animals than formerly are sold in other great towns and in country markets. Mr. Jevons observes, in his new work on the Coal Question, p. 188: "An excellent example of the changes which are going on throughout the most parts of Great Britain is furnished by certain statistics of the parish of Bellingham, in Northumberland, communicated by the Rev. W. H. Charlton to the British Association at Newcastle in 1863. Comparing the condition of the parish in 1838 and in 1863, it is shown that the acres of land under the plough had been nearly halved, being reduced from 1582 to 800 acres. The area of wheat had been reduced to one-fifth, from 200 acres to 40; while those of oats were decreased from 400 to 300 acres. The number of grazing cattle, on the other hand, had been multiplied thirteenfold, from 50 to 660 head, and the sheep had increased from 5102 head to 9910 head. Such changes must be expected to continue until only the richest of our valley lands has wheat."

ducing. For the very same reasons that the price of meat has risen in England, but not that of corn, and that the former has risen more in the remoter parts of the country than in the capital, and again, that the change in prices is producing the changes in the occupations of the people just stated, prices in general have rapidly risen in many foreign countries, and British industry and capital have been attracted from domestic to foreign employment. The pecuniary value of the produce of cheap places, rises in proportion as they are brought within reach of the best markets; and capital employed in the improvement of their commercial situation, the development of their resources, and the transport of their produce, obtains an extraordinary profit from sharing in the increase of its money value. If, for example, a cwt. of goods is worth £1 at one place, and only 5s. at a distance for want of communication, a railway company making the line of connexion may charge more for the carriage of goods, and buy the land and unskilled labour they require for its construction very much cheaper than if prices were near an equality at the two places already.

The great rise of prices in India and the enormous growth of its trade are regarded by many as passing results of the American war. And it is desirable, with reference to the future not only of India but of many other places under the same economic conditions, or which will soon be brought under them, and also with reference to the future outlets both for English capital and enterprise, and the produce of the new mines, to ascertain whether we ought really to regard the increase of money in India, and of English capital engaged in its foreign commerce or internal improvement, as a fortuitous and transitory event, or, on the contrary, as the result of permanent causes, which, upon the one hand, are continually investing with additional value the capabilities and productions of places circumstanced like India, and, on the other hand, are finding food and materials from the cheapest accessible quarters for countries like England, and new and remunerative employment for their accumulated capital and skill.

That the stream of the precious metals to India, and the rise of prices ensuing, are not solely or mainly attributable to the payments for cotton caused by the American war, is clear from the facts that the bulk of the treasure was imported before 1861, and that the balance of imports of specie above exports, reached fifteen and a half millions sterling in the year 1859-60, and has not reached twenty millions a year as the average since the war. It is an error to suppose we have paid the new cotton countries sums of money proportioned to the price of cotton in our markets, part of which has gone to our own merchants and carriers,

and part has been paid in our own manufactures. The balance of trade is always considerably more in our favour than appears in the official reports of the value of our imports and exports respectively. We are ourselves the chief carriers both of our exports and imports, and foreign countries really pay more for our exports, and we pay them less for our imports than appears by our Custom-House valuation, since we receive ourselves a great part of the freight of cargoes both outwards and inwards, and of the mercantile profit on the exchange. The balance of trade, however, has been largely in favour of India for many years past, and the rise of prices was anterior to the war. In a speech at Calcutta, in February 1860, Mr. Wilson, after referring to the rapid growth of Indian commerce, observed: "It is notorious how much the price of all country produce has increased of late years, in consequence of the demand for exportation. I am thankful to know that the benefits thus conferred by our commerce upon the land have extended in no slight degree to the labourer. It is no exaggeration to say that the rate of wages has risen in many districts twofold, and in some threefold, during the last few years. In the face of evidence of this kind, can any one doubt that all classes in India are in a state of prosperity, unparalleled at any former time?"¹ A very different view of the matter has latterly been taken by several writers, who regard the rise in the price of all Indian produce as a calamity to India resulting from the growth of cotton for Europe instead of food for the natives. The real increase in the cultivation of cotton in India has, however, been immensely exaggerated on the one hand, and the increase in the cultivation of crops for native consumption in numerous districts, has on the other hand been left out of sight. Our import of cotton from Bombay, Madras, and Bengal, amounted in 1860 to 570,000 bales, and in 1864 to 1,398,000, but the bales in 1864 were considerably lighter than in 1860, and a great part of their contents was not an additional growth, but cotton withdrawn from native manufacture and the markets of China. And there is copious evidence, that except

¹ *Economist*, March 31, 1860. The following Table of prices of the chief articles of daily consumption in the "Statement showing the Material and Moral Progress of India for 1860-61, pursuant to Act 21 and 22 Vict. c. 10, sec. 53," shows the great rise of prices in Bengal before the cotton drain began :—

	1849.				1859.				March 1861.			
	R.	A.	to	R. A.	R.	A.	to	R. A.	R.	A.	to	R. A.
Grain, .	1	2	to	1 4	1	11	to	2 2	2	6	to	2 7
Urrur Dhol, .	1	7	to	1 10	2	2	to	2 12	2	8	to	2 9
Paddy, .	0	7	to	0 11	1	2	to	1 4			
Ghee, .	15	8	to	21 8	23	8	to	27 8	28		to	28 8
Oil, .	6	12	to	7 0	9	4	to	9 6	17	0	to	28 8
Tobacco, .	2	10	to	6 0	5	0	to	5 8	4	8	to	6 8

in particular and exceptional localities, the dearness of food has not arisen from scarcity. In one of the principal new cotton districts—the Nagpore country, in the lake region of which 300,000 acres were under cotton—Mr. Temple's report on the trade and resources of the Central Provinces of India for 1863-4, states that "agricultural produce abounds of all descriptions common to India." General Mansfield, in his Minute on the Currency of India, March 8, 1864, observes: "One great reason of the rise of prices in all descriptions of food, is the greater disposition to consume. The people, being richer, actually eat more than they did in the days of their poverty. Great tracts of land which for ages had lain waste, are being daily brought into cultivation." In the Papers relating to a Gold Currency in India, lately published by order of the House of Commons, there is a Memorandum by the Board of Revenue at Madras which states: "Agriculture is extending everywhere. There is a great demand for cotton, and indeed for every product of the field. Prices are at the same time exceedingly high." And the *Madras Athenæum*, not many weeks ago (March 4, 1865), contained the following explanation of the rise of prices in that Presidency: "The rise in the price of provisions has succeeded a general rise in the price of labour, skilled and unskilled. Men engaged in mercantile pursuits, from the lowest ryots and coolies, have been making money, and this has caused everything to be dear to those whose salaries were fixed in the good old times. Mutton is not dear solely because pasturage and grain are more costly, but because it has been eaten very much more largely. People took to it as soon as they could afford it. It has often been thought that religious prejudices among the natives would always preserve animal food for the Englishman at a cheap rate. But religious prejudices succumb under the influence of rupees, as they are dispelled by the light which rupees throw on the question."

It is true that in particular places the dearness of the necessities of life is partly the result of a failure of the crops, and is so far a misfortune; and in Bombay the late exorbitant prices of cotton have really led to a diminished production of food, and to a rise of general prices which cannot be regarded as entirely of a durable or beneficial character. But taking the upward movement of prices over India as a whole, we cannot consider it as otherwise than both beneficial and durable, and as being, like the rise of prices in the Landes of the Gironde and at St. Nazaire,¹

¹ "St. Nazaire, a small fishing-town seven years since, has attained a prodigious development, equal to any American city. France, a short time since, did not possess a commercial port over an extent of 500 miles of coast washed by the Atlantic. The manufacturers of that part of France were conse-

the result of a permanent improvement in commercial position, and in the means of turning to profitable account the great natural resources of the country and industrial powers of the people. In a speech at the opening of a railway two years ago, Sir Bartle Frere, the remarkably able Governor of Bombay, said :--

“ We all know what vast sums, chiefly of English capital, have of late years been spent in this country. Let us consider for one moment what has been the effect of giving a fair day's wages for a fair day's labour. As a rule, this was unknown before the railway period. Not only were wages in most parts of the country fixed by usage and authority, rather than by the natural laws of demand and supply, but the privilege of labour was in general restricted to particular spots, and nothing like the power of taking labour to the best market practically existed. The result was that the condition of the labourer was wretched in the extreme, and Government could do little to raise him above the status of a serf of the soil. All this has now changed, and for the first time in history the Indian coolie finds that he has in his power of labour a valuable possession, which, if he uses it right, will give him something better than a mere subsistence. As a general rule, the labourer works far harder and better, and acquires new and more civilized wants in proportion to the wages he receives.”

The whole population of India by no means indeed immediately shares in the gains arising from access to better markets and the ingress of European inventions, which on the contrary tend to deprive some classes of their former means of subsistence. “ The native handloom is collapsing in every part of India. The best wares of English manufacture are getting possession of the market, and in the form of utensils for cooking, eating, and drinking, are passing from luxuries into necessities. Even Cheshire salt is supplied at prices which is obtaining for it a wide field of consumption in Northern India.”¹ This is part of the general change in the relative profits of different occupations, and the seats of different industries attending the altered distribution of money, produced by closer international commerce and the tendency of all things to be bought and produced in the cheapest and sold in the dearest places. Europe can now manufacture cheaper than Asia, which was once the manufacturer for Europe ; the steel of Sheffield has supplanted that of Damascus ; and the looms of Asia Minor and India are constantly

quently placed in a disadvantageous position in consequence of having no sea-port whence to ship their produce. The population has kept pace with the traffic. The value of ground has risen with the population. Ground sold formerly for sixpence the square yard is now worth almost £8.”—*Times*, April 29, 1865.

¹ *Papers relating to a Gold Currency for India*, p. 74.

decreasing in number. The same cause, however, which diminishes the earnings of Hindoo weavers increases the money incomes of the Hindoo population as a whole; for in proportion as they are enabled to buy and sell in the best markets, they get better prices for the numerous productions in which they excel. Mr. Senior pointed out that the comparative number of ounces of silver or gold the Indian and the Englishman can earn in a year depends on the comparative productiveness of their industry in exportable commodities. But an Indian labourer earned, when Mr. Senior wrote, only a ninth of the money earned by an English one, not because his labour was really less productive in that proportion, but because his means of exporting the produce were greatly inferior. The price of Indian cotton may decline; Bombay may cease to be England's principal cotton field; yet may it be safely predicted that the capabilities of India and its people for numerous other productions are such that, with the means of exportation henceforward at their command, prices in the three Presidencies will never subside to their former beggarly level, but, on the contrary, will tend to approximate nearer to the range of prices prevailing in Western Europe. Future candidates for appointments and undertakers of industrial enterprises in India, would do well to include this result of the improved commercial situation of India in their calculations.

The monetary future of India has a more general practical importance for Englishmen. Mr. Fawcett sagaciously remarked two years ago, that the question of a future depreciation of money in England, supposing the increase in the supplies from the mines to continue, is substantially a question as to the continuance of the drain of the precious metals to the East. We would expand Mr. Fawcett's proposition into the wider one, that it is a question as to the continued absorption of money in places in all quarters of the world, including Europe itself, in which the amount hitherto current has not been in proportion to their powers of production. India is only a representative of a large class of localities, whose industrial resources are providing new markets for the produce of the mines. In India itself, the Governor of Bombay observes in a Minute recommending a gold currency, "Great quantities of silver absorbed in remote parts of the country go to furnish a currency where no general medium of exchange before existed. There can be no doubt rupees are now found in hundreds of small bazaars where all trade used to be conducted by barter."¹

¹ *Papers relating to a Gold Currency for India*, p. 9. In page 89 of these Papers the following passage occurs:—"Partly owing to the change from a native to a European form of government, partly to the substitution of

The following passages from the excellent treatise of Mr. Lees are worthy of quotation on this subject:—

“ There is a point in the affairs of nations when prices rise so high that imports and exports are equalized. India is *approaching* that point. At the same time, India is yet, in regard to her supply of the precious metals, a long way off that point at which she will be in a position to deal with European countries on equal terms. . . . Estimating the amount of gold and silver circulating in coin in Great Britain at £80,000,000, and the population at 30,000,000, and estimating the currency of India at an equal amount, and the population at 180,000,000, India is capable of absorbing silver (or gold) to the amount of £400,000,000 for the purposes of currency alone. Nor have we reached this end. The ever-onward moving wave of civilisation will surely not stop short at the confines of British India. Arabia, Persia, and other neighbouring territories, Burmah, Cochinchina, Siam, have all to claim their fair share of the precious metals; and the interior of Central Asia is one day to follow.”

Adam Smith has observed that the difficulties of land traffic are such that commerce settles first on the borders of seas and rivers, and is long before it penetrates into the inland parts even of the most opulent and mercantile countries. And notwithstanding the immense improvement in the means of land carriage, it is still true, not only of Asia but even of the most civilized countries in Europe, that there are inland districts in which prices are far below the surrounding level, because they cannot or do not sell in the best markets, or on the same terms as their neighbours. While some French writers expatiate on the rise of prices in the parts of France intersected by railways, others complain that in a country whose institutions are intended to favour equality, the railways promoted by Government have created a shocking inequality in local incomes and prices, by giving some places the power of transporting their produce cheaply to the capital, while others are not nearer to good markets than before railways were invented. A railway map of the world enables any one to predict that prices must rise greatly and soon in a vast number of places. However obvious the remark, it is one of great practical importance in trade, speculation, emigration, the purchase of land, and industrial enterprises of a hundred different kinds, that the price of labour and produce will eventually rise wherever the soil is productive, and the means of locomotion are defective; and will rapidly rise wherever those means are suddenly and greatly improved. But physical

money for barter in remote districts, but chiefly to the general increase of prices and wages, and the vastly augmented amount and numbers of transactions, the requirements of India for coin are only beginning to be felt.”

obstacles to traffic are by no means the only causes of low prices; ignorance is often the mountain to be removed, and it is one which still divides England itself into regions with different monetary rates. Mainly from the want of agricultural statistics, the differences in the wages of farm-labourers, the profits of small shopkeepers, and the prices of produce in different countries are surprising. An excellent authority on this subject drew attention last winter to the fact that, while in some counties the farmers were paying ruinous prices for fodder, in others, hay, straw, turnips, mangolds, and carrots were selling at much the usual rates.¹ But these are inequalities which cannot continue; and the fact of their present existence enables us to foresee in a great measure the future movements of money and prices, and the most profitable places for the investment of capital. Knowing the places where prices will rise as soon as their resources are turned to account, and their markets frequented, the capitalist knows places in which he can get a large return for the expense of assisting to develop these resources, or carry the produce to the best buyers. For example, a considerable part of the enormous prices paid in Europe for cotton imported from the East, has really been received by our own merchants; and the fact serves to explain the discrepancy between our own official accounts of the value of our imports from India, and those of India itself as to the value of its exports to us. And the enormous profits which have been made of late years in our foreign trade, and upon various investments of capital in regions the pecuniary value of whose produce has rapidly risen, is one principal cause of the high rates of interest latterly prevailing. A high rate of interest, like a high scale of prices, may arise from several causes. It may arise from a scarcity of capital, a great demand on the part of unproductive borrowers, or high profits which enable producers to borrow on liberal terms to the lender. Governments may pay a high interest out of taxes, but mercantile men can only pay it out of profits, and the maximum of profit fixes the maximum permanent rate of interest in trade. Mr. Mill is of opinion that the new mines have tended to lower the rate of interest. "The masses of the precious metals which are constantly arriving from the gold countries are, it may be said, wholly added to the funds that supply the loan market. So great an additional capital tends to depress interest."² And there can be no doubt that a great portion of the new gold received in this country did at first

¹ *Daily News*, November 19, 1864.

² *Principles of Political Economy*, sixth edition, chap. 23.

enter the loan market, and tended to make interest low. The subsequent distribution of the precious metals, however, seems to us to have tended in the opposite direction. Money spent, for example, in improving the *Landes*, in building at Bilbao or St. Nazaire, in cultivating cotton in Egypt, and cotton, tea, oil-seeds, and other productions in India, and in carrying such productions to the markets of Europe, has reproduced itself with extraordinary profit, and could be borrowed with profit at higher than ordinary interest.¹ In the future distribution of the precious metals, in like manner, over markets in which prices will rise—thereby investing with considerable pecuniary value resources which now have scarce any pecuniary value at all—we may reasonably foresee a source of high profit and interest for a long time to come. The very spirit of mingled economy and enterprise, which adds to the quantity of capital in the loan market, by attracting hitherto unemployed funds from the hoard the till and the private account at the bank, tends to provide more profitable employment for the capital seeking investment. “It is,” in Mr. Patterson’s words, “the utilisation of hitherto useless things which peculiarly characterizes our times. It is the utilisation of neglected resources, the accumulation and concentrated appliance of a thousand forces or savings, which is the basis of our extending power. We are economizing our money like everything else; and this economy of capital, almost as much as the new gold mines, is the agency which is giving to commerce its enormous expansion.” In the production of gold in mines utterly valueless less than a generation ago and now worth twenty millions a year—in the reclamation of waste lands and waste substances at home and abroad

¹ In a pamphlet lately published on *Banks and Bank Management*, Mr. Stirling attributes the high rate of interest in 1863 and 1864 to an extraordinary demand in each of those years for capital, to the amount of 400 millions, the items of which he makes up as follows:—“Increased cost of cotton, 40 millions; demand of limited liabilities, 110 millions; increased ordinary expenditure of the Governments of England and France, 50 millions; European loans, 50 millions; American war expenditure, 150 millions; total annual exceptional demand, 400 millions.” The first three of these items seem to us to be greatly exaggerated. No such sum was really withdrawn for cotton in the first instance, a great portion having been paid for round-about by exports of our own manufactures at higher prices, both our exports and imports having latterly been set down at higher figures in money. Again, the *Economist* estimates the sums *actually raised* by the new companies in the two last years together, at a less amount than 40 millions. And the increase in the ordinary expenditure of the Governments of England and France has not, we are convinced, been as great as the increase of the aggregate incomes and tax-paying ability of the two nations, and has therefore not trespassed upon capital. The American war and the European loans have no doubt made a considerable additional demand on the loan market.

—in trade with new markets and industrial enterprise in new regions—in the collection and subsequent diffusion of formerly unemployed money, the same principle is operative throughout; a principle on which we may rely to find profitable use for the fresh produce of the mines, and for the savings of our incomes for an indefinite period.

The same economical movement has brought petroleum ¹—to take one of the latest examples of the redemption of wealth from the regions of waste—and the new gold into the market, and the former is a new demand for the latter. In every neglected or undervalued resource in the natural world or in human capacity, there is a profitable investment for money, and commercial enterprise is constantly finding fresh employment for money, both in the purchase of new articles of value, and in higher prices for things of which the value is enhanced by improvement. Speaking of the *non-valeurs* (a term for which we have no exact English equivalent) which still abound even in the most civilized countries, M. About remarks that among them should be classed not only things absolutely wasted and worthless from neglect, but also things whose value is only partially realized, like land under corn which would fetch more under grass. Such things M. About designates as *non-valeurs relatives*, including among them all the insufficiently exercised powers of humanity. An entire half of the French nation, he adds—the whole female sex—belongs to the category of *non-valeurs relatives*. But if women were enabled, by both custom and law, to realize the full worth of their powers, the higher prices their industry would obtain would denote, not a fall in the value of money, but a rise in the value of women. So the increase in the money earnings of coolies and ryots in India, and fellahs in Egypt, denotes not a mere doubling or trebling of counters of payment, but an elevation of the commercial status of two nations. There is thus an important distinction between the significance of a rise of prices at Calcutta and in London; in the latter it signifies generally either a scarcity of commodities or a depreciation of money, but in the former it signifies trade on better terms with the world, as well as a change in the local value of money.

The question whether the new mines have lowered the value of money in England is one the more difficult to

¹ “Though petroleum has been but four years an article of commerce, it has already assumed the second place among the exports of the United States, and now ranks next to breadstuffs. In 1860 scarcely any was exported; last year the exports amounted to 32,000,000 gallons, while the domestic consumption was even greater.”—*Times*, April 27, 1865.

answer with precision, since, in addition to the absence of perfect statistics, causes, such as bad seasons and the Russian and American wars, have temporarily affected the prices of great classes of goods. Setting aside these disturbances, the truth seems to be, that while, on the one hand, such important commodities as corn, sugar, and coal¹ are cheaper than formerly, and the wholesale prices of textile manufactures, although higher than during the depression of trade for some years before 1851, remained nearly stationary from that year until the American war,—on the other hand, the prices of animal food, of land, and of metal manufactures have considerably risen; and the result would appear to be, that in wholesale trade the general value of money was not sensibly altered in England before the American war. But, speaking of retail prices, into which higher rents, wages, and prices of animal food more or less enter, we should say that the cost of subsistence is decidedly greater to all classes, except agricultural labourers, whose chief expenditure is on bread, sugar, and tea; and that fixed incomes by no means buy as much as they used, especially in remote parts of the country. We believe, too, with an eminent economist, that the real rise of prices to consumers is partially disguised in a deteriorated quality of many things. The disguises which the fact that people are really given less for their money may assume, are numberless. For example, the prices were the same at the bathing establishments of Biarritz last autumn as in former years, but the visitor could often get nothing but a wet and dirty bathing-dress for his sous. French gloves, again, are not only dearer than formerly, but seem made in order to tear; and both in England and France, washerwomen are apt to spoil linen now for the prices at which they used formerly to dress it.

But the effects of the new mines upon prices are far less obscurely and far more satisfactorily discernible in countries like India, where they have directly or indirectly furnished the means of raising the remuneration of industry, and circulating produce which had formerly little or no circulation. The result of this influx of money into India is by no means merely the trouble of carrying and counting more coins to do the same business as formerly; and so far as there has been such a result, it might have been in a great measure avoided had the Government allowed gold to pass current as money. By the exclusion of gold, India has been obliged to fetch a much bulkier material for its currency from a far greater distance,

¹ Average shipping price of Newcastle coal—1841, 10s. 6d. per ton; 1850, 9s. 6d.; 1860, 9s.—*The Coal Question*, by W. S. Jevons, Esq., page 61.

and to incur an unnecessary loss, first, on the freight from abroad; next, on the coinage at the mint; thirdly, on the carriage through the country; and fourthly, on the wear and tear of so many more new coins. The great mines of Australia seem to have been specially designed to provide, at a comparatively small cost, the additional money required by the increased trade of India, and its Government to have resolved to defeat the economy of nature. In contending, however, for all possible economy in the monetary system of India and every other country, we cannot adopt the opinion Mr. Patterson appears to entertain, that the economy might be carried so far as to dispense with the cost of metallic currencies altogether. Coin is better fitted for rough work and for the labourer's pocket than bank-notes. It cannot, like paper, be eaten by ants in the East, and is safer from water and fire. Nor can we conceive that a currency would be safe from depreciation by excess, unless based upon things possessing intrinsic value like silver and gold. Mr. Patterson argues that the value of money depends simply on its conventional use and acceptance. But limitation of supply is in all cases an indispensable condition of value; and the history of assignats in France, and greenbacks in America, shows that negotiability does not constitute the determining element of the value of a currency.¹ And taking this view of the monetary use and importance of the precious metals, it seems to be a question worth considering, whether the future supplies are likely to be sufficient to supply money enough for the rapid progress of the backward parts of the world, and the immense development their resources seem sure to obtain. Mr.

¹ Mr. Bonamy Price says in a recent article: "The peculiarity of this commodity (gold) consists only in this, that every man agrees to take it in exchange for his goods. The general consent to make gold the medium of exchange constitutes the precise demand for gold, just as the general consent to make shoes of leather constitutes the demand for leather." But the social compact to wear shoes does not determine what they are worth; that depends on the supply of leather and competent shoemakers. The public consents to take shillings as well as sovereigns, but it is not their consent that makes a sovereign worth twenty shillings, which it would not be if gold were as easy to get as silver. So the public may consent to take pieces of paper for coins, but how many must be given for a horse or a cow or a loaf depends on the comparative scarcity of each. We make this comment merely to illustrate the principle that the value of money depends on its rarity, and not on convention and custom, for we confess we do not see the drift of Mr. Price's arguments. He refutes some fallacies of the old mercantile school which hardly required fresh refutation, and which are not supported by any of the writers on currency he refers to. But he by no means makes it clear whether he objects only to the particular provisions of the Bank Charter Act, or to a metallic standard altogether, and to Sir Robert Peel's definition of a pound.

Maine has remarked that investigators of the differences between stationary and progressive societies must, at the outset, realize clearly the fact that the stationary condition of the human race is the rule, the progressive the exception; and when this reflection was made, the condition of the greater part of Asia and of Northern Africa might even have justified the proposition that a retrograde condition of the human race was the rule. In the wildest regions frequented by the nomad hordes of Central Asia, the traveller discovers the vestiges of former cultivation and wealth. But he can now perceive in such regions that while he stands on the grave of an old civilisation he stands also on the borders of a new one. It seems certain, at least as regards Asia, which contains the bulk of the human race, that not only the stationary, but the retrograde communities will become progressive—will be reached by roads, railways, river navigation, and Western commerce, and obtain the aid of Western capital and skill. And it seems equally certain that the pecuniary value of their produce will immensely increase; that they will need vast quantities of coin for its circulation; and that the question is one of importance, whether coin enough for the purpose will be easily obtained. The steady decline in the produce of the gold-fields of Victoria, from 2,761,528 ounces in 1857 to 1,557,397 ounces in 1864, might seem at first to justify a doubt on the subject; and the existence of a great gold region near the sources of the Nile, on which some writers have reckoned, is in Sir Roderick Murchison's opinion contravened by the evidence of Captain Speke respecting the geological structure of the country. But the decline in the production of gold in Victoria has arisen rather from the migration of miners to New South Wales and New Zealand than from a diminishing fertility of the mines. In fact, the gold-fields of Victoria yielded more in proportion to the number of labourers in 1864 than in either of the previous years; 97,942 miners obtaining 1,702,460 oz. in 1862; 92,292 obtaining 1,578,079 oz. in 1863; and 83,394 obtaining 1,557,397 oz. in 1864. And in 1857, when the gold yield of Victoria reached its maximum, that of New South Wales only amounted to the value of £674,470; whereas it has been more than three times as much on the average for the last three years.¹ From the Western States of North America, again, the supply of the precious metals seems likely to increase. In a recent report, the British Consul at San Francisco states it as his belief that even in California the production of the precious metals will increase

¹ In some of the districts of the Australian mines the yield has lately fallen off, but solely by reason of the scarcity of water, not of gold.

for many years to come; and that when to this is added the produce of the rich mines of Nevada, Idaho, Arizona, and Oregon, there can be no doubt that the total increase will be very great. This anticipation seems confirmed by the fact that the exports of treasure from San Francisco in the fiscal year ending in June 1864, amounted to the value of 51,264,023 dols.; the larger proportion being in the latter half of the period, and the entire sum being considerably greater than in any other year since 1856. From Mexico and South America great additional supplies may also be expected. Of Peru the British Consul says—"Peru is one vast mine which the hand of man has only hitherto scratched." To the produce of the mines must further be added the vast sums that the progress of commerce will restore to circulation from the hoards of Asia and Europe, which, even in such places as Lapland, are great. Large sums of Norwegian money are said by Mr. Laing, in his *Journal of a Residence in Norway*, to have disappeared in Lapland; the wealthiest Laplanders having always been accustomed to live, like the poorest, on the produce of their reindeer, and to bury the money coming to them from Norway in places where their heirs often fail to discover it.

The movement we have discussed is one which tends to bring all buried and neglected riches to light; and we anticipate from it both an ample provision of money and an increasing demand for it.

- ART. III.—1. *Memoirs, Miscellanies, and Letters of the late Lucy Aikin*. Edited by P. H. LE BRETON. Longmans, 1864.
 2. *Fugitive Verses*. By JOANNA BAILLIE. Moxon, 1864.
 3. *Selections from the Letters of Caroline Frances Cornwallis*. London: Trübner and Co., 1864.

It cannot be doubted that a marked difference in the relations of the female sex to the literary culture of the day, as compared with the state of things two generations back, is one result of the intellectual march of the present century. Female authorship is far more common than it was, is far more enterprising than it was; it is more business-like, and has less of the flutter of self-consciousness; while, by a natural consequence, it attracts far less of special notice and compliment than it formerly did. For we must not overstate the case as regards the discouragement which the woman of letters is generally supposed to have received from the ruling sex. Ladies who belonged to a favoured clique were sure, in olden times as well as now, of credit and renown. Poor Mrs. Elstob, one of the first Saxon scholars of her day, could indeed pine in drudgery and obscurity, but Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Fanny Burney, with a select circle of attendant nymphs great in the minor morals, were praised up to and beyond their deserts; and though "F. B." confined herself to novel-writing, a department in which women have always been allowed certain chartered rights, and Mrs. Chapone and Miss Talbot were strictly feminine in their aspirations, yet the authoress of the *Essay on Shakspeare*, and the translator of *Epictetus*, boldly trenched on ground which, in those days at all events, masculine intellects considered exclusively their own. When angry, it is true, Johnson could speak hard words of Mrs. Montagu's Latin and Greek; but the wonderful feat of translating *Epictetus* seems to have placed Mrs. Carter on a pedestal which even the surly dictator did not grudge her, though possibly her discreet backwardness in exposing her acquirements to the ordeal of conversation may have had something to do with his indulgence. "My old friend Mrs. Carter," he said, "could make a pudding as well as translate *Epictetus* from the Greek, and work a handkerchief as well as compose a poem." . . . "He thought, however," adds Boswell, "that she was too reserved in conversation upon subjects she was so eminently able to converse upon, which was occasioned by her modesty and fear of giving offence."

No doubt, in the middle of the eighteenth century, the women of the upper classes were, taken as a whole, more rational and capable beings than they had been in the days of the *Spectator*.

In one of the conversations recorded by Fanny Burney, we find Dr. Johnson expressing in strong terms his sense of the advance made within his own recollection. "He told them he well remembered when a woman who could spell a common letter was regarded as all-accomplished; but now they vied with the men in everything."¹ Still we cannot turn over the familiar correspondence of the miniature Sapphos and Hypatias of Johnson's time, without discerning how strongly the consciousness of special merit worked within them. We see it in the ostentatious modesty which is sometimes more significant than braggart boasting; we see it in the little pedantries of style and allusion with which they trick out the merest commonplace of sentiment. For real scholarlike appreciation of the subjects they deal with, we should look in vain in the lucubrations of the most renowned female students of that day:—poor Mrs. Elstob, already referred to, whose Anglo-Saxon researches really were worth something, never attained worldly repute. The conclusions they draw from their own investigations into the wellsprings of knowledge are mostly moralizings of a general cast, trite and jejune we should now say; but then it is fair to remember that there was a very strong and prevailing bent among all thinkers, shallow and deep, towards moral and metaphysical didactics in that age, and the "Rambler" himself could utter pompous platitudes sometimes.

But to revert to our argument. Allowing that a change had taken place in the intellectual position of the weaker sex, between the era of Addison and that of Johnson, there has assuredly been a change also no less distinctly perceptible in its position between Johnson's days and our own, and one that has been proceeding at a vastly accelerated pace within the last five-and-thirty years. The date of the Reform Bill, though it seems but as yesterday to many still in the full vigour of life, carries us back to an antiquated world in many respects; in this among others. The literary atmosphere was still reverberating with the echoes of the poetry and romance which had glorified the long years of European strife and agitation. But Byron was in his recent grave; Scott was wielding with a paralysed hand the pen that had fascinated the heads and hearts of his generation; Southey had written the last of his epics, and people had almost ceased to read them. Wordsworth was the poet of the day; but his admirers were comparatively few and select. His muse was placid and meditative; the shout of the Forum was to be raised in honour of other deities than those of Parnassus. Science, education for the masses, political enfranchisement, became the prevailing topics in men's mouths. Sentiment

¹ *Diary of Madame D'Arblay*, vol. i. p. 277.

yielded to utility, the illusions of chivalry to hard material progress. A certain scarcely disguised superciliousness in the tone hitherto assumed towards science by men who had been brought up in the poetical and historical cultivation of the Georgian era, now gave way to a much more respectful appreciation of her claims. The old prejudices against the 'ologies rapidly disappeared. The classification of plants and stones, hitherto in the polite world looked upon as little more than an elegant diversion for idle hours, assumed a more serious significance as means towards unlocking creation's mysteries. The history of the earth's formation was becoming a subject to be feared, indeed, in the eyes of many, but no longer to be despised.

It was from about this same epoch, as we take it, that the term "blue-stocking," first applied in the Johnsonian society to ladies of literary pretension or acquirement, began to grow obsolete. In the intensified zest and value for practical and scientific knowledge which now set in, the world came to forget its prejudices of sex as well as of caste, and to prize any contribution to the current stock of information for what it was worth. This, at least, was the tendency of things; but, as always happens, the force of new principles began to be felt long before they effectually leavened the general mass of opinion; and it was not for many a year after the Society for the "Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," and the "Library of Entertaining" ditto, and Penny Magazines, and Mrs. Marcet's *Popular Conversations on Science*, and Miss Martineau's *Tales illustrative of the Principles of Political Economy*, had instructed the minds of the new generation, that the authoress who ventured on any ground save that of fiction or mild ethical rede, ceased to be regarded by a considerable portion of society as something of an unfeminine intruder, a "blue," and a pretender, probably superficial and certainly presumptuous.

Our reflections on this subject have been prompted by two publications of the past year: the Memoir and Letters of Miss Aikin, and the Letters of Miss Cornwallis. Both these ladies died within the last seven years; both lived through the period of which we have been speaking; and both reflected very distinctly, in the tone of their minds and the bent of their studies, the character of that period in its successive stages of development. Circumstances and natural disposition, however, had affixed considerable differences between them. The one, long known to the world as a historical writer of some pretension, and a friend and correspondent of several eminent literary characters of her day, had outlived her maximum of reputation; and that reputation had been perhaps a little enhanced by the odour of "blue" notoriety still attaching to petticoated authors

when she began to write. The other was entirely unknown to the world till death cancelled the obligation of secrecy, and revealed her as the writer of some anonymous works of more original thought and more varied range of matter than even clever women have in general proved themselves able to command—a recluse shrinking from observation, not possessing any influential connexion in the world of letters, working patiently, earnestly, with deep convictions, against the surface-current of her times, taking up a place with the pioneers of new thought, even when old ties and associations beckoned her powerfully backwards; most reluctant to display, yet proudly conscious of possessing capacities of insight and of reasoning far beyond the limits usually assigned to her sex.

Miss Aikin's career challenges observation first, for her literary character belongs to an older chapter of the period than that of Miss Cornwallis. She had by a few years too the priority of age. Miss Aikin may be said, to use Sir Nathaniel's phrase in *Love's Labour's Lost*, to have "eat paper" and "drunk ink" from her earliest years. Her intellectual training was derived from the Presbyterian society of the last century, that section of it which had left Calvinism behind, and had accepted Socinianism as its doctrinal creed, and which was characterized by a great zeal and ardour for mental progress, and a sovereign contempt for ancient bigotry. 1781 was the year of her birth. Her father was Dr. Aikin, a physician first practising at Warrington, then at Yarmouth, subsequently residing at Stoke-Newington, where he gave himself up to literary avocations, and edited the *Annual Register*, the *Monthly Magazine*, and another literary journal of the day, called the *Athenæum*, and was part author of the *Biographical Dictionary*, afterwards published by Dr. Enfield. A very favourite work for juveniles, not yet forgotten, called *Evenings at Home*, was also his composition, in conjunction with his accomplished sister, Mrs. Barbauld, who, to a noted capacity for instructing the young, added herself also literary and poetical talent of a very refined order, and was in all respects a most admirable woman. Miss Aikin's friends and relations all round were literary in their tastes and reputations,—the Roscoes of Liverpool, the Taylors of Norwich, the Enfields, the Kerricks,—worthy names all in the annals of the pen. She was only in her seventeenth year when she took up the family trick of writing. Her father's editorial functions gave her easy access to reviews and magazines; and occasional verses, essays, and translations were the first flights of her ambition. The decided bent of her mind, however, was towards history; and her first publication of any consequence was the *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth*, which appeared in 1819, and drew

on her no small degree of attention. It may indeed be fairly considered a noteworthy book of its time. It had merits of its own, in a lively, intelligent, impartial style of narrative, and was, we believe, the first of those works of historical gossip which Miss Strickland's indefatigable labours have since made so familiar to the public, and to which Walter Scott's novels no doubt contributed a powerful impulse. But it should be remembered, and Miss Aikin must have the credit due from the fact, that she began to contemplate her work in 1814, before even the first of the *Waverley Novels* had appeared; years before *Kenilworth* had set the world mad about Queen Bess and the Earl of Leicester. "I intend," she says, writing at that date to her brother, "to collect all the notices I can of the manners of the age, the state of literature, arts, etc., which I shall interweave, as well as I am able, with the biographies of the Queen, and the other eminent characters of her time, binding all together with as slender a thread of political history as will serve to keep other matters in their places." So that the plagiarism of topic, if any, was the other way. Miss Aikin could not have been set on the track of Elizabethan gossip by any historical fiction of Walter Scott's, but Scott may have been induced by Miss Aikin's book to think of *Kenilworth* as a subject.

To the Memoir of Queen Elizabeth succeeded those of James I., in 1822, and of Charles I., in 1833. Miss Aikin felt no vocation for continuing her historical labours into the times of the Protectorate and the Restoration. The stern aspect of the principles at issue seems to have frightened her from the first, the profligacy of the times from the last. Her long hesitation as to a subject suited to her taste and capacity, finally resulted in her compiling the *Life of Addison*, which she published in 1843. This work was less successful than her former ones. Perhaps, as she herself seemed to suspect, the vigour and elasticity of her powers had been suffered to decay through leisure and delicate health, and the easily allowed interruptions of social life; and, not least, through the distractions of an age of busy thought and change, that test of true intellectual metal, when the stronger or the more dogmatic minds find stimulating material for thought and utterance, but those that are at once too feeble for self-support, and too wide for bigotry, are apt to subside into a hesitating but genial receptivity, interested in all aspects of life and history, but partly on that very account without those strong convictions or prepossessions which constitute the life of authorship. A severe review of this work by Macaulay, which appeared in the *Edinburgh*, must have given the finishing-touch to any lingering self-flattery of the authoress that her literary genius was still in bloom. Of this criticism,

neither the editor of the Memoir, nor any of Miss Aikin's published letters, make any mention ; but she never wrote again ; and when she died in the January of last year, at the age of eighty-two, she had long stepped back from observation, and was missed only by those who knew her worth in private life, her warm family affection, her acute intelligence, her interest in the young, her pleasant conversation regarding times and people gone by.

And her acquaintance had been among the honoured of the earth. In London she had mixed in some of the best Whig society of the day. Mackintosh, Hallam, Rogers, Malthus, Sir H. Holland, are all names of more or less frequent occurrence in her letters ; and under her modest roof at Hampstead, choice table-talk might often have been heard from men of literary and legal mark. Thither Whishaw, the lawyer, the friend of Lord Lansdowne, the somewhat Johnsonian oracle of his coterie, and Professor Smyth of Cambridge, often found their way to discuss with her the questions of the hour, or some interesting topic of history or belles-lettres ; and a fourth in such reunions would often be her valued friend and occasional correspondent, himself a resident at Hampstead, Mr. J. L. Mallet, son of Mallet du Pan, the Genevese, whose political services to the French monarchy at the beginning of the first Revolution are matter of history. Both on his father's account and on his own, Mr. Mallet was well known to the Whig society of the day, and though a man of retired habits, was a keen observer of passing events, and one whose judgment and courtesy gave his opinions great weight with all who possessed his acquaintance.¹ With friends such as these, whether on the field of politics or literature, the shrewd little hostess knew well how to bear her part in discussion : for in conversation she was practised and fluent ; her memory was well stored ; she was an able reasoner, an intelligent listener, and a pleasant retailer of anecdote.

The heyday of Miss Aikin's reputation chanced to fall during the stirring times of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill and the Reform Bill,—times when Tories had begun to look gloomy, and Liberals in politics and education were radiant with joy for the good days coming. Her friends were almost exclusively among the Whig and Radical portion of the community ; but her own opinions, or rather feelings—for she was fully inclined herself to make the distinction—did not go very far on the popular side. Nay, in some moods, her historical and antiquarian tastes seem half to have made a Tory of her.

¹ Some passages from a ms. Diary of Political Events, kept by Mr. J. L. Mallet, have been given to the public in the recent *Life of Sir James Graham*, by Torrens M'Cullagh.

"Women are natural aristocrats," she says in one of her letters; "and many a reproach have I sustained from my father for what he called my '*odi profanum vulgus*.' The rude manners, trenchant tone, and barbarous slang of the ordinary Radicals, as well as the selfish ends and gross knavery which many of them strive to conceal under professions of zeal for all the best interests of mankind, are so inexpressibly disgusting to me, that in some moods I have wished to be divided from them far as pole from pole. On the other hand, the captivating manners of the aristocracy, the splendour which surrounds them, the taste for heraldry and pedigree which I have picked up in the course of my studies, and the flattering attentions which my writings have sometimes procured me from them, are strong bribes on the side of ancient privilege; but, as I said before, I have fought and conquered; and I confess that 'the greatest good of the greatest number' is what alone is entitled to consideration, however unpoetical the phrase and the pedantic sect of which it is the watchword."—P. 220.

This naïve confession of political faith occurs in a letter to Dr. Channing, the American sage, with whom, in her middle life, she entered on an epistolary correspondence which lasted for sixteen years, and her share of which constitutes by far the most interesting half of the present volume. It ranges over an agreeable variety of topics,—religion and politics, however, being the most prominent; and as one of the writer's main purposes was to keep Dr. Channing *au fait* of opinions and events in England, these letters are interesting, as reminding us of discussions long gone by, and of views and notions whose truth or importance time has since tested. But we see from them clearly that the age was marching too fast for Miss Aikin. The republican theories that were wafted back to her across the Atlantic, she was impelled at first by her devoted reverence for Dr. Channing to accept, harmonizing them as best she might with her national and personal prepossessions; but her mind got wearied and confused as newer and more advanced views of social and political matters opened up around her; and though too intelligent not to be interested by them, and too liberal by all the traditions of her life to wish to lag behind while others pressed on, it is very evident that she by no means relished on the whole the turn things were taking. Thus she complains of the influx of popular literature created by Lord Brougham's education movement, and regrets, almost as poignantly as S. T. Coleridge could have done, the declining taste for high philosophy and poetry. Of the agitation for women's rights she was eminently distrustful; and though at first she expresses herself cautiously on the subject, her condemnation of Harriet Martineau and her strong-minded proceedings, becomes, after a time, very pronounced. Though a Dissenter herself, and ready enough to

join in party sneers at the Church of England, yet, when a question of action occurs, she evinces no destructive tendencies. In one way Dr. Channing's influence over her mind is very conspicuous. He was, like her, a Unitarian, but one of a much more spiritual tone and temper than had prevailed among the sectarians of Stoke-Newington. Brought up, as she had been, in a coterie where strictly utilitarian views of life prevailed, and accustomed to a somewhat contemptuous estimate of all mystic tendencies, Dr. Channing's exalted piety and personal sense of the unseen were to her as a new revelation of man's nature and requirements. Writing to him in 1831, she pours out, with all the enthusiasm of female discipleship, her gratitude for the benefits which she was conscious of having derived from his teaching.

"I was never duly sensible," she says, "till your writings made me so, of the transcendent beauty and sublimity of Christian morals; nor did I submit my heart and temper to their chastening and meliorating influences. . . . Under the notion of a generous zeal for freedom, truth, and virtue, I cherished a set of prejudices and antipathies which placed beyond the pale of my charity not the few, but the many, the mass of my compatriots. I shudder now to think how *good a hater* I was in the days of my youth. Time and reflection, a wider range of acquaintance, and a calmer state of the public mind, mitigated by degrees my bigotry; but I really knew not what it was to open my heart to the human race until I had drunk deeply into the spirit of your writings.

"Neither was my intercourse with my Creator such as to satisfy fully the wants of the soul. I had doubts and scruples, as I have before intimated, respecting prayer, which weighed heavily on my spirit. In times of the most racking anxiety, the bitterest grief, I offered, I dared to offer, nothing but the folded arms of resignation—submission rather. So often had I heard, and from the lips of some whom I greatly respected, the axiom, as it was represented, that no evil could exist in the creation of a perfectly benevolent Being, if he were also omnipotent, that my reliance on Providence was dreadfully shaken by a vague notion of a system of things by which Deity itself was limited. How you have dispossessed me of this wretched idea I do not well know; but it is gone. I feel, I feel that He can and will bless me, even by means of what seem at present evil and suffering."—P. 243.

This was an education of the soul which may well have made Miss Aikin esteem Dr. Channing's influence as one of the memorabilia of her life. Still we cannot repress a smile sometimes at the truly feminine excess of laudation bestowed by this grateful disciple on her "guide, philosopher, and friend," as she entitles him, and are tempted to conclude that the excellent divine must have had a pretty strong digestion for the sugar-plums of friendship. She assures him of the impression

his teaching is calculated to produce on *women* in particular, and tries to lure him to the neighbourhood of the English metropolis by an enumeration of the many distinguished admirers among her own sex he would find prepared to greet him there.

The home of Miss Aikin's middle life, from her father's death in 1822 to 1843, was at Hampstead, not then, as it is now, a closely connected suburb of London, but a suburban village, having an independent life of its own, fed indeed more or less from the great metropolitan reservoir of intelligence and fashion, but still possessing its own organization, its own centres, and its own interests. Her description of Hampstead thirty years ago may have an interest for those who like to trace in local vicissitudes the working of that

“ Ever-whirling wheel of change,
The which all mortal things doth sway.”

“ Several circumstances,” she writes in 1833, “ render society here peculiarly easy and pleasant. In many respects the place unites the advantages, and escapes the evils, both of London and the provincial towns. It is near enough to allow its inhabitants to partake in the society, the amusements, and the accommodation of the capital, as freely as even the dissipated could desire; whilst it affords pure air, lovely scenery, and retired and beautiful walks; and because every one is supposed to have a London set of friends, neighbours do not think it necessary, as in the provinces, to force their acquaintance on you. Of local society you may have much, little, or none, as you please; and with a little, which is very good, you may associate on the easiest terms; then the summer brings an influx of Londoners, who are often genteel and agreeable people, and pleasingly vary the scene. Such is Hampstead.”—P. 277.

Such *was* Hampstead; but the giant spread of population and building has worked a significant change within the limits of a generation. The heath, the groves, the fields, the gardens of Hampstead; its quaint red brick mansions of Stuart or Nassau date, its later brown and yellow edifices of Hanoverian respectability, its still more modern stone or plaster villas, with their well-kept lawns and dainty flowerbeds; the variety of hill and valley, the broad breezy terrace, the outlook to the vast city and St. Paul's dome rising mysteriously through its everlasting smoke on the one side, and to Harrow on the Hill, with its conspicuous steeple, on the other; these, though not untouched by mutability's “cruel sport,” may still in their general features remain as in the days when Miss Aikin tried to tempt Dr. Channing to its heights. But where is the free village life? where are the retired haunts? and above all, where are the familiar social

gatherings equal in variety or in intellectual quality to those which certain Hampstead homes could muster five-and-thirty years ago? Memory tempts us; but we must not allow ourselves to dally at the banquets where wits and authors of every type and degree of celebrity were wont to cluster round the head of the greatest publishing house in London; nor in the trim gardens, where noble and learned chiefs of the law would lounge in rustic ease under the hospitable auspices of their brother of the bench; nor in the modest retreat, where sons of science loved to assemble and hear lessons of experience from the greatest surgeon of the day. Before one quiet home only we would linger for a moment, one unpretending red brick house of ancient date, on the summit of the steep hill which lifts the visitor to the breezy table-land of the heath, and where Campbell, Rogers, Crabbe, Sotheby, Byron's wife and his daughter "Ada," Lord Jeffrey, John Richardson, nay, the Great Magician himself, were frequent guests; for Joanna Baillie, the inmate of that house, was one who stands out conspicuously in Miss Aikin's pages as an object of her love and reverence; and we are the more induced to make allusion to her here because she happens to furnish us, rather appositely, with a female type of that older cultivation, the cultivation of the Georgian era, or rather of the pre-Waterloo era, at which in our introductory remarks we glanced. Joanna Baillie was one of the numerous poetic nurslings whom "Caledonia, stern and wild," had the merit of fostering at the close of the last century; and though for more than half her life a resident in or near London, and familiar with its best society, she never bated her national prepossessions, nor lost the dialect of her fatherland. Her earliest years were led in all the freedom of Scottish country life. She was a fresh "out-door" maiden, scrambling barefoot over burns and heather, loving to listen to all nature's sounds, and to watch all nature's sights. It was not till her eleventh year that she could learn to read. Then her favourite studies were among the story-tellers and the poets; and her favourite thoughts as she grew up were of the workings and emotions of the human heart. Her first dramas were published in 1798; her last nearly forty years later. The altered taste of the age was evident in the different reception accorded to them. *De Montfort* and its companions ran out five editions within eight years. It was the reviving enthusiasm for Shakspeare and the drama generally that wafted Miss Baillie to notoriety. Her pure and beautiful language, her delicate pathos, her great command over a few chords in the complex harmonies of man's nature, were her well-merited title to the world's applause. Scott, who made her acquaintance in 1806, at once found in her a congenial

spirit, and, as time proved, an enduring friend. His letters to her, published in his *Life* by Lockhart, are well known to be among the most charming he ever wrote. Of her genius he was an ardent admirer, and was the means of first introducing her conceptions to the histrionic talent of Siddons in 1810, at Edinburgh, when he writes with delight of the tears and praises called forth by the representation of the *Family Legend*. But as acting pieces her plays were never permanently successful, and the dramas published in 1836, though full of real poetic power, and favoured with a good deal of laudatory criticism at the time, created none of the enthusiasm of former days in a reading public which had then turned to other fashions of literature for amusement. Miss Aikin's recollections of this gifted lady, written when she herself was old, are a very generous and pleasing tribute of friendship.

"It has been my privilege," she says, "to have had more or less of personal acquaintance with almost every literary woman of celebrity who adorned English society from the latter years of the last century nearly to the present time, and there was scarcely one of the number in whose society I did not find much to interest me; but of all these, excepting of course Mrs. Barbauld from the comparison, Joanna Baillie made by far the deepest impression upon me. Her genius was surpassing, her character the most endearing and exalted. . . . She was the only person I have ever known towards whom fifty years of close acquaintance, while they continually deepened my affection, wore away nothing of my reverence.

"So little was she fitted or disposed for intellectual display, that it was seldom that her genius shone out with its full lustre in conversation; but I have seen her powerful eye kindle with all a poet's fire, while her language rose for a few moments to the height of some 'great argument.' Her deep knowledge of the human heart also would at times break loose from the habitual cautiousness, and I have then thought that if she was not the most candid and benevolent, she would be one of the most formidable of observers. Nothing escaped her, and there was much humour in her quiet touches. . . .

"No one would ever have taken her for a married woman. An innocent and maiden grace still hovered over her to the end of her old age. It was one of her peculiar charms, and often brought to my mind the line addressed to the vowed Isabella in *Measure for Measure*, 'I hold you for a thing enskied and saintly.' If there were ever human creature 'pure in the last recesses of the soul,' it was surely this meek, this pious, this noble-minded, and nobly-gifted woman, who, after attaining her ninetieth year,¹ carried with her to the grave the love, the reverence, the regrets of all who had ever enjoyed the privilege of her society."—Pp. 7, 11.

The description is a true one. We remember this sweet lady

¹ Rather too advanced an estimate, we believe.

in her long evening of life. Her heart seemed wrapt in family affection, in household usefulness, in kindly interest for her friends, most tender always for the young and helpless. No picture of her is complete without that of her life-long companion and admiring elder sister, Agnes, the quaint, clever old lady, whose warm heart, shrewd sense of humour, and rich mines of legendary lore and national anecdote, helped in no small degree to fascinate the favoured guests at that fireside. We know nothing more delightful in domestic poetry of the realistic sort, than the Birthday Lines which Joanna addressed to this faithful companion when both were advanced down the vale of life:—

“ Dear Agnes, gleam’d with joy and dash’d with tears,
 O’er us have glided almost sixty years,
 Since we on Bothwell’s bonny braes were seen
 By those whose eyes long closed in death have been,
 Two tiny imps, who scarcely stoop’d to gather
 The slender harebell on the purple heather;
 No taller than the foxglove’s spiky stem;
 That dew of morning sheds with silvery gem.
 Then every butterfly that cross’d our view
 With joyful shout was greeted as it flew,
 And moth, and lady-bird, and beetle bright,
 In sheeny gold, were each a wondrous sight.
 Then as we paddled barefoot, side by side,
 Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,
 Minnows or spotted parr with twinkling fin
 Swimming in mazy rings the pool within,
 A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent,
 Seen in the power of early wonderment.
 A long perspective to my mind appears,
 Looking behind me to that line of years,
 And yet through every stage I still can trace
 Thy vision’d form, from childhood’s morning grace
 To woman’s early bloom, changing—how soon!—
 To the expressive glow of woman’s noon;
 And now to what thou art, in comely age,
 Active and ardent. Let what will engage
 Thy present moment, whether hopeful seeds
 In garden-plat thou sow, or noxious weeds
 From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore
 In chronicle or legend rare explore,
 Or on the parlour hearth with kitten play,
 Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way
 To gain with hasty steps some cottage door,
 On helpful errand to the neighbouring poor,
 Active and ardent, to my fancy’s eye,
 Thou still art young, in spite of time gone by.

Though oft of patience brief and temper keen,
Well may it please me, in life's latter scene,
To think what now thou art and long to me hast been !"¹

And Hampstead society, five-and-thirty years ago, presents us with another point of contact for the purposes of our present survey: for in a villa a few yards distant from the home of Joanna Baillie, a not unfrequent visitor, about the year 1830, was Caroline Frances Cornwallis, whose name, scarcely known to the world of authorship till the recent publication of her *Letters*, stands third on our list. She was daughter of the Rev. W. Cornwallis, rector of Wittersham in the county of Kent, representative of a younger branch of the ancient family which owned the late Marquis Cornwallis as its head. The literary career of this lady, and her expressed opinions, show in a striking manner the effect which the old-fashioned jealousy and distrust of female thinkers tended to produce on one assuredly of the most vigorous female intellects of her time; while she is herself also an eminent example of the increased depth and solidity of which a woman's thought was capable. Too earnest and profoundly sensitive to content herself with merely adapting her powers to the prevailing current of taste, too self-contained and retired in her circumstances, and perhaps in her inclinations, to be borne into public notice by the applauses of a coterie, Miss Cornwallis, in her isolated independence, read, thought, and wrote, with the powers of a masculine mind, on topics which few masculine minds could have handled with clearer logic or more sound information. But it was her firm conviction that a fairer consideration would be secured for her productions by presenting them to the public on their own merits, without confessing the secret of her sex; and of the many who read and profited by the clever manuals entitled *Small Books on Great Subjects*, which appeared on Pickering's counters between the years 1842 and 1854, none, we venture to affirm, save the few chosen friends who were behind the scenes, had a suspicion that the author of nearly the whole series was a woman; and a woman, moreover, of secluded life, feeble health, and no influential literary connexion. It was certainly not from any distrust of her own powers either as an individual or as a woman that Miss Cornwallis shrunk from publicity. One main motive of her intellectual exertions, as she always asserted, was to vindicate the natural equality of her sex with the other; to prove, by what she considered irresistible logic, that if woman's intellect was not naturally inferior to that of man, the

¹ Joanna Baillie died in 1851. Agnes survived her sister many years, and was believed to be upwards of a hundred when she died.

same rights were due to her in society, law, and politics; that if education only made the difference, then women ought to cast frivolity away, and be educated up to the level of men. This was indeed the cherished idea of her life; one to which she clung with all the pertinacity of an enthusiast. The "Rights of Women" were not thirty years ago the common battle-cry that they have since become. The few who made a stir about them were women of exceptional notoriety: flighty lecturers, like Frances Wright, or systematic radicals, like Harriet Martineau. Miss Cornwallis was a very different person from either of these. She was by education and taste a conservative in politics, and though, as life went on, her opinions on most subjects assumed a very liberal complexion, she always based them on a philosophic vantage-ground of her own, and to the last disliked the so-called reforming party in the State, and their political connexions. How strongly she felt on this subject of woman's intellect and position the whole tenor of her correspondence bespeaks. "Nothing distressed her more," says the editor of the volume before us, "than to be told (as of course she *was* told) that she was an exception, and that her own attainments afforded no argument in support of the opinion she so strenuously held upon the natural equality of intellect in the two sexes. She considered that women were themselves in great measure to blame for the prevalence of a state of opinion which cramped intellectual development and withheld civil rights; and hence she believed that every individual woman who showed herself capable of handling great and important questions, was contributing something towards the future admission of the right of the whole sex to higher culture and greater freedom." Into the general argument on this delicate question it is no part of our business here to thrust ourselves. We would merely allude to one or two considerations which appear to us to have had too little weight in the reflections of Miss Cornwallis, and of others who share her views to their full extent. Even if woman's intellect could be proved, as satisfactorily as she thought it could, equal in natural capacity to that of man—to the triumphant refutation of Archbishop Whately's *dictum* about the exceptionally creative genius of the Miss Thwaites who invented the soda-water—the question still remains, Would it be desirable, not on grounds of capacity—for capacity has really little to do with it; a clever woman is no doubt a better judge of most things than a stupid man—but on grounds of social harmony and expediency, that the legal fence-work between the sexes should be altogether levelled? For the distinctions upon which that fence-work rests, are not, be it remembered, arbitrary distinctions, as

those between man and man; they are distinctions of nature's making, whereby the physical weakness of one sex points out its dependence on the physical strength of the other, and seems to bar the law of competition, save in exceptional cases. Again, to compare the "emancipation" of women with the emancipation of slaves, as an act of justice, is surely a fallacy in another respect. In the sphere of domestic influence women may exercise, and always have exercised, a power of their own, to which slaves can never pretend; and the more highly they cultivate their reasoning powers, and the more widely they extend their knowledge, the more effective and beneficial may that influence become, though, unhappily, history shows that it has not always depended on such creditable causes. Nay, some might be disposed to cite against Miss Cornwallis her own favourite instance in plea of woman's enfranchisement, as proving that if she can do so much as an unobserved, irresponsible agent, there is the less need to drag her forth into the fields of public conflict.

"It is useless," she says, "to inquire what women have *published*, unless you could inquire also what they have *done privately which men have the credit of*. It was a chance that told us who was the composer of Pericles' Oration. She was reproached as the author of his policy also; yet his policy was most able. She raised her second husband to eminence also as an orator and politician; and it is probable that there has been many an Aspasia that the world knows nothing of, who has enjoyed in quiet the fame of him she loved, and cared not for her own."

Much of the peculiarity and independence of Miss Cornwallis's views and character is attributable to the circumstances of her life. She stood to a very great extent alone in the world. Her only sister married and died young, leaving her to be the sole companion of her parents as long as they lived, and afterwards the last survivor of her race. In after years she gave a touching account of her early trials, and of the way in which they contributed to the formation of her character:—

"At the period you talk of, fifteen and sixteen, I was very miserable; a darling sister who, though much older, had been everything to me, married first, and left me lonely, and then, within the year, died; my father broke the tendon of his leg, and was helpless for six months; my mother's health was bad; myself worn with sorrow and fatigue. I learned not to weep, for it vexed my father to see it; but I have been told that the first time we, the survivors, appeared at church together, the parishioners almost wept to see us so pale, and worn, and shadow-like. What was the world to me then? I only thought of that where I should rejoin what I loved; and then I made the vow which long years afterwards I found written down, that I

would forsake all the follies of my age, and be to my father all that she whom he had lost had been, for she was his right hand. I toiled patiently over his accounts, walked with him when he could walk, rode with him; sought no amusement, no dress; concealed my own grief under a gay exterior, and lived as if there had been no gaieties in the world. I plunged into books as a resource, and as a fountain whence I could draw refreshment for a weary spirit. . . . Thus bodily and mental suffering combined to make my youth unlike other people's. I think, nevertheless, if I had been thrown a little more into society, that my mind would not have broken down my body so much, and I might have felt less of that unnatural *tædium vitæ* which at times made it a burden almost too heavy to be borne."—Pp. 267, 268.

The mind which, at so early an age, could brace itself to such firm resolves, was assuredly of no common order. The extent and variety of her studies, as recorded in the correspondence for several succeeding years of her life, were something amazing. But while she liked to astonish her friends by the avowal of her multifarious excursions into the realms of knowledge, she protested against too high an estimate being formed of her conquests therein, and warmly deprecated the unenviable notoriety attaching to the character of a "learned lady."

"I believe," she wrote on one occasion, "you, like many more of my friends, overrate my attainments a good deal, owing to this fancy of mine for smatterings of knowledge. I think they afford more pleasure than swallowing down one great stiff science, horns and all, like the boa-constrictor, and lying choked with it for half one's life; but after all, for *use* they avail but little."—P. 57.

The *tædium vitæ*, however, was too formidable a ghost to be laid by study. Moreover, ill health interfered with her powers of application. There is something very pathetic in the following description of her mental state:—

"When health is only to be preserved by drawing lines of circumvallation past which sorrow is not to be allowed to step, it is hardly worth having. The effort to exclude the enemy wearies more at last than his admission. . . . When I was stronger, I could smother care in extreme application to study: now even that remedy fails me. But why should I pursue such subjects? Bodily pain and mental suffering will some day have an end; and so I hitch up my load again, and proceed on my way."

Miss Cornwallis's devotion to learning, at an age when most girls seek the pleasures of dress and of the ball-room, did not altogether destroy her attractions for the sex of which she seemed likely to prove so formidable a rival on its own ground. It was not long after her sister's death that she received an offer of marriage from one destined afterwards to rank among the distinguished authors of his day, the historian J. C. L. Sis-

mondi. Thirty-six years later, on occasion of his death, she thus mentions the circumstance to one of her correspondents :—

“ This year is doomed not to be a gay one to me, for I have had the news of my dear old friend Sismondi's death—a friend more than for as long as I can remember, for I do not remember the first seeing him. Such a loss is irreparable, and as such I must feel it. He had greatness of mind to get over what few men do ; for when disparity of years and other considerations led me to decline his proffered hand, he continued the same warm friend as ever, and never, to his latest hour, ceased to show me every kindness in his power. Such a friend is not easily replaced, and can never be forgotten. He is one more added to the list of those whose number makes me feel more a denizen of the next world than of this. My only comfort is the trying to make myself worthy of them, that in God's good time I may be found fit to enjoy the society of ‘ just men made perfect ; ’ and in this hope I trudge on upon my weary pilgrimage patiently and quietly.”—P. 233.

A letter of the rejected suitor's on the occasion, which has been preserved, written in imperfect English, shows how highly he rated the mental excellences of his beloved :—

“ Tell her,” he wrote to Mrs. Cornwallis, “ tell her I will work incessantly till I have reached such a reputation as she may derive some vanity from my past address, while always shall I be proud of having raised my wishes to her, though unsuccessfully. . . . Do not think the wish unreasonable, however. . . . Those dreams are now vanished, but the more ærial was their nature, the more have they left after them a true endearment for yourself and your daughter. She cannot be a foreigner to me : it was not *she* who has refused me, it was the war,—the distance of seas and lands, the nature itself of things. She has not refused me for a friend, a half-brother, and that I hope to remain.”

Disparity of years he does not himself reckon among the causes of her refusal ; and seeing he was but thirteen years older than herself, this was probably a very minor consideration. But her resolute devotion to her parents at this time has already been noticed, and no doubt the idea of a foreign connexion was altogether repugnant to her feelings. The friendship between Sismondi and herself was kept up by a frequent epistolary correspondence. Her own letters to the historian seem not to be extant ; but many of those which he wrote to her are given, as an appendix, in the present volume. They range freely over various topics of literature and sentiment, often expressing opinions very opposite to those she entertained, yet everywhere evincing his profound respect for her character and attainments, and a spirit of tender solicitude for her welfare.

In 1822 Mr. Cornwallis was compelled to leave Wittersham on account of disaffection among his parishioners, which took the shape of personal insult and ill-treatment. He had spent many years of earnest self-denying labour in the parish, and his

daughter had seconded his efforts for its welfare with all the zeal of her ardent nature, and had even voluntarily relinquished a considerable portion of the inheritance which would have been eventually hers, in the endowment of a school for its poorer inhabitants. The removal from Wittersham, and its cause, rankled deeply in her heart, and did not make her more in charity with the growth of democratic principles in the country at large. In after times, when writing to a friend on the subject of certain attacks on the clergy in which the *Examiner* newspaper had been indulging, she thus points with the sting of personal recollection her indignant defence of the class of which her father had been a member:—

“There is no man who spends his time in more anxious exertion than a conscientious clergyman. There is no fame, no reward to spur him on, for his preferment comes before his duty. He spends his life in a country village perhaps, or at any rate wherever he may be cast, without a chance or an expectation of any further emolument; and what he has is generally a modicum which requires economy to live on it and appear like a gentleman. His duties lie among the poor and the sick, whom he has to instruct and comfort; with the rich he must mix as their equal, and by his example and conduct mend them if he can, and this must be done silently and quietly, or it is unavailing. A man who has thus given up his life to his fellow-creatures hopes, perhaps—it is human to do so—that some approbation, some esteem from his fellow-men as well as his God, may follow his honest and noiseless course; and he finds himself stigmatized—as indeed his great Master was before him—‘as a glutton and a wine-bibber,’ a grasping, avaricious being, who cares not who suffers if he be enriched. Is it not the way to make men worthless if they are allowed no sort of credit for their virtues? I knew one on whom all this vituperation was heaped till his grey head was bent in sorrow to the grave; yet his youth had been innocent, his manhood spent in ministering to all the wants and woes of his poor neighbours; his old age was hunted down by the Cobbettites, and such as Mr. Fonblanque would set on if he could. He was carried to his grave in the place which had been the scene of his quiet and useful life, and then the delusion was over. A weeping population rushed forth to meet the last remains of the man whose worth they then knew, *when they had lost him!* I only wish Mr. F. had been there to see it.”—Pp. 211, 212.

The mortification and distress she experienced at this epoch, together with other causes, seem to have had a serious effect on her already very delicate health. After struggling with severe illness for some time, she resolved on trying the effect of a winter abroad, and accepted the offer of her faithful friend Sismondi to place at her disposal a country-house belonging to himself in the neighbourhood of Pescia.

Her Italian life was a new experience of existence to Miss Cornwallis. She was now forty years of age; her mind was

cultivated up to the highest pitch; her memory stored with facts and ideas; her imagination open to every new impression from without; her eagerness for knowledge insatiable. To one so circumstanced, the elemental glow of a southern climate—which soothes the fibres and braces the nervous system long depressed by the chill damps of the north, and by the gnawings of mental and bodily pain—works like inspiration itself. Every new object, every unaccustomed sound, the little traits of domestic life, the living accents of a language hitherto only known in books, the realization of scenes viewed as yet only by picture or description, the awaking each morning to the anticipation of unwonted impressions, the reviewing at evening a new treasure of ideas and sympathies,—all this, blended with the unusual sense of physical ease and elasticity, seems to expand the limits of the soul, and endue it with heightened life and power. Long years afterwards Miss Cornwallis used to revert to her Italian life as the happiest period of her existence. Her letters are more genial, more playful, more self-forgetting at this time than at any other; while her remarks on Italian life and manners evince a spirit of observation singularly keen and discriminating, and a vivid feeling for the picturesque in life and nature. She remained in Italy a year and a half on this occasion. Subsequently, in 1829-30, she spent another winter there.

During Miss Cornwallis's first absence in Italy her father died. Mrs. Cornwallis survived till 1836. She was a woman, to judge from the eulogiums of Sismondi, as well as from the recollections of surviving friends, of considerable personal attractions, and no ordinary powers of mind. But in religious matters she inclined to the strictest sect of the Evangelicals; and from the views of this party her daughter totally and most emphatically dissented.

Miss Cornwallis continued to reside in her native county of Kent all the remainder of her life, which, in spite of frequent and alarming attacks of illness and pain, was protracted to the age of seventy-one. She mixed little in general society; but she took delight in forming the minds of younger people, and doing her best to shame her own sex, more especially, out of the frivolities with which the female character is liable to be beset. And her warm and generous interest in the welfare of her self-chosen pupils seems to have been requited with no ordinary strength of attachment on their part. Her older friends and correspondents, with the exception of Sismondi and John Hookham Frere,¹ were not, as far as we can find, people

¹ There are no letters in the "Selections" to J. H. Frere himself, but many to his sister and others of his family, and several references to his conversation and opinions on literary subjects.

of high literary note. Her opinions were her own, the fruit of vast reading, close thought, and perhaps, we may add, of too little argument with those who were her equals or superiors in attainment. Her old friend Sismondi, however, was wont to express his dissent from her conclusions pretty freely; and even when the adjustment of woman's true position in the world was the subject of discussion, did not allow his deference for Miss Cornwallis, nor his appreciation of her high capacities, to modify his conclusions as to the female type of character in general.

"The qualities of the heart," he says, "are those by which above all others you have the advantage over us. . . . Called on your part to give being to men, I ascribe very little importance to the truth or falsity of the scientific notions you may implant in them during their first years: I ascribe infinite importance to the sentiments you may develop in them. God preserve the children of mothers who would fain be men! For such there would be no more youth, no more enthusiasm, no more self-devotion, perhaps no more compassion."¹

Another subject which she had much at heart, and on which also Sismondi differed from her, was her theory of Christianity. Her grand panacea for remedying the sins and follies of the age was the combination of religion with philosophy,—the establishing the conviction that divine revelation was simply and solely an authoritative enforcement of those moral truths which reason, under the most favourable circumstances, might discover for itself; of which, at all events, when presented to its contemplation in the teaching of Scripture, it was the sole and sufficient test. All theological dogmas which could not be meted to the requirements of man's natural conscience and understanding, she held to be the aftergrowth of human invention, superinduced upon the pure theology of the first two centuries. For, in the ante-Nicene Fathers and Apologists, in the lives and deaths of a Polycarp, a Justin, a Clement, and a Tertullian, in their simple profession of devotion to the person and example of the Saviour, unaccompanied by any doctrinal statements as to the mode and conditions of salvation, she believed the only reliable interpretations of Christ's mission were to be recognised. She did not admit the supposition that a subsequent necessity for doctrinal statement might arise out of the wayward, often vicious, misrepresentations of men; that, as the echoes of the first

¹ "Les qualités du cœur sont celles par lesquelles avant toutes les autres vous l'emportez sur nous. . . . Appelée pour votre part à faire des hommes, je ne mets que fort peu d'importance aux notions vraies ou fausses de science que vous pourriez planter en eux durant leurs premières années; j'en mets une infinie aux sentimens que vous développez en eux. Dieu garde les enfans de mères qui seroient hommes; il n'y auroit plus de jeunesse pour eux, plus d'enthousiasme, plus de dévouement, peut-être plus de pitié."

Christian teachers faded from men's ears, and the first love began to wax cold, some safeguards might be needed to prevent religion from degenerating, under the influence of sensual prepossessions or capricious fancies, into wild superstition or wilder antinomianism.

Sismondi, in replying to his friend's argument on behalf of primitive Christianity, thus eloquently maintains the superior excellence and beauty of some of its later developments, and sees, in its varied adaptation to the requirements of mankind at different periods and under different aspects of civilisation, the most convincing proof of its divine authority. He writes in February 1840 :—

"I would look for Christianity rather in what it has become than in what it was at its origin. Whatever may have been those revelations and that divinity over which the long course of ages and the influence of human passions have spread a veil, Christianity is the richer by all the pious meditations, all the researches into the human heart, all the purest and most beautiful sentiments with which the love of God has inspired man during successive centuries, and by all the experience afforded by times of prosperity and adversity, of barbarism and of civilisation. Such as it is preached in the purest of the Reformed Churches, Christianity is the finest embodiment of doctrines and moral teaching which exists. It is there that I love to contemplate it, and that, like all things intrusted to men by God, I hope and believe it will attain still greater development and perfection. Whilst all the endeavours we make to return backwards, to seize hold of it in monuments which themselves have not been exempt from alteration, and which each succeeding age changes more and more by its own interpretations, seem to me to have no other effect than that of diminishing its beauty and its utility."¹

Always eager in the pursuit of truth, Miss Cornwallis hailed with vivid interest the first utterances of that school of Biblical Criticism which students of German theology were beginning

¹ "Je vais chercher le Christianisme plutôt dans ce qu'il est devenu que dans ce qu'il étoit à son origine. Quelles qu'aient été les révélations et la divinité sur lesquelles le long cours des âges et l'influence des passions humaines ont étendu un voile, le Christianisme s'est enrichi de toutes les méditations pieuses, de toutes les études sur le cœur humain, de tout ce que l'amour de la divinité a inspiré aux hommes de plus beau et de plus pur, pendant une longue suite de siècles, et avec toute l'expérience que donnent des tems de prospérité et d'adversité, de barbarie, et de civilisation. Tel qu'il est prêché dans les églises réformées les plus pures, il est le plus beau corps de doctrines et d'enseignement moral qui existe. C'est là que j'aime à le voir, et que comme toutes les choses confiées aux hommes par la divinité, j'espère et je crois qu'il se développera et se perfectionnera encore. Tandis que tous les efforts qu'on fait pour retourner en arrière, pour le saisir dans des monumens qui n'ont point été exempts d'altération, et que chaque siècle a changé et change encore par ses interprétations, me semble n'avoir d'autre effet que de lui ôter de sa beauté et de son utilité."—Pp. 480, 481.

to extend into England, and of which Dean Milman's *History of the Jews* was, we believe, the earliest sample in a popular style laid before the British public. This certainly implied no small courage, and a very rare spirit of investigation in a woman, and one brought up, be it remembered, not like Miss Aikin in a school of latitudinarian Dissent, but in a strictly evangelical and otherwise orthodox world of opinion, and herself craving for the confirmation and assurance of that religious faith which was often the only thing that saved her morbid temperament from despondency. But where truth led, or seemed to lead, she never shrank from following, nor was she one who could ever rest content with half convictions on so momentous a subject. Though her strong belief in the person and character of Christ, as portrayed in the Gospels, rendered her proof against the seductions of Strauss's theory, the conclusions of Ewald and Bunsen met in great measure with her cordial assent; and at a time when they were little talked of in England, we find her already familiar with those aspects of Neology which have since introduced terror and division into the English Church; have made old foes draw together in the dread of a common danger, and have been made a cause of opprobrium, often misplaced and excessive, for the impugners, in whatever degree, of traditional orthodoxy. But then, again, with the odd eclecticism which she managed to preserve in her opinions, she combined this latitudinarianism as to doctrine with High Church leanings in ecclesiastical matters, and seems even to have thought there was divine sanction for the doctrine of apostolic succession. "By principle and rational conviction of the advantage," she writes, "I am an Episcopalian. I believe it was the order of government established, if not by Christ himself, at least by his immediate successors; and I do not feel satisfied that we have the same claims to his promises, as attached to the sacraments, when administered by unauthorized persons, save when Episcopal ordination has been unattainable."

She objected to Dissent on moral grounds also, as tending to weaken the sense of brotherhood among Christians; while for the same reason, as we have seen, she would have levelled the outworks of formula which tend to isolate the National Church from so large a proportion of the nation itself. It is a little curious, in a correspondence which turns so much upon religious topics, and is carried on through the whole period of the Tractarian movement, to find so little reference to that particular conflict of views which was for many years by far the most stirring episode in the history of our Church, and of which Miss Aikin's gossiping letters to Dr. Channing are continually relating,

superficially enough, the progress and purport. Miss Cornwallis's discussions, indeed, seem to *fit in* to the polemics of our present time far more than into the prevailing polemics of the days to which they belong. The fact seems to be that the questions as between the Evangelical party and the Puseyites, or between the "high and dry" and the Puseyites, or even as between the "Broad Church" of Arnold and Whately and the Puseyites, had comparatively little interest for her. Her opinions pointed to a different stage of liberalism from that of any parties to this particular strife.

Even those most inclined to condemn her sceptical audacity on doctrinal points, cannot deny that her convictions were honest, and her religious feelings very fervent and sincere. "God knows," she said in 1846, when speaking of the series of books she was then publishing, "I never put pen to paper on these momentous subjects without bending in humble prayer that I might be guided myself, and be enabled to guide others, to that true wisdom, without which all learning is but as sounding brass."

There was another subject on which Miss Cornwallis held strong opinions at variance with those commonly received. One of her *Small Books* was on "Man's Power over Himself to Prevent or Control Insanity." So impressed was she with the belief that such control was possible, that she strongly objected to the legislation which is based on the assumption of the mad-man's irresponsibility; and in the hot arguments which in conversation she would maintain on this point, she used, as we have heard, to adduce herself as an instance of the power of self-restraint. But for the exercise of strong resolution, she said, she was firmly convinced she should more than once have lost the balance of her mind.

The morbid tendency which this confession indicates was no doubt the secret of much of her unhappiness, as well as of her sometimes wayward talent and temper. She is described, by those who remember her personal appearance, as tall and largely built, with marked features, a sarcastic expression of countenance, and a decided manner. Her heart was benevolent and quick to feel for suffering and distress, and she concealed beneath a rugged surface a most feminine yearning for sympathy and affection. Generous and warm-hearted, incapable of meanness or hypocrisy herself, impatient of doubt or compromise, she made little allowance for the shortcomings or hesitation of others; nor could she placidly recognise in the moral constitution of the world that interweaving of truth with error, that complexity in the "colours of good and evil," which from of old has baffled the wisest philosophy of man, and which

revelation itself does not profess to explain. The struggle to carry reason's powers beyond their allotted province cost her, as she confesses, hours of agony. There is something very touching in her admission of defeat, and in her strong assertion of the religious faith which, whatever its exact texture or hue may have been, kept her from despair; nay, more than that, animated her to the last moment of her life with sincere trust in a world to come, and a longing desire to better the condition of her fellow-creatures in this.

"The childlike confidence with which, when all else that we had thought stable fails us, we throw ourselves on that great power whose existence and attributes become clearer the more all other things appear uncertain, is surely the frame of mind which our Saviour inculcated, and which is most becoming the creature of his will; and to this frame of mind I truly believe that the most decided scepticism does lead. Human passions are roused in the progress of controversy, and ridicule is resorted to when we are angered by opposition or wearied by folly; but I believe that in the silence of his chamber *the man* becomes again *the creature*, feels his own bounded powers, and throws himself with the utmost prostration of spirit at the feet of that Power in whose hands he feels that he is."—P. 168.

"It is easy to write or to say, with our Articles, that God is 'without parts or passions;' but to *feel* it, is, I am well convinced, the most difficult task our nature has; and the way in which my own health sinks under the stretch of mind occasioned by such contemplation, shows that God has been merciful in giving us more tangible objects to lay hold on. So convinced, indeed, am I that it is impossible to be well with such things always in one's head, that I would abandon these studies if I could, and plunge into active life, satisfied to do my duty as well as I could, and leave the rest to God's mercy. But in utter loneliness the mind turns inward to search into its own nature and prospects; and this research shakes the mortal case shrewdly. Few can comprehend this, and I who feel it can hardly describe; but I certainly feel that those who eat largely of the tree of knowledge will surely die, and that soon. . . . I sometimes doubt if my course of study and thinking affords happiness; gratification of no ordinary kind attends it sometimes, but it is only sometimes, and there are many hours of weariness, when the exhausted mind lies prostrate under the painful sense of its own littleness. . . . I am not a bit well; head aching continually, and every breath of wind makes me shiver, but the sword has worn out the scabbard, and it is too late now to mend it, so I must go on as I can. I could find in my heart to do as I did once when a child, and sit down by my bedside and cry, nobody could tell why. I got a dose of physic for my pains then, and it cured me of crying for ever; but I should fancy my brains were none the better for that force done to nature, and I rather envy those who can open their eye-sluiques and let off a little of that 'perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart.' "—P. 169.

She said herself, that the gloom of the soul was never so deep with her after her experience of life in Italy, as before she "broke prison;" and that the sense of happiness she was then conscious of, as proving to her that happiness was at least a *possibility*, prevented her from being ever again overwhelmed by the sense of present *ennui*. Still, existence had no charms to make her love it; and every access of sickness seems to have been welcomed by her in the hope that it might prove a dismissal from the world and its perplexities.

To one of her friends she begins a letter thus, in 1841:—

"The glow is bright in the evening sky,
And the evening star is fair;
The buds are breaking,
The flowers are waking,
And sweet is the fresh spring air.
But there is a brighter glow to come,
And an hour more fair than this;
When, though friends are weeping,
The body lies sleeping,
And the spirit breathes free in bliss.

"This may be a sort of answer to your inquiries, my dearest Anna, for I would not that you should hear of illness in any other tone. . . . I begin to feel the confident hope that my affairs with this world are drawing to a close. How happy this hope has made me I cannot make you comprehend; but at no moment of my life do I recollect to have felt so exhilarated."—P. 228.

And again, a year or two after, when the breaking of an abscess on the lungs had brought her very near the grave:—

"I cannot, things being as they are, entertain any very great expectation of recovery, though I do not say that it is impossible. Now I am so far revived that I can write, propped up with pillows, in my easy-chair. But, as I have said already, it is in the hands of God; and if an easy mind and pleasure in the thought, rather than dread of death, can keep fever down, and give the constitution a chance of rallying, why, I have that chance. . . . If death comes, I shall receive it as a boon and a blessing; if not, I shall brace myself again for my pilgrimage, and see how much more I can do that may be useful whilst I stay here."—P. 247.

Poetical composition was one of her resources, especially in those moods of depression to which she so often alludes. The verses printed in this volume are almost all of a sombre, melancholy cast. They have reference chiefly to personal emotion, and evince reflection and sensibility rather than high imaginative power. Among them are many translations from German, a language in which she became a proficient long before it was

usual to find English ladies at all acquainted with it. But not only was Miss Cornwallis familiar with what we now call the ordinary modern tongues, she was skilled also in the dead languages, Hebrew as well as Latin and Greek; and not only was she well read in the philosophy, poetry, and history of all cultivated ages, but she was versed likewise in many abstruse sciences. When in Italy she made a study of Medicine and Anatomy. Chemistry, and the phenomena of Electricity, occupied much of her attention. Yet with all this she was an adept in woman's accomplishments too: was a skilful musician, both vocal and instrumental, could paint in water-colours and draw caricatures; could model in wax, and sometimes even, like Mrs. Carter, condescend to make a cap or pudding.¹ Ignorance, whether in man or woman, was in her estimation, as she was never tired of enforcing, the great bane of human existence, and intellectual progress the one sure road to moral happiness and improvement.

From the time she conceived the idea of publishing the *Small Books*, her reading and writing ardour became hotter than ever. It was indeed no child's play to condense and popularize the lessons of philosophy and science, not into the form of mere manuals for reference, but into treatises calling out and suggesting the higher functions of generalization with reference to the moral and spiritual dispensations of creative wisdom.

"Now I will tell you what I have been about," she writes to one of her coadjutors, in 1843. "In the first place, I got up Chemistry, of which I did not know a great deal before, and wrote the 'Introduction to Practical Organic Chemistry;' then came the table of a Lecture on Insanity, . . . and this required no small research; and this is nearly done. And then I have been reading for one tract on Greek Philosophy, and have got through about two sheets of that, at odd times working at the Greek language, and so I have taken an Oration of Demosthenes to put into literal English, and back again into Greek; besides which I have been reading and theorizing about *Æschylus' Prometheus Vincetus*, with Cudworth's *Intellectual System*, and Brucker's *History of Philosophy*, and Diogenes Laertius and Athenagoras, for the Orphic Theology. Now, if ever one might be excused for not writing to one's friends under a press of business, I think I have that excuse to offer. . . . In the midst of this I have been quite happy and well; not a moment, even at meal times, was unemployed; my books, paper, and pens were beside me, and I ate with my left hand, and wrote with my right, and never even thought whether I was alone. I think that this is the secret of being happy—the having always some engrossing subject to occupy the mind."—P. 237.

¹ We write some of these personal particulars from the recollections of friends, for the published volume of her letters gives but scant information of the biographical sort.

The works by which Miss Cornwallis has established her claim to a dignified place in the ranks of female authorship, are—"Pericles, a Tale of Athens in the 83d Olympiad," of which Dr. Hawtrey, the late Head Master and Provost of Eton, said he had "never met with any work of fiction on a classical subject which united so much valuable information to so interesting a story;" fifteen entirely, and four more partially, of the *Small Books on Great Subjects*, embracing the topics of Physiology, Metaphysics, Jurisprudence, Chemistry, Greek Philosophy, Grammar, History, and Social Science; a Prize Essay on Juvenile Delinquency, published by Smith and Elder in 1853; five articles contributed to the *Westminster Review*, on social and other subjects; and one or two to *Fraser's Magazine*, on Naval Education.

The *Small Books* were received with great favour at the time of their publication, both in England and in America. Second and third editions were called for; "and," says the editor of Miss Cornwallis's letters, "it was in a spirit of triumph in which no mean or personal feeling had place, that she delighted to remark how 'through the long series no hostile criticism had discovered a misrepresentation or a mistake.'" In those of her books which treated of the history of Christianity, her method was to dwell with emphasis on the simple affirmations to which she firmly held, but not to provoke controversy or shock prejudice by drawing conclusions, which, she nevertheless believed, congenial readers would not fail to discover for themselves. So it was that, with few exceptions, the critics of the press passed by the element of "unsoundness," and united in praising the learning, the impartiality, the good sense, and the liberality of the unknown author. Her own consciousness, however, that many of her convictions were at variance with the opinions of the world around her, on points on which opinion is peculiarly sensitive, and the dislike of giving offence, on the one hand, or of hearing her views scoffed at as a mere woman's notions on the other, kept her firm in the resolution of concealing her authorship as long as she should live. But she left with her editor—one of her attached female disciples, as we believe, and the domestic companion of her later years—the charge of lifting the veil after her death, and making known any particulars of her literary life and correspondence that might have an interest for the public at large. We cannot but wish this charge had been carried out a little more fully; that a few more particulars, at least, had been given as to the society in which Miss Cornwallis mixed, and the means which she possessed for acquiring that very wide and varied knowledge which was the cherished delight of her life. In the earlier portion of the correspondence,

we hear of mornings spent in reading at the British Museum, but there is no distinct record of any residence in the metropolis. Her letters are all dated from the country; almost all from her quiet homes in Kent. A slight connexion and old hereditary friendship with the family of John Hookham Frere, the accomplished author of *Whistlecraft*, and friend of Canning, afforded her, as it would seem, some of the pleasantest opportunities of enjoying varied intellectual converse. At one time of her life, she was, as we have before said, a not unfrequent guest at Hampstead, where one of Mr. Frere's brothers had his home, and here she met many cultivated and distinguished men; among others S. T. Coleridge, who, as she records, sat by her at dinner on one occasion, and charmed her by his conversation. He talked of the sense of immortality in man, and of its universality, which, in his opinion, caused it to partake of the nature of what we call instinct in animals. "‘The only time I ever saw Lord Byron,’ he said, ‘he pointed to a man in a state of brutal intoxication, and asked if I thought that a proof of an immortal nature.’ ‘Your inquiry, my Lord, is,’ I answered; and so it was; it was the natural instinct shrinking with abhorrence from the degradation of the soul.” “Such conversation,” adds Miss Cornwallis, “at a dinner party is not common, and I was much pleased with my place.”—P. 49.

Miss Cornwallis died in January 1858. The published correspondence ends in November 1856, and we have no record of the concluding period of her life; but from the list of her writings it appears that her pen was active up to within a few months of her decease, and that one of the latest subjects that occupied her was the reform of the laws respecting the property of married women, which she had the satisfaction of seeing carried through both Houses of Parliament the year before she died.

And here we must claim a moment's pause for a comparison, which the recent publication of a supplemental volume of the letters of Eugénie de Guérin has suggested to us, between two female intellects of the nineteenth century, the one of the English Protestant, the other of the French Romanist type. We lay stress upon the first term in this qualification, for it is evident to us that national, as well as ecclesiastical influences, had their share in the mental development of each of these gifted ladies. In Caroline Cornwallis we see Protestantism resolving itself into Rationalism; in Eugénie de Guérin we see Catholicism tending to Mysticism; yet, even with the unpromising appeal to reason as the *verifying faculty* which limited Miss Cornwallis's theoretical faith, we still discern the workings of that deep sense of unseen realities which, amid all

varieties of belief and disbelief, has ever been found brooding over the Teutonic mind, and enduing the contemplative, often gloomy intellect of the North, with its highest modes of imagination; while the pious meditations of the French lady are woven over the framework of a refined sentimentality, which, under other inspiration, might have afforded garniture for a novel of Balzac or George Sand. The earthly love and tenderness for friends, brother, home, and nature, in which Eugénie's soul was steeped, mingled with and led on to her devout life-consecration to a Higher Power. She felt the sense of bliss to consist in close-confiding trust and self-abnegation; and for the full contentment of such yearnings as hers, she could find no satisfying object save such as dogmatic Christian doctrine afforded her. She knew no impulse for questioning or searching into the grounds of things. Her gentle marvel at life's mysteries was easily quelled by the dictates of faith; and she was content to accept her Church's view of what religion is, and to see beauty in all its forms, though, with her innate purity and elevation of soul, it was its spirit and not its form to which she really clung. Those portions of Mlle. de Guérin's writings which do not derive their whole interest from the self-communings of her faith and love, charm us chiefly by the minute and graphic touches of life and nature with which they abound. But in her small details there is no attempt at philosophy or generalization, no quickness to probe, no restless desire to remedy the evils of a world immersed in sin and error. She writes of the things and persons around her with the taste and discrimination, but also with something of the gossiping minuteness of a De Sevigné. And her personal appearance, slight, pale, fragile, insignificant but for dark intelligent eyes and a bright smile which sometimes illumined the pensiveness of her countenance,—how different is this too from the outward aspect which we have heard ascribed to the English lady philosopher. Family affections and a sense of duty kept Eugénie de Guérin in the world, but natural inclination would have consigned her to a cloister. Miss Cornwallis, as we have had occasion to remark, was repelled from the amenities of social intercourse by the angularity of her own nature, by dislike of notoriety as a "learned lady," and by the want of natural objects for her softer affections; certainly not from the sense that the soul's perfection could best be attained by recluse meditation. On this subject hear her emphatic protest against the pietism of Wilberforce:—

"Wilberforce mistook his road (led away by the speciousness of the religious party he attached himself to), and strove to 'meditate' when he ought to have *thought*. He wasted precious time in writing down good resolutions and self-reproaches for doing less than he ought,

yet seems to have overlooked the fact that all his writing and meditation was the cause of his doing little. *Thought*, happily for us, is very rapid; and if we were really determined to think when we ought to do so, with the full powers of our reason, five minutes would generally despatch the business, and well too; for the mind, already well stored with knowledge and accustomed to close application, can bring its powers to bear on any given subject at a moment's notice with thorough effect. To set apart *hours* for thinking is mere indolence, and has much the same effect on the mind that a diet of weak broth would have on the body: it enfeebles and unfits it for any vigorous effort. At fifty-two, Wilberforce complains that his memory is failing. He himself attributes it to having suffered his thoughts to be too desultory, and I have no doubt he was right; his water-gruel 'meditations' had taken from him the power of grasping rapidly and firmly the objects brought before him; for I have invariably seen among my acquaintance that the powers of the mind failed the earliest in those who applied the least."—P. 197.

And here our remarks draw to an end. It so happens that the three clever women with whose memorials we have been occupying ourselves, take up their position respectively in the three departments into which the genius of ages and the genius of individuals are said to be alike distributable. Poetry, Narrative, and Philosophy or Science, have been by turns the favourite forms of human thought since men began to think. In the present century they would seem to have each come in for their share in giving the prevalent direction to the public taste. The quality of imagination was certainly predominant in the days to which Joanna Baillie properly belonged, the days of the great minstrels—of Scott, Byron, Campbell, Southey. It was at History's shrine that Lucy Aikin paid her devotions, in company with, at however respectful a distance, Hallam, Mackintosh, and Sismondi. Philosophy claimed Caroline Cornwallis as her own,—the critical philosophy which the new impulses of the time had brought from the German universities, and which is making its familiar home in the minds of the present generation. All honour be to the triad! They had neither of them cause to be ashamed of the place assigned to their productions on the shelves of contemporary literature. With whatever differences of taste or ability, they each in their several way helped to vindicate woman's right to the franchise of the human intellect, and have afforded man opportunity to show that the old days of jealousy and derisive compliment are at an end, and that the pretensions of a *précieuse ridicule* would be as unmeaning in this latter half of the nineteenth century as were the fantastic pedantries of La Mancha's knight among the working-day realities of the age of Cervantes.

- ART. IV.—1. *Det Norske Folks Historie*. P. A. MUNCH. Vols. i. ii. iii. Christiania, 1852-55.
 2. *Den Danske Erobring af England og Normandiet*. J. J. A. WORSAAE. Copenhagen, Gyldendalske Boghhandling, 1863.
 3. *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*. Edited by BENJAMIN THORPE, for the Master of the Rolls. London, Longmans, 1861. 2 vols.
 4. *Lives of Edward the Confessor*. Edited by H. R. LUARD, M.A., for the Master of the Rolls. London, Longmans, 1858.

THE reign of Edward the Confessor in England was really the rule of Earl Godwin and his sons. The foundations of the fortune of that family had been laid in exile. Already, in the year 1009, in the reign of Ethelred the Unready, Brihtric, the brother of the arch-traitor Edric Streon, had slandered Wulfnoth the "Child," a noble Thane of the South Saxons, to his weak-minded master; and that too at the very moment when a mighty fleet was gathered together to meet a threatened invasion of the Danes. The result was that Wulfnoth went into banishment, with twenty ships, and wasted the south coast as he went. Brihtric sailed after him with 180 ships, and boasted that he would bring the traitor back quick or dead; but a great storm arose, the ships were dashed against each other, and driven on shore in a shattered state. Then Wulfnoth fell on them, and burned Brihtric's ships. When the news came to the King, he and his "witan" were reft of counsel. They were all as "unready" as their lord; and the end of that great armament was that every man went to his home, and England was as defenceless as ever, when Thorkell the Tall came with his "huge hostile host," after Lammas-tide, to revenge his brother Sigvald's death, who had fallen in the massacre of St. Brice's Day. But we have to deal with Wulfnoth rather than Ethelred and his evil counsel. The noble "Child" went into exile, and took with him his son Godwin, then probably a boy. We hear little more of the father. His name, which together with those of the false brothers Brihtric and Edric, is before found in Anglo-Saxon charters, appears no more; but it is probable that he threw in his lot with King Sweyn Forkbeard and his mighty son Canute, with whom Earl Godwin, or *Godwinus Dux*, soon rose to high rank.¹ As early as the year 1018, we find him signing Canute's

¹ It is clear, from the unfailing evidence of contemporary deeds, that whatever might have been the father's fate, the son returned and was reconciled to Ethelred, for in the will of Athelstan Atheling occurs the following passage:—"And I grant to Godwin Wulfnod's son the land at Compton, which his father before had;" and in all likelihood he is the "Godwin minister" who signs several of Ethelred's later charters. But from the very outset of Canute's reign there can be no doubt of Godwin's power.

charters; and the year after, when Canute, having laid all England under his feet, and being firmly seated on the Danish throne by the death of his brother Harold, made an expedition to Jomsborg, on the east coast of the Baltic, Godwin, at the head of a band of English troops, so distinguished himself that the English were ever afterwards held by Canute as good as the Danes, and their young leader was rewarded by the hand of Githa, the King's cousin, and sister of Ulf Jarl, who had married Astritha, the great King's sister. All through Canute's reign his Saxon favourite kept his love,¹ and at his death, in 1035, we find Godwin and his friends standing by Emma and her son Hardicanute, rather than by Harold Harefoot, Canute's

¹ The writer of the most interesting contemporary life of Edward the Confessor—first printed by Mr. Luard for the Master of the Rolls,—a man who well knew the King, as well as Earl Godwin and his sons and daughter—thus describes Earl Godwin's character and position in Canute's reign:—"This Godwin, as he was wary in counsel, so also in warlike matters had he been proved by the King as most valiant. Besides, for the evenness of his temper, he was in the greatest favour with every one as well as the King; a man matchless for the constancy with which he girded himself to work, and accessible to all, with a cheerful and ready good-will. But when certain sufficient affairs of state had recalled the King to his own nation—for in his absence some had thrown off his yoke and made them ready to rebellion—Godwin clung to him on his whole journey as his constant companion. Here the King had more opportunity of observing, in the example of this great chief, his foresight, his endurance of toil, and his skill in warfare. He saw also how deep-seated was his gift of speech, and felt, if he could bind such a man to himself more closely by some fitting gift, what a gain it would be to him in governing his newly won kingdom of England. Having proved him, therefore, a little longer, he made him one of his councillors and gave him his cousin to wife. Whence, too, when he returned to England, having set all things on a right footing in his Danish kingdom, he (Godwin) is made by the King an earl, *dux*, and the King's spokesman (*bajulus*), or president of the Council. Nor when he had attained so great a dignity was he puffed up, but to all good men, to the best of his ability, proved himself a father; for he did not now throw off that gentleness of spirit which he had learned from his boyhood up, but cultivated it as a natural gift, by continually practising it both to his inferiors and his equals. Whosoever did wrong, from him what was lawful and right was instantly exacted. For which reason he was looked on by all the sons of his country in the light of a father rather than a lord. From such a sire, sons and daughters were born not unworthy of their origin, for they were remarkable as inheriting both their father's and their mother's honesty, and in bringing them up Godwin paid special attention to instructing them in those arts, by which he prepared in these his children, both a bulwark and a delight to the nation. So long as the aforesaid King Canute reigned, he, Godwin, flourished in his Court as first among the great chiefs of the kingdom, and by reason of his fairness, all agreed in thinking, that what he was for writing should be written, what he was for cancelling should be cancelled." There can be no doubt, from the precedence given to Godwin in almost all Canute's charters, that he was in the highest rank. In a very little while after Canute's conquest of the kingdom, we find him signing and continuing to sign next after the King, and that before Earl Eric, Earl Hacon, the sons of Earl Hacon of Norway, and also before Earl Ulf, the King's cousin and brother-in-law.

son by a Saxon concubine, and thus espousing the Danish rather than the Saxon side. But when Hardicanute loitered in Denmark, and lost time in settling his quarrel with Magnus of Norway, the Danish Thingmannalid—the Varangians of the Danish dynasty in England—had their way. From the first they had sided with Harold, who was on the spot, rather than with his brother, who was abroad. They thought that if a crown was worth having it was worth seeking, and as they went England went. Hardicanute's party lost ground. Emma was banished to Flanders by her rival's son, and Godwin went over to Harold's side.

But before she went, if we may believe one MS. of the Saxon Chronicle,¹ Godwin had done a deed of blood which was noteworthy even in that bloody age. In the year 1036, "the harmless Atheling" Alfred, Ethelred's elder son by Emma, tried to make his way to his mother at Winchester, but Earl Godwin, according to this MS., "would not suffer it, nor other men, who had great power in this land; for the voice of the people was then much for Harold, though it was unrightful. But Godwin hindered him and threw him into prison, and his followers he scattered, and some cruelly killed. . . . Never was a bloodier deed done in this land since the Danes came and here took up free quarters."² It is remarkable that this foul deed is laid to

¹ This is Cotton. Tib. B. i. Cotton. Tib. B. iv. leaves out Godwin's name altogether, and imputes the crime to Harold Harefoot.

² Thorpe, in his edition of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, has here made a ridiculous mistranslation. The Saxon words are "*her frid namon*," which he renders "here made peace." That the Danes came into England to make peace, or that they made it when here, is startling in itself, and much more so coming after the story of such a deed of blood. But the words mean nothing of the kind. They correspond exactly to "free quarters,"—a place where they could store up their booty in peace, holding it with a strong hand against all comers; where they could, in short, have an asylum. But, alas, there are many mistakes in this edition. We shall find another when we speak of the said Godwin's career. Take another, just before this story of the harmless Atheling. When Canute died, one of the MS. of the Chronicle, Laud. Bodl. 636, says, "*þa lidsmen on Lunden gecuron Harold*," which Mr. Thorpe translates "the lithsmen of London chose Harold," adding, in a note to "lithsmen," "sailors, from *lið*, a ship." Now it so happens that these "*liðsmen*" do not come from *lið*, a ship, nor were they sailors, nor were they sailors of London. They were the soldiers of the "Thingmannalid," whose quarters were in London. We shall have to speak of them more at length. Again, having thus mistaken the meaning of the word "lidsmen," a little farther on he finds the word "*huscarl*," in the passage where the same MS. says, that Emma-Ælfgifu, Canute's widow, sat at Winchester "*mid þæs cynges huscarlum hyra suna*," with the king's housecarles, her sons; here Mr. Thorpe has another note to "*huscarlum*," as follows: "The Danish body-guard, though retained till the time of the Conquest." But here again he is quite wrong. The king's housecarles were the king's private body-guard, the rank and file, as it were, of his "*hird*," "*hired*" or comitatus. They were in no sense a national militia or condottieri, as the Thingmannalid were. This is plain from many passages in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle

Godwin's charge by a single manuscript, and that the same which, when he sickened shortly before his death and afterwards recovered,¹ proceeds to say, with a monkish whine, "but he made too little atonement for those goods of God which he had from many holy places." For three years and a half Godwin stood by Harold Harefoot till the young king died suddenly, March 17, 1040, at Oxford. Then messengers were sent to Emma and Hardicanute at Bruges in Flanders. They lost little time in coming to England. One of Hardicanute's first acts was to have his half-brother's body dug up from the grave, and cast into a marsh by the Thames' side, whence it was taken by his friends and buried in the church of St. Clement Danes, just outside Temple Bar,—the church, no doubt, of the Thingmannalid, crowning the ridge of the Strand, and at the very verge of the city. His next was to lay heavy taxes on the people. He recalled his other half-brother Edward, Emma's son, from Normandy, and treacherously slew Eadulf, Earl of Northumbria, having broken the word which he had pledged,—to let him come and go in peace. The vacant earldom was given to a famous man, Sigurd Björn's son, the Earl Siward of Shakespeare. When the people of Worcestershire rose and slew two of his housecarles who demanded the king's taxes, Hardicanute wasted their shire with fire and sword, and finally, having reigned a little less than two years, during which, as the old Chronicle says, "he never did one kingly thing," he fell smitten with a stroke at a drinking-bout at Lambeth, and after a dreadful struggle, spoke never a word, but died and departed. "And all the folk then chose Edward, and took him for their king, as was his rightful due."

And now came a great change for England, for Godwin, and for Edward. For England, because the royal race of Canute had

itself, but in none more so than the account of the Northumbrian rising against Tostig, where Cott. Tib. B. i., says, "All the thanes in Yorkshire fared to York, and slew there Earl Tostig's housecarles." "Tostiges earles huskarlas þar ofslogon," where the parallel passage in Cott. Tib. B. iv. runs "ofslogon his (Tostiges earles) hiredmen calle," where it will be seen that "huskarlas" and "hiredmenn" are used as equivalent terms.

¹ Here again we have a mistranslation, as it seems. The words which we have rendered "recovered" are "eft gewyrpte," which Mr. Thorpe renders "re-embarked;" the whole passage, according to him, being, "Godwin then sickened shortly after he landed and re-embarked." Instead of going back to his ship when he sickened with a sudden attack, the words merely mean that he came back to himself, or recovered. He had in fact a kind of fit or stroke, probably of the same nature as that which carried him off so suddenly a few months afterwards; and it is plain that the monkish chronicler, in what follows, is warning all robbers of holy places, among whom he reckoned Earl Godwin, to take an example by Godwin's fate, who, though once warned by a sudden stroke of sickness, from which he quickly recovered, did not make reparation for the property which he had taken from the Church.

died out; because Denmark was claimed by Magnus by virtue of the treaty of the Burnt Isles; because Sweyn, the son of Canute's sister, now openly became a pretender to that crown; and because for years the strife between Denmark and Norway never left those kingdoms a moment's breathing-time to think of England. For Godwin the change was great, because his nephew by marriage, Sweyn, was now first favourite for the Danish throne; because his foreign lords being now dead and gone, he might hope to be master in England; and because he foresaw from Edward's childish character that he could govern the country as he chose in the king's name. For Edward the change was greatest of all. We have already seen from the Confessor's meek letter to Magnus the Good what a life of trouble he had led, ever nearest and ever farthest from the throne; next in right and most distant in deed. Even his own mother seems to have turned against him, and, at any rate, to have been fonder of her children by the second marriage. She preferred the drunken revengeful Hardicanute to the gentle Edward. But the day of retribution soon came, for shortly after Edward was crowned at Winchester; then by the advice of Earl Godwin and Earl Leofric and Earl Siward, he rode unawares on "the Lady," and despoiled her of all the precious things that she owned, which were not to be told; and he did this, "for that she was erst very hard to the king her son, and did less for him than he would before he was king, and afterwards too, and so they left her sitting there." Another ms. of the Chronicle says, that Edward "caused the boundaries of all the land that his mother owned to be ridden as belonging to him, and he took from her all that she owned in gold and in silver and in unspeakable things; for that she held those things too fast as against him before."

Many suppose that we know naught of the men and women of that distant age. To them the Saxons before the Conquest are as the Patriarchs before the Flood,—mere names and shadows, not at all creatures of flesh and blood. Yet here is the very portrait and counterpart of Edward the Confessor, drawn to the life by one who had often seen him, and who has described both his person and his character with a master's hand:—"And that we may not pass over the form and fashion of the man, his person was most fair, of moderate height, remarkable for the milky whiteness of his hair and beard, with a full face and rosy skin; his hands thin and snow-white, with long transparent fingers. As to all the rest of his body, a kingly man without spot or blemish. He was cheerful, and yet of constant gravity; as he walked, he turned his eyes on the ground; and yet he was most pleasantly affable to every man. If any good reason roused an emotion of the mind, he seemed to be terrible

settled by the captain's award. No woman was to be suffered to be brought into the fastness, nor could any of the band be more than three nights away without the captain's leave. No man could claim as his own any part of the spoil; it was all to be thrown together, and then divided into equal shares by the captain. No man was to dare to utter a single word that gave witness of fear, and no man was to flinch for pain. All differences among the brothers in arms were to be made up by the captain. Kinship or friendship were to have no voice in choosing the companions. And lastly, if any broke these rules, he was punished without respect of person by instant expulsion from the band.

Such were the chief rules of this famous Free Company. With their fortunes and misfortunes we have nothing here to do, except to say that their fate was that of all such bands; they fell because their laws were too hard to keep, and because their rules were often infringed. But they are interesting to England, because, when the fortune of Jomsborg began to wane, and when the band, resolved into its original elements, left their fastness to harry other lands, Earl Sigvald, about the year 1001, sailed for England, where he seized the Isle of Wight as free quarters, whence he ravaged the country. The unready Ethelred was only too ready to make peace, by which he agreed to pay the Danes 24,000 pounds of gold, and supply them with quarters and provisions. The invaders seem to have reposed in fancied security; for the next year, 1002, came the massacre of St. Brice's Day, November 13, when every Dane in the south of England was butchered, young and old, man and woman alike. There can be no doubt that Earl Sigvald fell with the rest. But though Jomsborg was not what Jomsborg had been, the band still existed under the leadership of Sigvald's brothers, Thorkell the Tall, and Heming. To them it was a bounden duty to avenge their brother; and though their vengeance was delayed, it came at last. In August 1009 came Thorkell the Tall with his "huge hostile host," as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle calls it, which for two years ravaged the land, and at last made peace with Ethelred, after having been paid the enormous sum of 48,000 pounds of gold. But this was not all. True to his condottieri principles, Thorkell not only made peace with Ethelred, but became his man, as it was called. He entered into his service with great part of his host, and was ready to defend the land against all comers, on condition that the force was to be well fed, clothed, and paid. From this agreement, "Gething," these mercenary troops were called "Thingmenn," and the whole band Thingmannalid, that is, the band who had made a solemn bargain with the King, and were now his mercenary

and sparingly, with no pleasure of the heart, nor did he care aught if he were served with less state and cost. Not that he was not grateful for the attention of the Queen when shown in such matters, but often spoke of it with a certain kindliness to some of his intimate friends. To the poor and weak he condescended with much mercy, and spent much in their support, not only day by day at his own Court, but in very many parts of his kingdom." The Queen herself was first and foremost in every good work. A pattern wife, according to this writer, whose meekness and modesty were such, that when, "as by custom and royal right, her seat was ever placed by the King's side, she chose rather, save when in church or at the royal board, to sit at his feet until he perchance stretched out his arm, or by a motion of his hand invited, and even forced her to sit by him."

And now, what was this England of the eleventh century over which Edward was called to rule? It had been wasted by the constant wars in Ethelred's days, but for nearly twenty years the land had peace in Canute's time, and with peace came plenty, which neither Harold Harefoot's wilfulness, nor the sottishness of Hardicanute, had time to destroy. The main feature of the country it is impossible to mistake. The land was pretty equally divided between Danes and Saxons. The Danish element, which before the time of Ethelred had been firmly established north of the Humber, and which even so early as Alfred's time had taken root in East Anglia, had advanced with rapid strides into Mercia or the Midlands during the "unready" King's reign, and a line which ran through England, nearly at Rugby or Northampton, now marked their furthest settlements. There in the Danelagh, the land of Danish law, the great owners of land and their little courts or followings, claimed to be ruled by Scandinavian laws and customs, while the rest of the kingdom clung to their West Saxon codes. That was pretty much the state of things when Canute made England his own. With him came of course a fresh infusion of foreign blood, and that not only into the old Danelagh, but all over the country, as the King granted to this or that warrior so many hides or manses of land. But Canute did more than conquer England: he gave a new code of laws for Danes and Saxons alike, and these are the bad laws which Edward is described as plucking out to restore the old West Saxon code, which, in after years, in the time of the stern Norway tyranny, were called the laws of Edward the Confessor. These were the laws, too, on behalf of which the whole north rose against Tostig in the last year of Edward the Confessor. With regard to the tenure of land, it was divided between the King, the freemen, and the Church. Of course,

gold. There was Church plate in abundance, and many a gold hilted sword, or axe, with haft inlaid with silver, many a golden bowl, and many a massive highly-wrought drinking-horn is bequeathed by the Anglo-Saxon wills. The feeling that remains on the mind after reading the rich store of wills, and deeds and charters that have been spared, is that though the state of society was what we should call rude, it was not nearly so wretched as it must have been in Norman times. The danger of all classes rather was that they should sink Church and Throne and people alike into sottishness and dulness, for on the whole the Anglo-Saxons were a slow sluggish people in Edward the Confessor's time. The constant Danish wars and actual Danish settlements had greatly shattered their national feeling, the Church was too fond of ease, and thought too little of its duties, the King was weak and childish, and few of the great chiefs were of pure Saxon blood. England in Edward's time was ripe for reform or revolution. Had the lot fallen to Godwin and his sons, it might have been reform, for they were all striving spirits, and their half-Danish blood coursed warmly through their veins; but He who knows best sent revolution instead of reform, and who shall doubt that what He did was best for England?

It was over such a kingdom and such a king that Earl Godwin was now called to rule. He seems to have done his best for both, and to have been a man, in spite of all that has been said against him, who had a strong respect for Edward's hereditary right, and a warm love for all that was English. To say that he had an eye to his own interest, is only to say that he was an ambitious man. Of course he had an eye to his own interest. He would have been blind if he had not. But his interest and that of England were identical. Had he sought his own interest alone, he might have set aside the childish king, striven to be king himself, and so brought about a convulsion. So long as Edward lived, a strong hand was needed at the helm to keep the vessel of the State straight; to guard it against being invaded by hostile hosts in open warfare, or worse still, from being boarded by stealth by foreign priests. Both these services Godwin rendered at great risk to himself, and so long as his interest only lay in being ambitious enough to wish to be the first Englishman, and most constant enemy of foreign aggression, either by lay or churchmen, no one has a right to say an ill word against Earl Godwin. The success of his policy is best shown by the inveterate hate with which his memory was assailed by Norman scribes, and by the idle stories spread in after times by ecclesiastics as to his awful end. That hate, and these fables are best confuted by the praise which contemporary

writers bestowed on his character, and by the silence of the same authorities as to the inventions of his posthumous enemies.

In 1043, Godwin married Edward to his daughter Eadgitha, and for more than ten years governed both the kingdom and his son-in-law. His sons as well as his daughter were now grown men; in one of Edward's charters of 1044, Godwin and all his sons, except Wulfnoth the youngest, are found as witnesses, and after that year one or other of them constantly appears.¹ As for Godwin himself it may almost be said that he signed every Saxon charter from 1016, when his name certainly first appears, to the year 1053-4, so close was he at the elbow of every English king on state occasions. Strong in himself, in his daughter, who seems to have had a will of her own,² and in his sons, no man in England was his match. His property, too, lying on the south and west around Winchester, the centre of West Saxon nationality, gave him a great advantage over his compeers, Leofric of Mercia, and Siward Björn's son of Northumberland, the first of whom had to restrain the headstrong Welsh on the Marches, while the other, like an old Viking, and sprung of the true Viking stock, for his grandfather was Thorgrils Cracklelegs of Jomsborg, had enough to do to rule the turbulent spirits of his own race in the north, and to chastise Macbeth and Thorfinn in their struggle with the southern Scottish dynasty of Duncan and Malcolm Canmore. While they were

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² This appears both from the account of her character given in the Life of Edward the Confessor, referred to above, and also from a charter granted by Edward in 1060. This was a grant confirming the vill of Fiskerton in Lincolnshire to the great Abbey at Burgh, now known as Peterborough. It seems that a lady of London, "*fœmina Lundonica*," named Leofgyfa, had given the said vill to the Abbey of Burgh after her death. She died on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem: "*in via Ierosolymæ*." As soon as Leofric, the Abbot of Burgh, heard of this, he came before the King and proved his claim by proper witnesses: "*per idoneos testes*." The gift seems to have been in the form of a nuncupative will—a form of bequest allowed by Anglo-Saxon law. But now came a hitch. Queen Eadgitha claimed the land as having been intended for her by Leofgyfa, and it was only by using all the influence of the King and her brothers on the Queen, and by paying twenty marks in gold, and by giving up the church furniture, valued at twenty marks more, that Abbot Leofric got the land; the Queen joining the King in confirming it to the Abbey by this charter. The words of the original are very curious:—"At regina mea Eadgyd cum terram vendicasset, dicendo quod hanc sibi eadem fœmina decrevisset, idem abbas per me et principes meos reginæ fratres Haroldum et Tostinum ipsius potentiam flexit; datisque ei in gratiam xx. marcis auri, et ornamentis ecclesiæ quæ ad alias xx. marcas apportantur, terram monasterio suo liberrimam et integerrimam restituit."

settled by the captain's award. No woman was to be suffered to be brought into the fastness, nor could any of the band be more than three nights away without the captain's leave. No man could claim as his own any part of the spoil; it was all to be thrown together, and then divided into equal shares by the captain. No man was to dare to utter a single word that gave witness of fear, and no man was to flinch for pain. All differences among the brothers in arms were to be made up by the captain. Kinship or friendship were to have no voice in choosing the companions. And lastly, if any broke these rules, he was punished without respect of person by instant expulsion from the band.

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soldiers. They became the King of England's Varangians, just as those at Byzantium were the Emperor's. This force had two head-quarters in England, a fortress in the city of London, and another, Slesswick, now Sloswick, in Nottinghamshire, and besides Thorkell, his brother Heming, and Eilif, Thorgils Crackleleg's son, were their leaders. Thus the great body of the free lances of Jomsborg was transplanted to England, there to form the terrible Thingmannalid, which, with little interruption, was kept up by every English king from Ethelred to the Norman Conquest. A few words will suffice to tell their story till Edward the Confessor's accession. They seem to have served Ethelred faithfully till 1015, when, after King Sweyn Forkbeard's death, Ethelred, with the cunning of incapacity, thought the time was come for getting rid at once of his protectors and of the Danegelt, or sum which was paid to maintain them. He tried, therefore, another massacre, and actually succeeded in falling by treachery on both the quarters of the Thingmenn at one and the same time. Thus Heming was cut off in Slesswick, the head-quarters in the Danelagh, with most of his men. Thorkell and Eilif, more fortunate, fought their way out of London and down the river, and escaped to Denmark. There Thorkell, who arrived with nine ships, offered his services to King Canute, and strongly urged him to conquer England. When the conquest was over, Thorkell remained as captain of the Thingmenn, and after his fall Canute gave them new laws and new captains, among whom was his nephew Björn, the son of Earl Ulf, who again was the son of Thorgils Cracklelegs, thus keeping the succession to the command of these offshoots from Jomsborg in the family of the founder of the Free Company. So the famous band remained through Canute's reign and his sons' reign till the days of Edward; but so long as they remained fast seated in their castle of London, London must have been to all intents and purposes the city of the Thingmenn, and therefore, as regarded either the King or the rest of the country, virtually independent.

One great blot still remained: a large part of the lowest class were slaves. Every freeman and owner of land seems to have had several, and though the Church, with a perseverance which does it all honour, was incessant in preaching the duty of manumission, and though the wills are full of bequests of freedom on the part of freemen to their thralls, the very frequency of those injunctions and bequests proves how large a class of the community were still unfree. For the rest, except when war wasted them, the people, free and bond alike, were probably happy enough. England was the land of corn and ale, of fine clothes and good arms, of vessels of silver and vessels of

gold. There was Church plate in abundance, and many a gold hilted sword, or axe, with haft inlaid with silver, many a golden bowl, and many a massive highly-wrought drinking-horn is bequeathed by the Anglo-Saxon wills. The feeling that remains on the mind after reading the rich store of wills, and deeds and charters that have been spared, is that though the state of society was what we should call rude, it was not nearly so wretched as it must have been in Norman times. The danger of all classes rather was that they should sink Church and Throne and people alike into sottishness and dullness, for on the whole the Anglo-Saxons were a slow sluggish people in Edward the Confessor's time. The constant Danish wars and actual Danish settlements had greatly shattered their national feeling, the Church was too fond of ease, and thought too little of its duties, the King was weak and childish, and few of the great chiefs were of pure Saxon blood. England in Edward's time was ripe for reform or revolution. Had the lot fallen to Godwin and his sons, it might have been reform, for they were all striving spirits, and their half-Danish blood coursed warmly through their veins; but He who knows best sent revolution instead of reform, and who shall doubt that what He did was best for England?

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In 1043, Godwin married Edward to his daughter Eadgitha, and for more than ten years governed both the kingdom and his son-in-law. His sons as well as his daughter were now grown men; in one of Edward's charters of 1044, Godwin and all his sons, except Wulfnoth the youngest, are found as witnesses, and after that year one or other of them constantly appears.¹ As for Godwin himself it may almost be said that he signed every Saxon charter from 1016, when his name certainly first appears, to the year 1053-4, so close was he at the elbow of every English king on state occasions. Strong in himself, in his daughter, who seems to have had a will of her own,² and in his sons, no man in England was his match. His property, too, lying on the south and west around Winchester, the centre of West Saxon nationality, gave him a great advantage over his compeers, Leofric of Mercia, and Siward Björn's son of Northumberland, the first of whom had to restrain the headstrong Welsh on the Marches, while the other, like an old Viking, and sprung of the true Viking stock, for his grandfather was Thorgils Cracklelegs of Jomsborg, had enough to do to rule the turbulent spirits of his own race in the north, and to chastise Macbeth and Thorfinn in their struggle with the southern Scottish dynasty of Duncan and Malcolm Canmore. While they were

¹ Supposing Godwin to have been married to Githa in 1019-20, after Canute's expedition to Jomsborg, Harold and his elder children would have been about twenty years old in 1043. If Harold were born in 1020, he would have been forty-six at the Conquest.

² This appears both from the account of her character given in the Life of Edward the Confessor, referred to above, and also from a charter granted by Edward in 1060. This was a grant confirming the vill of Fiskerton in Lincolnshire to the great Abbey at Burgh, now known as Peterborough. It seems that a lady of London, "*fœmina Lundonica*," named Leofgyfa, had given the said vill to the Abbey of Burgh after her death. She died on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem: "*in via Ierosolymæ*." As soon as Leofric, the Abbot of Burgh, heard of this, he came before the King and proved his claim by proper witnesses: "*per idoneos testes*." The gift seems to have been in the form of a nuncupative will—a form of bequest allowed by Anglo-Saxon law. But now came a hitch. Queen Eadgitha claimed the land as having been intended for her by Leofgyfa, and it was only by using all the influence of the King and her brothers on the Queen, and by paying twenty marks in gold, and by giving up the church furniture, valued at twenty marks more, that Abbot Leofric got the land; the Queen joining the King in confirming it to the Abbey by this charter. The words of the original are very curious:—"At regina mea Eadgyd cum terram vendicasset, dicendo quod hanc sibi eadem fœmina decrevisset, idem abbas per me et principes meos reginæ fratres Haroldum et Tostinum ipsius potentiam flexit; datisque ei in gratiam xx. marcis auri, et ornamentis ecclesiæ quæ ad alias xx. marcas apportiantur, terram monasterio suo liberrimam et integerrimam restituit."

doing good service on the outskirts of the realm, Godwin and his sons were busy about the heart of the kingdom. It was easy for them to combine to crush their foes, and they were ever about the king, lest his ear should fall a prey to evil counsel. Nor must it be supposed, though the great flood of Northern invasion had passed away, that England even in Edward's time was always at rest. Her peace was only comparative. We have seen how Magnus the Good threatened an invasion after the death of Hardicanute, and how Edward actually lay at Sandwich, then the great arsenal of England, on the south-east coast. Whether Magnus would ever have fulfilled his threat, had he not had his hands full with Sweyn Ulf's son in Denmark, can never be known. But certain it is, that he had made no step towards England before his early death in 1047. When he died, Harold Sigurdson or Hardrada inherited his nephew's rights; but even he, bold as he was, was just then in no condition to make them good. He, too, had enough to do with Sweyn; and, as we have seen, the struggle between the two kingdoms lasted till 1064, just before the death of Edward the Confessor. But though he could not come, some of his subjects, who thought that a good time for Vikings was coming, steered for England in 1048 under the command of Lodin and Erling.¹ They had twenty-five ships, and ravaged the south-east coast, carrying off immense booty. Being repulsed on another part of the coast, the Vikings sailed for Flanders, where they sold their booty and returned home. But it did not yet suit the plans of Harold Hardrada to invade England. He was afraid lest King Edward, or rather lest Earl Godwin and his sons, should make common cause with his enemy, Sweyn Ulf's son, and send an English force to his help. As politic as he was brave, he sent at once an embassy to Edward offering peace and friendship, which Edward willingly accepted. He was just in time, for at the heels of his messengers came others from King Sweyn praying for help, which he no doubt thought he was sure to get, owing to the ties of kindred which bound the family of Godwin to his own. But he reckoned without his host. Florence of Worcester, whom Munch

¹ The first of these seems to have been a son and the other a grandson of the famous Erling Skjalgsson of Sole in Norway. Here Mr. Thorpe makes another egregious blunder, for he turns this Lodin into Olaf Tryggvason's step-father, and Erling into his brother-in-law; but to do this he has to go back at least seventy years, for Olaf Tryggvason fell in the 1000 at the battle of Svoldr, and his step-father married his mother at least twenty years before that date. Munch's third volume, in which (p. 167) the true explanation of this expedition may be found, was published in 1855, and Mr. Thorpe's edition of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle in 1861. The various MSS. of the Chronicle which mention this event place it in 1046-47.

has followed, and who is a very trustworthy authority, asserts, indeed, that Godwin proposed at a meeting of the "Witan" that England should listen to the prayer of King Sweyn, while old Leofric, the Earl of Mercia, opposed him to the uttermost, and led the whole meeting after him, who, mindful of their ancient grudge against the Danes, would not hear of sending them any help. So far Florence, but the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle says merely in its dry way, under 1049, "Harold went to Norway when Magnus was dead," "and he sent for peace hither to this land. And Sweyn of Denmark also sent and begged King Edward for aid. That should be at least fifty ships. But all the folk said nay." Then as now, England was all for neutrality so far as Denmark was concerned. In this case we prefer the Chronicle, and for this reason. Though there was kinship between King Sweyn and Earl Godwin, there was just then a feud as well. The foes of that family were to be found in their own house. Sweyn and Tostig, first one and then the other, shook it to ruin. In the year 1046, that is three years before King Sweyn's messengers came, Sweyn, Godwin's son, had done a shameful deed by the Abbess of Lominster. From the consequences of this crime even his father's mighty influence had been unable to shield him, and he had been outlawed. The exile first turned his steps to his cousin King Sweyn to ask for help. But Sweyn was powerless to help him, and so far from sending ships to England, he was forced to send to England for ships a little while after. His cousin and namesake, who was of a violent temper, left Denmark in a rage, and as he had before thirsted for revenge on those who had outlawed him in England, he now burned to do some deed that might grieve King Sweyn. Whether he went like Tostig in after years from Denmark to Norway, and stirred up Lodin and Erling to sail on their English cruise we know not, but in 1049 we hear that he was with Baldwin Count of Flanders at Bruges, gathering force for revenge. When he had been outlawed his lands, which were wide, had been given partly to his brother Harold, and partly to Björn Ulf's son, King Sweyn's brother, who, with another brother, Asbjörn or Osborn, had remained in England ever since the days of King Canute, and were captains in the famous Thingmannalid. So things stood in 1049, when King Sweyn sent his messengers for peace. But that Godwin, who loved his son, resented the treatment which he had met with from King Sweyn is plain, we think, first from the refusal of the aid asked, and secondly by Godwin's conduct afterwards. In a word, we think that Godwin was angry with his royal kinsman at that time, and would not stir to help him. It was not Leofric alone, but Godwin with him, and in all likelihood before him,

that led the popular feeling against Denmark. So things stood till the summer of 1049, when the outlaw crossed from Flanders to Bosham in Sussex, the chief seat of the family, with seven ships, to treat, as he said, for the removal of his outlawry. Both Björn and his brother Harold refused to give up the share of his lands which each had, but Björn said he was willing to go with him to the King, at Sandwich, and try to get the ban under which he lay loosed. Four nights' peace were given him for this, and so the two cousins went to Bosham. But no sooner had they reached Sweyn's squadron than the unhappy Björn was seized by Sweyn's command, and dragged on board; the ships set sail at once west for Axemouth, and there Sweyn basely slew him, and buried him deep on the shore. When this news was spread, Harold and the lidsmen of London, that is the Thingmannalid, of which he was captain, came and took up his body, and bore it to Winchester, and buried it by his uncle King Canute, in the Old Minster. Thus Sweyn, Godwin's son, took vengeance on King Sweyn. As for himself, he was again outlawed, and fled to Flanders. But though this was the deed of a nidding, it seems not to have raised the popular feeling against Sweyn so much as it ought. The people had long been sick of the overbearing behaviour of the lidsmen, and were weighed down by the Danegeld, or yearly tax which they had to pay for the support of these foreign mercenaries. They heard therefore with little regret that one of the captains had been cut off by the darling son of Godwin; for, like Absalom and other scapegraces, Sweyn seems to have increased in favour by the very infamy of his crimes. Now too was the time for the politic Godwin to strike in. The popular voice was against the Thingmannalid, which were now no longer needed. By taking a side against the Danes, and doing away at once with the foreign mercenaries, and the tax by which they were paid, he would grow more popular. His plans were crowned with success; by the aid of the Bishop of Worcester, Sweyn's outlawry was removed in 1050. And in the same year the famous Thingmannalid was gradually disbanded, and sent back to Denmark, while Asbjörn, Björn's brother, and almost every Dane of note in England, except Siward of Northumbria, was sent out of the south of England.

But Godwin had no sooner got rid of the Danes than a new enemy stared him in the face. Edward had spent most of his life in Normandy. He loved the customs and language of his mother's country, and more than all he loved the obedience of its clergy to the Romish See. To him the liberties of the Anglo-Saxon Church were an abomination. If he cared for anything besides hunting, which was his sole worldly amusement, it was for monks and nuns, for cloisters such as that at Bec, and

for castles like that at Rouen. He had always Normans about him, especially as his priests. In 1048, when the See of Canterbury became vacant, he gave it to Robert of Jumièges, whom he had made Bishop of London soon after his coronation, and the See of London he gave to William, his chaplain, who was also a Norman. An unhappy Saxon, Spearhafoc or Sparrowhawk, before Abbot of Abingdon, had been designated to the See into which William now crept, but the Archbishop had refused to consecrate him, and Sparrowhawk lost both his bishopric and his abbacy, for while the dispute was pending, the King had thrust into the abbacy his kinsman Rudolf, one of Saint Olaf's missionary bishops, who had followed the Saint from Normandy to Norway, and from Norway had been sent to evangelize Iceland, whence, after a stay of nineteen years, he had returned to his native land in time to follow the fortunes of Edward to England.¹ So, too, Norman barons were granted lands and castles in England. Superior in arms, in dress, in laws, in religion, and even in what was then called civilisation, they gave themselves airs, and were hated accordingly by the less polished and freer English. But while these proceedings on the part of Edward were filling the cup of wrath against the strangers, an unlooked for piece of insolence on the part of the hated race filled it to overflowing. Count Eustace of Boulogne had married the King's sister, and came over to England in 1053 to settle some matters with the King. On his return home he forced his way armed into Dover. A quarrel arose out of an attempt of one of his followers to quarter himself on one of the townsmen; the townsmen slew the Norman; the Normans slew the householder at his own hearth. The freemen flew to arms, and after about twenty had fallen on either side, Eustace had to fly the town, and betook himself to the King with a story in which all the blame was laid on the men of Dover. The story is told in different ways, but by the most trustworthy account it seems that Edward lent a willing ear to the tale of his brother-in-law. Godwin, in whose earldom Dover lay, was ordered to chastise the offenders; but he would not obey. On the contrary, he and his sons gathered a force, marched on Gloucester where the King lay, and demanded the delivery of Eustace and his followers. On his side the King sent for Godwin's rivals, Leofric of Mercia, and Siward of Northumberland, who hastened to his aid with the strength of the Midlands and

¹ His original name was Ulf, but, as Hungrvaka tells us (chap. 3), it was lengthened into Rudolf or Rudu-Ulf, because King Olaf brought him with him from Ruda or Rouen. According to Wharton, *Anglia Sacra*, i. 176, he remained two years abbot in Abingdon and then died. He was probably advanced in years, unlike some colonial bishops now-a-days, before he threw up his see abroad and returned to his native land.

the North. War seemed inevitable; when, by the good offices of the Witan, a truce was agreed on. It was settled that Godwin and his sons should come and plead their cause before a solemn meeting of the Witan at London at the autumnal equinox. Edward was one of those "adjective" characters that cannot stand alone. Godwin had long been his "substantive;" but Godwin was no longer by his side, and the weak king fell entirely into the hands of Archbishop Robert and his Norman priests, who were not slow to work Godwin's ruin. The writer of the Confessor's life to which we have so often referred, says outright, that the king, as they were always pouring accusations against Godwin into his ear, "began to prefer bad counsel to good." The father and his sons came at the appointed time, but meanwhile the King's forces had swollen greatly, while those of Godwin little by little lost heart and melted away. At last, from being equals, he and his children stood almost as suppliants. Hostages for his safety, if he came to the meeting, were even denied him, and the end was, that five nights were given him and his children to flee the land. By this time Archbishop Robert had quite persuaded the King that Godwin had been really guilty of his brother Alfred's murder, and when Godwin asked to have the King's "peace," Edward, who like all weak characters, was subject to outbreaks of wrath, answered, at the instigation of his priests, that "he could only hope for the King's peace when he restored him his brother alive with all his men, and all the goods that had been taken from them either alive or dead." As soon as this message was brought to the great Earl by Bishop Stigand, Godwin pushed away the table at which he sat, mounted his horse, and made his sons mount theirs, and rode for Bosham as hard as they could. They were just in time, for the Archbishop had sent horsemen after them to cut them off, but failed in his purpose. "So," says the Chronicle, "Earl Godwin and Earl Sweyn betook them to Bosham, and shoved out their ships and turned them beyond the sea, and sought Baldwin's 'peace,' and stayed there all that winter." "And Earl Harold went west to Ireland, and was there that winter in the King's peace at Dublin. And as soon as this happened, then the King left the lady, her that was hallowed and wedded to him as his queen, and stripped her of all that she had in land and gold and silver, and of all things, and she was handed over to the care of the King's sister, the Abbess of Wherwell; and Ælfgar, Leofric's son, was set over that earldom that Harold had before." Just at this critical time Edward's cousin, the young Duke William of Normandy, passed over into England with a great train of followers, no doubt to exult over the good time which was come for Normans in England. "The King,"

says the Chronicle, "made him and his fellows welcome, as many as he would, and so they left the realm again."

So fell of a sudden this famous family. "It would have seemed wonderful," says another ms. of the Chronicle, "to every man that was in England, if any man before that had said that it would so happen; for he, Earl Godwin, had been before exalted to that degree as if he ruled the king and all England. And his sons were earls and the king's darlings, and his daughter was married and wedded to the king." But they fell only to rise again. Neither Godwin nor Harold were likely to let the grass grow under their feet while their foes took their lands in England as their own. They were not the men to cry over spilt milk, but just the men to fill the pail afresh. Harold was first afoot. The king who ruled the kingdom which the Northmen still held in Dublin was Margad, as the Scandinavian annals call him, or Cachmargach, as the Irish uttered it. The English called him Jemarch. But whatever his name, he was a bold and successful Viking. Many a time and oft he had harried England's coast, sometimes alone, sometimes in company with our old friends Finn Arni's son, Hacon Ivar's son, and Guthorm of Ringness. The last was his chosen brother in arms, and just at this very time between the years 1051-52, Guthorm spent the winter in Dublin, where he met the outlawed Harold. In the summer of 1054 they all set out on a cruise; Harold was bent on joining his father in Flanders; but Margad and Guthorm went out merely to plunder and waste. Their story is so interesting that we must stop to tell it. They won great store of wealth as they ravaged the shores of England, and at the end of July found themselves in the Menai Straits. Here they resolved to share the spoil, which was mostly in silver. But like the giants in the Niebelungen Tale, they could not agree, and so high did the war of words run that Margad challenged Guthorm to settle the matter by the sword. Guthorm had but five ships, while Margad had sixteen. The difference was great, even if we suppose his five to have been taller and stouter than those of the challenger. But here at least was room for prayers to saints, and so the day before the fight, it was St. Olaf's eve, the 28th of July, Guthorm vowed that he would give the saint a tenth of all the booty if he would grant him to win the day. He fought and won, slaying Margad and all his men after a bloody struggle. Those were not the days to break a vow. The eleventh century was not that of Erasmus, nor was Guthorm of Ringness like the pilgrim to Walsingham. He kept his word to the saint, and a crucifix of solid silver as tall as Guthorm himself bore silent witness at once to his victory and his faith. There stood the Holy Rood in the church of St. Olaf at Dron-

them, till it was melted in the crucibles of those religious Vikings who laid Romanism waste in Norway, and brought the Reformation into the land in the sixteenth century.

Harold's cruise was quite as successful, and not so bloody. With nine ships he sailed into the Bristol Channel, harrying in Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall. Then leaving the Land's End he sailed along the coast to Portland, where he joined his forces to those of his father, who had passed over from Bruges some time before, and found all the south-east coast ready to rise. The people at least were not of Edward's opinion. Godwin and his sons were everywhere welcome. It added, perhaps, to the ease of their exploit that the scapegrace Sweyn was no longer with them. Smitten with the Jerusalem fever so common in that age, he had gone on a pilgrimage to Palestine, only to die at Constantinople on his return. Godwin and Harold steered boldly for the Thames, where the King lay outside London to the west, with his land force and fleet. Forcing their way through the bridge, and hugging the south bank, where their land force was ready to aid them, they were ready to fall on the King's followers and ships, who clung to the north bank of the Thames, but neither side had any wish to fight with their own countrymen for the sake of foreigners. Godwin was unwilling to fight against his king. The city of London, which was independent even after the Thingmen left it, was rather with Godwin than against him. It was now Edward's turn to yield. By the help of Stigand, Bishop of Winchester, he did so with a good grace. A truce was made, and hostages were given on both sides. Godwin landed and cleared himself and his sons from the charges made against them, and was there and then restored to all his rights and lands. This was the sign for the hated Normans to fly. The Archbishop Robert, and Bishop William, and Ulf, Bishop of Dorchester, who was so ignorant that when he went to the Synod at Vercelli he only escaped having his crosier broken by paying a heavy fine—they and all the rest of the Normans had to escape as best they might. The Archbishop left his pall behind him, and with his brothers in affliction only got over to France from Walton on the Naze, by trusting themselves in a crazy bark. As a matter of course the lady Eadgitha, the Queen, came back to Court and to the cold honours of Edward's bed, as soon as her father and brothers were restored to their rights.

So Godwin and his sons, all except the outlaw Sweyn, who ended his days in exile, were stronger than ever. But there is one who is stronger than man, and He had given Godwin a warning at the very moment of his triumph. "Twas on the

Monday after St. Mary's mass, that is on the 14th of September, that Earl Godwin and his ships came to Southwark, and on the Tuesday they were set at one again as here stands before told. Godwin sickened as soon as he set foot on shore, and eftsoons came to himself again." Then follows the passage already mentioned: "But he made all too little atonement for those goods of God which he had taken from many holy places." The monkish Chronicler evidently looked upon this first seizure as a warning which Godwin had neglected. Perhaps those ten manses at Polehampton in Hampshire, which Canute had given, as we see from one of his charters, dated 1033, "to my familiar friend and captain Godwin, for his trustworthy obedience by which he faithfully seconds me," but which we know from earlier charters had been given to Holy Church, now raised the wrath of the Chronicler. However that may be, Earl Godwin had short space given him for repentance if he needed it. In 1053 according to the Chronicle, but two years later beyond a doubt, that is in 1055, "in this year," we are told, "the King was at Winchester at Easter, and Earl Godwin with him, and Earl Harold, his son, and Tostig. Then on the second day of Easter, Easter Monday, he sat with the King at meat; then suddenly he sank down by the footstool reft of speech, and of all his strength, and then they brought him into the King's bower, and thought that it would go over, but it was not so, but so he lasted speechless and strengthless all down to the Thursday, and then gave up his life, and he lieth there (at Winchester) in the Old Minster." Such is the fullest account contained in the Chronicle of Earl Godwin's death. It is awful enough in its touching brevity, and we have no need, like the Norman scribes who made it their duty after the Conquest, to blacken the character of a man so thoroughly English, by repeating the fictions by which a later age sought to turn his fearful end into a warning against treason and perjury. The only crime which we see laid to his charge was the murder of the Atheling Alfred, but of this, as we have already seen, Harold Harefoot was in all probability really guilty.

After Godwin's death, all his lands and rights passed to Harold his eldest son, and it seemed as if a double portion of his father's power had fallen on Harold. It was no secret that the King still loved the Normans, but the people had declared against them, and made common cause with Godwin. If Godwin's character had been open to suspicion, no such charge could be made against his eldest son, who, in spite of his half-Danish blood, was now looked upon by the English as their national champion. Circumstances, too, favoured him much. Both Leofric and Siward, his father's rivals, were on the brink of the

grave. The latter died in 1057, and the former 1059, though the Chronicle, with its usual misreckoning, places these events two years earlier. Siward's darling son, Asbjörn, had fallen in battle against Macbeth two years before, and Waltheof, his remaining child, was but a boy. With Leofric's race it was still worse. Even before his father's death Ælfgar had been outlawed on suspicion of treasonable practices with the Welsh, with whom he was on friendly terms. Against him, too, and his sons Eadwine and Morcar, Harold could always assert a superiority, as the champion of Englishmen, against those who had leagued themselves with foreigners and barbarians. The fortune of his family was filled to the brim when, on Siward's death,¹ the great earldom of Northumbria became vacant, and room was found for Tostig to display his powers of government. Neither the Northumbrians, nor King Malcolm, Earl Siward's brother-in-arms, welcomed Tostig very warmly, but the Danish population beyond the Humber were forced to receive him; and as for Malcolm, though he invaded Northumbria, he seems to have been defeated by Tostig, who was a valiant captain, and forced to make peace with Edward at York in 1059. At the same time he became Tostig's brother-in-arms, but, as if to show how little this holy tie availed, the Scottish King took the first opportunity of Tostig's absence, when, after the example of the age, he went on a pilgrimage to Rome in 1061, to fall again on Northumbria with fire and sword, not sparing in his fury even St. Cuthbert's shrine at Lindisfarne.

And now Edward was growing old; that is to say, he might have been about sixty years of age.² His luckily was not a nature nor a frame that could reproduce itself. He had no children by Eadgitha; who then was to be his heir? So long

¹ His death is thus recorded by Henry of Huntingdon, who has no doubt faithfully preserved the thoroughly Norse features of the stern old Viking's character. The next year, 1055, "Siward," his real name was Sigurd—"that stoutest of captains, felt death hanging over him from a flux. 'What a shame,' he said, 'that I should not have been able to die in so many wars, but that I should have been reserved for the disgrace of a death fit only for kine! But at least clothe me with my impenetrable byrnie, gird me with my sword, set my helm on my head; let me have my shield on my left arm, put my golden-hafted axe in my right hand, that I, a brave warrior, may die at least as a warrior ought.' It was done as he said, and he breathed his last armed to the teeth." He was buried at Galmanbo, in the church which he had built in honour of St. Olaf; but no heathen warrior could have been more particular in the directions thus given for laying out his body in a way worthy of a worshipper of Odin.

² Real cases of old age were very rare in those times: Canute was called old "hinn gamli," but he was little past forty when he died. Siward was called old, but he left a son quite a boy. Life began soon with them. They married soon, led a life of toil and trouble, and if they escaped the sword, were soon worn out. Even the clergy were not long-lived.

as a branch of the old West Saxon line existed, his eyes were naturally turned towards it, and he sent to Hungary for Edward, Edmund Ironside's son, who had been sent to Sweden by Canute to get him out of the way. From Sweden he was sent to Russia, and from Russia he made his way to Hungary, where he married Agatha, a kinswoman of the Emperor Henry the Second. Edward came to England, but died almost as soon as he arrived, in 1057. The ms. of the Chronicle, and that the one which seems rather hostile to the House of Godwin, implies that the Atheling met with foul play. The others merely mention his sudden death.¹ He left behind what the Chronicle calls a "fair offspring,"—a son, Edgar Atheling, and a daughter, Margaret. But like Siward's son Waltheof, Edgar was a boy, and strong neither in body nor mind. At such a time there could be little doubt that he, for a while at least, would be out of the succession. Failing him, the Norman annalists declare that Edward had resolved to make his cousin William, their Duke, his heir, and they it is that have spread the story of Edgar's physical and mental unfitness. In all probability Edward never grappled fairly with the question of the succession. He sent for his nephew from Hungary, with the view of making him his heir, but when he was cut off he adjourned the question, for we must remember that Edward was one of those characters who, if they think themselves sure of heaven, are willing to let the world fare as it lists. The creatures of circumstance, they can scarcely be said to have a will of their own in affairs of state. His sole worldly care seem to have been his hawks and dogs. To hunt with them was his great delight. Waiting for the millennium, and eager to make his peace with God before it came, wondering and rather vexed that it had overstayed its time by ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, and at last sixty years, Edward's great care was to endow his Abbey at Westminster, and all other holy places, with as many lands as he could grasp. Let him and his be sure only of their inheritance in heaven, for the rest, such a mere mortal matter as the succession to the throne of England might be left to chance; in God's good time it would take care of itself. But though he did not care, others

¹ Here are the words of Cott. Tib. B. iv. :—"In this year came Eadward Atheling to England; he was King Edward's brother's son, King Eadmund, who was called Ironside for his bravery. This Atheling had King Canute sent away to Hungary to be betrayed; but he there throve into a good man, as him God granted and him well became; so that he got the Emperor's kinswoman to wife, and by whom a fair offspring he begot; she was hight Agatha. We know not for what cause it was done that he might not see his kinsman King Edward. Alas! that was a rueful hap, and a baleful for all this nation, that he so speedily his life ended, after he came to England to the unhappiness of this poor nation."

did. In all England there was no one who could compete with Harold, in the very vigour of his manhood, a bold and fortunate warrior, the tamer of the Welsh, the owner of enormous possessions as his own private property, and stronger still in the offices which he held under the King; without a rival, and almost without an enemy; all England were ready to wait till Edward's death to hail Harold as their king. That was pretty much the state of feeling in England after the death of Edward Atheling. But across the Channel there was another who cared about England, a prince also in the prime of manhood, born in 1027, and who had hitherto overcome all obstacles, not only by his indomitable energy and bravery, but by the skill and subtlety with which he knew how to work out his plans by guile, if force failed. In William we see the improved Norman type. Just as his subjects, the descendants of Rollo the Norse Viking, had been wonderfully bettered by their cross with the Romance stock, so William himself and his barons were again an improvement on the mass of the population. He and his Normans were not only ready to do anything, but able to do it. They were the best warriors, not the bravest, but the most disciplined and tactical of the age. They had better arms, better horses, better mail than any other race. They were like an army furnished with the Enfield rifle, warring against another whose only weapon was poor old Brown Bess. They were better lawyers, for they had grafted the formularies and traditions of Scandinavian custom on the majestic trunk of the old Roman law, and the vitality of the stock showed itself in a refinement of legislation against which no ruder system could prevail. They scorned houses of wattle and churches of wood, and at their bidding strong towers and tall minsters of stone rose like magic from the earth. They were logical in their attachment to the Roman See. The Pope owned no more faithful children in the world than the Normans of the eleventh century; and they had their reward, for the Pope blessed their banners, and sent them relics, dead men's bones, things now to laugh at and lecture on, but then awful realities, for men believed that where the saint's bones lay, there the saint's spirit also rested, mighty to save his votaries. That was the faith and feeling of the age, and the Normans at once acknowledged and acted on it. Their system was already at work before the surrounding nations had thought of following it. They were like England in the nineteenth century: fifty years before all the rest of the world with her manufactures, and five-and-twenty years before them with her railways. They were foremost in the race of civilisation and progress; well started before all the rest had thought of running. No wonder, then, that both won.

But fortune proverbially favours the brave. To him that hath she giveth, and from him that hath not she taketh even that he hath. So it was here. Already, in 1051-2, we have seen that William, then scarcely twenty-five years old, crossed over to England to see his cousin after Edward had broken with Godwin. Ingulph, the secretary of William, indeed denies that at that visit his master exerted any undue influence on Edward to extort a promise from him; but who can tell, no, not even in after times the hired scribe of William, what passed between the cousins. Certain it is that soon after that visit Edward sent Harold's brother Wulfnoth, and his nephew, Sweyn's son Hacon, who had been given by Godwin as hostages, over to William for safe keeping. When Edward died, William asserted they had been sent to him as pledges that the succession to the English throne was his. That was the first gift that fortune sent him from England. It was but an earnest of a greater windfall. In 1064 Harold went to Normandy. Various reasons are given for this journey. He went out for a sail and was driven by stress of weather to the Norman coast. He was on his way to Flanders. He went to work out his brother's release. He was sent, most unlikely of all, by Edward to bring William tidings that Edward had made him his heir. However that might be, Harold found himself in France, first a prisoner in the hands of the Count of Ponthieu, and afterwards set free by William, and treated with high favour at his court. That whole winter, 1064-5, the Saxon earl passed in Normandy, the honoured guest, but still the prized prisoner, of his host. William was not the man to reject the advantage which fortune had thrown in his way. Before he would let Harold go, he made him swear on some of those relics in which the age set such great faith, that he would help William to win the throne of England, that he would cede him the strong castle of Dover, and other fastnesses, pledge his word to marry William's little daughter; after which he was to have half England as his fief. When this solemn oath was sworn, the Saxon earl was let go with every mark of honour and splendid gifts. He took his nephew Hacon with him, but Wulfnoth remained behind a pledge of Harold's faith. The whole story of this visit, and the oath upon the relics, is not found in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. The Normans recount it at length, and the Scandinavian records mention it. We may be certain that the journey took place. The fact is there, but as we look upon it it wears a Norman face. The visit, the oath, and the return to England are alone to be relied on. Yet it strikes us as strange that if Edward really was bent on making William his heir, that the two, the one a lover of Normans, and the other a Norman born, should

not have agreed upon some written document, of which that age affords hundreds still extant, by which the kingdom should have been formally made over to William. No such charter has ever been hinted at, and failing it, we incline to believe that Edward's mind was not made up as to his succession till the very day of his death.

We have said before that the enemies of Godwin's house sprang from its own bosom. Sweyn had been the beginning of evil. His conduct first gave Edward an excuse for his breach with the family. Sweyn was now dead, but a worse foe to the family remained behind. This was Tostig, a man capable of great things, a brave warrior, a faithful ally, and of a generous nature. But he was restless and ambitious, always scheming to be greater than he was; a man who could bear adversity like a hero, but one whose prosperity was his bane; for he could never be content, so long as one step in life's ladder remained to mount. The characters of the two brothers are well drawn by the Anglo-Saxon writer, to whom we have been already so much indebted. He knew them well, calls them his "dear lords," and grieved for the loss of both alike. On the death of Godwin, he says the people were plunged in grief, mourning for him as the foster-father (*nutricium*) both of themselves and the kingdom; "but to his earldom was raised by the royal favour his elder son Harold, who was the elder also in wisdom, at which the whole host of England drew a deep breath of consolation: For he excelled in vigour both of mind and body, and stood above all the people as another Judas Maccabæus; yea, he proved himself even a greater friend of his country than his father had been, and trod in his footsteps by showing long-suffering and mercy and condescension to well-doers. But as for the unruly and thieves and robbers, like a champion of justice, he threatened them with the terror of a lion's heart and countenance. . . . And now that an opportunity offers itself, we wish to say something after the measure of our puny intellect about the lives and characters of these two brothers, which we think we do well to write, as well for the purpose of this work, as for the sake of an example to be followed by those of their posterity who are still to come. Both of them grew up strong, with a very fair and beauteous body, and, as we imagine, with equal vigour and equal boldness. But Harold the elder was of taller stature, and was more like his sire in his endless toil, watching, and endurance of hunger,—a man of great smoothness of temper, and with a readier wit than his brother. He was great in bearing reproaches—no easy thing; and never, as I think, revenged himself on any of his countrymen. Sometimes he would take counsel with any one whom he thought

trustworthy; and sometimes he would delay taking counsel till it seemed to some as though his course were less advantageous to his interest than it might have been. But who shall accuse either the one brother or the other, or any one, in short, sprung from such a father as Godwin, and trained in his school and by his care, of the fault of levity or haste?¹ But Earl Tostig was also a man of grave and wise self-restraint, though he was a little too bitter in following up an injury; a man endowed with a manly and unfailing firmness of mind. It was his wont to weigh the plans he had in his mind for the most part by himself, and to settle their order, surveying them to their very end by due consideration of the subject; and such plans it was not easy to get him to impart to any one. Sometimes too he was so wary before he acted, that his deed seemed to precede his plan, and this habit on the stage of life often stood him in good stead. When he gave gifts he poured out his bounty with prodigal munificence. . . . In word and deed he was well known for his adamantine steadfastness. . . . Both brothers were very constant in carrying out their undertakings, but this one, Tostig, fulfilled his purpose by main force; the other, Harold, by wisdom. The first in his deeds thought only of working out his will; the second tried to carry fortune with him as well. Both of them were sometimes so successful in dissembling their designs, that those who did not know them must have thought them the most uncertain of men. But to sum up all in one sentence, for those who read of their characters, no age and no country has ever reared two mortals of such worth at one and the same time."

From this account, which, we may be sure, was as favourable to Tostig as the writer, who evidently loved him, could make it, it is plain that while Tostig's was the strong will, often sunk in itself, moody and plotting, and then rushing to fulfil it, Harold's was the wise mind, and more open cheerful temper, which made him the favourite of the King and the darling of the nation. This fact was enough in itself to hurt Tostig's pride. Why was he too not England's darling? Why was he not Godwin's firstborn? Why was he to be for ever doomed to stand after and not before his brother? So it was that when Siward's death made room for him in Northumbria, his thoughts were distracted by the preference which both king and people showed for his brother Harold. His government too was severe, even when compared with his predecessor's stern rule, and while he punished ill-doers and exterminated robbers, it is hinted by the writer most friendly to him that he was sometimes led to hunt them down

¹ Some sentences of Harold's character are very corrupt, through the carelessness of the copyist, but there can be no doubt of their general sense.

by the desire to spoil their goods. Tostig was in fact an Anglo-Saxon Catiline, "*alieni appetens, sui profusus*." At last in spite of his half-Danish blood, the Northumbrians, Northmen and English alike, rose against him in his absence with the King, and marched upon York, where his chief strength lay. His housecarles and body-guard were slain wherever they could be found, whether Danes or English, and all his treasures, gold, silver, arms, fell a spoil to the rebels. He was formally outlawed by the Thanes, who sent for Morcar, Ælfgar's son, as their Earl. With him at their head, the whole North began to march south; Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and Lincolnshire swelling their ranks as they went. All the old Danelagh, in short, was up in arms, and lest it should come to war between North and South, Edward sent Harold to meet the rebels at Northampton, to listen to their grievances, and make the best terms he could. We have no reason to believe that Harold had any grudge against his brother, who seems, as far as we can judge from the charters, to have been constantly at his side about the Court. But Tostig was furious, and openly accused Harold of having stirred up the insurrection against him; a charge which Harold, as the writer of the Confessor's life says, with a sad allusion to his oath in Normandy over the relics, *ad sacramenta nimis prodigus*, answered at once, by an oath at the altar. Perhaps Tostig, by following the Court, and looking after the succession, while he left the government of his province to underlings, provoked the Northern Thanes, and made them demand a change of Earl. But Harold, however much he may have loved Tostig, was a statesman, which his brother was not; he soon saw that nothing would satisfy the North but a change. The King therefore yielded. The laws of Canute were renewed, which we may therefore conclude had been broken by Tostig. Morcar was appointed Earl of Northumbria, and Tostig, who, unluckily for England, was with the King at Britford in Wilts when the outbreak took place, and so escaped the fury of his people, had to leave England with his wife Judith, Earl Baldwin's daughter, and betake himself to Flanders, to his father-in-law, with the few followers who still clung to him.

This happened in the summer and autumn of the year 1065. On the 5th January 1066, the event happened for which so many were waiting, and for which some were so well prepared. After having at Christmas consecrated the new Abbey at Westminster, which he had built in honour of St. Peter and richly endowed, the meek Edward sickened and died on the eve of Twelfth Day, and was buried on Twelfth Day in the Abbey. "And," says one MS. of the Chronicle, "Earl Harold got all the

kingdom of England just as the King granted it him, and also as men chose him thereto, and he was blessed as King on Twelfth Day." The national records, therefore, say that Edward granted Harold the kingdom. The Scandinavian authorities go a step farther.¹ Some of them relate that when Edward felt his end approaching, he told those around him that William was to be his heir. "But," they go on, "when the sickness began to press him hard, Harold Godwin's son was foremost in all service on the King, as he had been before; and the King had given him the keeping of all his treasures. . . . It is the story of some men that when Edward was nearly come to his last gasp, and when Harold and few men besides were by, Harold bowed himself over the King and said, 'I call ye all to witness that King Edward just now gave me the kingdom and all sway in England;' and straightway after that the King was lifted dead out of the bed." Snorro Sturluson with his critical taste has cut out the passage about William, but he has kept the rest. These accounts both tell rather against Harold; but it must be borne in mind that the Norwegian story was derived in all probability from Tostig's descendants, who took root and thrived famously in Norway. Our own opinion is that Edward, like a weak man, put off the question till it was too late to settle it, and though with his last breath he may, very like Elizabeth, have been forced to say something, that something was of little worth. But, besides Edward's wish, there remained the will of the people, and that seems unanimously to have set aside the rightful heir, Edgar Atheling, and to have chosen Harold as the only man fit to govern the country.

The writer of the *Life*—who, it seems likely, was present, and certainly had heard the Queen tell the story of her husband's death—gives a most touching account of Edward's last moments. After having been speechless for two days, the Confessor suddenly revived, and prayed for strength to relate a vision. It was granted. Then he said that two monks, long since dead, whom he had known in youth, had appeared to him, and told him of the wrath of God which was about to fall on England. The chiefs in Church and State, earls, bishops, abbots, and all the clergy, were not what they seemed, God's ministers, but the servants of Satan; wherefore the whole kingdom was to be wasted by devils with fire and sword. In vain he had said, "I will show these things, by God's will, to the people, and they will repent, and God will have mercy and forgive." "Nay," was the reply, "they will not repent, nor will God's mercy reach them." "When, then, will the end of all this misery be?" "When," was the stern answer, "a green tree is hewn asunder

¹ *Harold Hardrada's Saga*, ch. 112. *Snorro Sturluson*, ch. 80.

in the midst, and the part hewn off is carried three acres from the trunk, and when it comes back without the help of human hand, and grows again as before, and bears leaves and fruit, then first will the end of these evils be."

A doleful dream indeed, and shocking to all but one who heard it. There was the Queen sitting on the ground and warming the King's cold feet in her lap, and Harold was by, and his Constable Earl Robert, his cousin, and Stigand, now Archbishop of Canterbury, and a few more. The one was least shocked who ought to have felt it most. Stigand, while all were speechless and aghast at the vision, whispered into Harold's ear, "The King is worn out with age and illness; he drivels and knows not what he says." Evidently a man of sense, and speaking very much as we imagine an English archbishop would now speak; but in those days quite before his time, for even the writer inveighs against him in no measured terms—complains of the wickedness of all orders in England, and declares that the Archbishop, who was evidently still alive when he wrote, "will be very late in repenting, and perhaps never repent at all, when he could dare to think that the sainted King, when filled with a prophetic spirit as the reward of his blessed life, should have merely been raving and wandering through age or disease when he told his dream." After relating his vision, the King, seeing that all stood round weeping, said, "Do not weep for me, but pray God for my soul, and get me leave to go to Him. He will not be reconciled with me unless I die, who could not be reconciled with Himself unless He first died." Then, turning to the Queen, who was sitting at his feet, he spoke to her for the last time: "May God thank this my bride, according to the careful tenderness of her service to me; for she has followed me faithfully, and has ever sat close to my side in the place of a dearest daughter; for which may she obtain from a merciful God a change to bliss eternal." Next stretching out his hand to his "foster-brother" Harold, "To thee I commend this woman, to take care of, with the whole realm, that thou mayst serve and honour her as thy mistress and sister with a faithful service; so that so long as she lives she may not lose her proper honour when I am taken away. I also confide to thy care those who have left their native soil for my love's sake, and have hitherto served me faithfully, that thou mayst, having taken them into thy service, if they wish it, defend and keep them; if they do not wish it, let them return to their own land, with all their possessions. Bury me in the monastery hard by, and do not hide my death, but tell it everywhere, that all the faithful may pray for me, a sinner." Then came more last words to the weeping Queen: "Be not afraid; I shall not die at all, but soon be quite well by God's

mercy." And then the pious mystic passed away. After death his face was "ruddy as a rose, while his snow-white beard shone beneath it like a lily. His hands, stretched out, were lean and fair and white, and his whole frame seemed as though it lay composed in sleep." So died Edward the Confessor, according to the account of a contemporary, and in all likelihood, of an eyewitness, of one who was besides the devoted friend of the Queen and all her family. It is remarkable that in this account no mention is made of Harold as England's future king. The most that can be made out of Edward's last words is that the Queen and kingdom were confided to his brother-in-law as protector and regent. Was it that Harold was only to rule the land till the true heir of the West Saxon line, the young and weak-minded Edgar Atheling, was of years and discretion to ascend the throne? However that may be, Harold as regent was *de facto* king of England, and so long as he could defy all foreign claimants, might look upon the kingdom as his own.

And now the base part of Tostig's character came out. He only saw his brother on the throne; that throne for which in his pride he thought himself fully fit. If he could only hurl him from it, no matter how, no matter at what cost of misery to England, the dearest wish of his heart would be gratified. It is probable that when smarting under his exile in the winter of 1065, he may have gone from St. Omer to visit his brother-in-law, William, and to arrange plans for the ultimate success of William's scheme. But the death of Edward showed them that no time was to be lost if England was to be won, for Harold's energy soon gained him the confidence of the people, and his power increased from day to day. One of his first steps seems to have been the re-establishment of the Thingmannalid, and this time as a pure band of mercenary soldiers mounted at the King's cost and serving at his expense. Besides this, he gave orders at once for fitting out a powerful fleet to lie at Sandwich, and watch the south-east coast. As soon as William heard of Edward's death and Harold's accession, he sent messengers to England to remind Harold of his promises and oath, and to demand their fulfilment. But Harold refused to be bound by a forced oath, and answered boldly that he would hold England as his own. William then resolved on an expedition, and summoned his barons to a meeting at Lillebonne, where he told them his plan. They made remonstrances, founded on the adventurous nature of the undertaking against a leader so powerful as Harold, and a country so rich and so strong in men and ships. But the Seneschal William Fitzosborn, at first pretending to be on the barons' side, got them to agree to let him answer for all, and then

boldly went before William and said his barons were ready to support him with twice the lawful number of men and ships. Though they one and all protested against this answer, yet William by his subtle management succeeded in persuading them to fit out a fleet of seven hundred ships. Up to this time Tostig was with him active in his interest; but now he was to take a more open part. William sent to many lands to beg for assistance in his enterprise, and amongst the rest he sent an embassy to Sweyn Ulfson. Who so fit to bear the message as Tostig, the Danish King's first cousin; and who so ready to invade England as the King of that land whose warriors were so renowned, and who had so often steered to victory in England? Tostig then went to Denmark; but though he went to further William's, he really pleaded his own cause. As he had promised William to stand by him, so he was prodigal of his promises to Sweyn. It mattered little to him how many foreign hosts he brought on England, so his brother Harold was overthrown; when that happened let the foreigners fight it out among themselves. In the turmoil between them the chapter of accidents might give him what he thought his right, the crown of England. As soon as he saw Sweyn he told his story, and asked for ships and men to win back his honour and power in England. Sweyn answered by asking him to stay there with him. He would give him a lordship there in Denmark, where he would rule in honour and might. "My heart is set," was Tostig's answer, "on faring back to my own lands in England; but if I can get no help from you for this, then I will make you another offer; and that is, to bring all the force that I can raise in England to join you, if ye will fare thither with the whole Danish host, as King Canute did your mother's brother." That was a tempting offer, and we see already how rapidly William's ambassador was melting away in the wrathful Earl. What he was now promising to Sweyn was just what he had offered a month before to William. But Sweyn Ulf's son was a wise man. He knew his own power. He had just ended his seventeen years' struggle with Norway. His land had lost thousands of men and hundreds of ships. His Denmark was not the Denmark of his uncle, nor was he the warrior that "Old" Canute had been. "Kinsman mine," was his answer, "by so much the more am I a less man than King Canute, that I can hardly hold Denmark against the Norsemen. But Old Canute owned Denmark by inheritance, and England by war and conquest, and yet after all it was for a while not at all unlikely that he would have lost his life fighting there. As for Norway, he got it without a battle. But as for me, I know the measure of my strength, and I reckon it more after my own weakness than by Canute's

valour." "Well then," said Tostig, "my errand hither is less weighty than I thought you, my kinsman, would make it for my troubles' sake. Now I must look for friendship in a less likely quarter; and yet perhaps after all I may find a leader in whose eyes a deed of derring-do looks not so big as it doth to yours, O King." So they parted not very good friends.

Tostig lost no time in seeking Harold Hardrada, whom he found not far off in "the Bay." To him he made the same offer that he first made to Sweyn. He asked for help to win back his own in England. "As for that," answered Harold, "we Norwegians care very little about warring in England, if we are to have an English leader over us; and to tell you the truth," he added, "men say you English are not always faithful." "Is it true," asked Tostig, "as I have heard men say in England, that King Magnus, your kinsman, sent men to King Edward, with a message to say that King Magnus claimed England as well as Denmark as his inheritance, after Hardicanute, as was laid down in their treaty?" "If that were so," rejoined the King, "why did King Magnus never get the kingdom that he claimed in England?" "And why," was Tostig's taunting answer, "have you not won the realm of Denmark, which Magnus held before your day?" "Ye Danes," burst out Harold, "have no need to boast against us Norsemen. Many houses and homesteads have we burnt belonging to those kinsmen of yours." "Well," said the Earl, "if you will not answer my question, I will answer it for you. King Magnus held Denmark as his own, because all the leaders of the land stood by him; but you could not hold it, because all were against you. King Magnus never fought to win England, because the whole people would have Edward as their King. But if you will win England, I will so bring it to pass that most of the nobles will aid you. I lack naught when matched with my brother Harold but the name of King. But all here know there hath never been born in these Northern lands a warrior such as thou; and methinks 'tis passing strange that thou shouldst have fought fifteen years for Denmark, and now wilt not stoop to pick up England when it lies at thy feet." If Tostig really made this speech, it proves that he was a subtle speaker as well as a bold warrior, for he seems first to have taunted Harold into a rage, then to have flattered his vanity, and at last to have convinced him that, with his help, the conquest of England was an easy task. The Saga tells us, that when Harold came to think the matter over, he saw that much that Tostig said was true, and in a little while the King was eager to invade England. Tostig and he had many meetings and much talk. The end was, that Tostig

acknowledged Harold as his lord and superior, on condition that he was to have half England as a fief. Nor did the tempter leave him till it was a settled thing that King Harold was to come west across the sea next summer, with a great fleet. In those days journeys were long and wearisome; there were no posts, no letters, no newspapers, no telegrams; news was news indeed, even if it were long coming. As soon as Tostig had made sure of Harold, he hastened back to Flanders, no doubt saw William, and told him that he might continue his armaments with good heart, for a diversion would be made from Norway on the north of England, about the same time that his preparations for falling on the south were complete. Whether he told William the whole truth must for ever remain a mystery. William probably looked only for an auxiliary, not a rival, from the North. Just as Harold Hardrada might not have stirred had he known that, after defeating Harold, he would have to fight it out with William. They were both, in fact, in Tostig's hands, and he played them against each other as puppets. But Tostig was himself a puppet in the hands of God, who had decreed death to the puppet-master and one of his dolls, while the victory was reserved for the other.

But our interest at present is rather with Harold Hardrada than with Tostig or William; we therefore follow his fortunes till he and Tostig met in England. As soon as Tostig was gone, and perhaps before, the secret oozed out that the raven banner was again to flap its wings, and that the cry all over Norway would soon be, "Westward ho, for England!" When the spring came, Harold sent round to every district and called out half the levies both of men and ships; half of the force of the country being all that was bound to follow the King to foreign warfare. As time wore on, there were many guesses and doubts as to how the fleet would fare; many talked of Harold's doughty deeds, and thought there was nothing that he could not do. Others, again, said that England was a land hard to win,—powerful and populous. In that land, too, were that band called the Thingmannalid, picked warriors from all lands, but most speaking the Northern tongue; men so bold, that one of them was of more good in a fight than two of the best Norsemen who were about King Harold. Even these birds of ill omen might have remembered the proverb of their race, which says, "An apple does not fall far from the tree." If these chosen men came from the North, why should not the North, the mother of warriors, send out others as good from her loins? When the veteran Ulf, Harold's companion at Constantinople, who had striven with him against the scaly crocodile in the dark and dismal dungeon, his most

faithful friend, and now his "Constable," heard such talk, he burst out into song :—

"What is this, O lady pale!
Young, I heard another tale;
When we Thingmen meet in fray
Two from one must run away?
Sure such fainthearts are unfit
First in Harold's ship to sit."

But this was the last effort either in deed or verse of the brave old man. His bones were not fated to whiten the field near Stamford Bridge. He died in the spring, and as Harold stood over his grave, he uttered this touching epitaph as he turned away, "Here lies one who was of all men most brave and faithful to his liege lord." The expedition was to set sail from the Solund Isles, for thence the passage to Shetland was shortest. By little and little the mighty fleet gathered itself together at the place of rendezvous; and never, say the Norwegian authorities, was such a fleet sent forth from Norway either before or since, except, perhaps, the armament which King Hacon Hacon's son carried with him to Scotland two hundred years afterwards. First and foremost of Harold's captains was Eystein the Gorcock of Giske, the trustiest of all his liegemen, to whom he had promised the hand of his daughter Maria. Besides him are named Styrkar the new Constable, Frederick the King's banner-bearer, and a bold Icelfander, Brand, the son of Gunsteinn, who had fled from the north of the island before the insolence of Eyjulf, the son of Gudmund the Powerful. The great chief, Step-Thorir or Thorir of Steig, the last of the strong generation to whom Kalf and Finn, Arni's sons, Einar Paunchshaker, and others whom Harold had slain or banished belonged, refused to come at the King's command, his excuse being that he was scared by a bad dream. To one who knows what names there had been and still were in Norway, it seems that the list of chiefs who went with Harold was rather meagre; but this is the way with tyranny; it can kill, but it cannot make alive again. It may banish, but it cannot always restore. One hour of the valorous Hacon Ivar's son, or of his kinsman Eindridi Einar's son, would have been worth a king's ransom at Stamford Bridge, but Eindridi was festering in his early grave, and Hacon a thriving Earl in Sweden. Still we cannot but believe that the flower of the land, both high and low,—all that the Danish wars and the King's red hand had spared,—went with Harold, for when the whole fleet was mustered at the Solund Isles, it numbered 240 fighting ships, besides small cutters and transports. Of these 150 were furnished by the freemen's levies,

or "almenning," the rest belonged either to the King or his Thanes. The amount of land force and sailors could not have been less than 20,000,—a most imposing armament for an expedition by sea from any country in any age. During the King's absence, his eldest son Magnus was to rule the land, and before he went the men of Drontheim acknowledged him as King. The second son Olaf went with his father, and so did his old queen, Elizabeth, who it seems in later years had returned to his Court. Her two daughters, Maria and Ingigerda, also went. Thora, Harold's second queen, the mare for whom he fought so stoutly at Nizza, was left behind. A bishop, of whose name we are ignorant, also went on board, and then the freight, doomed for the most part to speedy destruction, was full. When all was ready for sea, the King performed a solemn ceremony, quite in keeping with the age, and a fitting parallel to William's wretched relics, on which he had made Harold swear. Harold went to the shrine of his brother St. Olaf, unlocked it, and clipped the hair and nails of the royal martyr. This pious but somewhat needless process had been begun by Magnus, who kept the key of the shrine himself, and was in the habit of performing it every year. Whether Harold followed his example with the same regularity is not known. In all likelihood he now did it once for all, having seen quite enough of his brother's remains; for when the ceremony was over, he locked up the shrine and coffin, and cast the keys either into the river or into the sea; by which Munch reasonably thinks he meant to show that he thought the shrine had been opened quite often enough. What he saw of the body, no doubt, convinced him that the reputation of the saint might suffer as the Patron of Norway, if every one saw and knew that he was not able to preserve his own remains from corruption.

Harold now steered with the ships which made up his own suite from Drontheim to the place of muster, where he had still to wait some time before the whole fleet was ready. And now, as was natural, while men waited in idleness, and the bustle of preparation was over, not a few began to reflect on the magnitude and risk of the venture on which they were about to embark. The faint-hearted began to mutter and whisper, and as that was an age in which dreams and visions had their votaries, many a shadow of evil to come passed across the sleeping warriors' minds. There was no ill-feeling against Harold. It was a feeling of despair, not of mutiny; they felt that they were doomed by day, and by night they dreamt that they were doomed. So on board the King's own ship there was a man named Gurth, and he dreamed a dream. He thought he was standing on the King's ship, and looked towards an isle, and

there he saw a huge giantess ; in one hand she held a hatchet, and in the other a trough, and he thought he could see every ship in the fleet at once, and, lo ! on every ship's prow was perched a raven. Then the giantess chanted :—

“ Westward Ho with noise and rattle
Rushes on the King to battle ;
Helter-skelter, hurry-scurry,
'Tis for me they waste and worry :
Soon my ravens' darling brood
Will batten on their dainty food,
Titbits torn from sailors stricken ;
Where I am disasters thicken :
Where I am disasters thicken.”

Then there was another man named Thord, and as he lay in that ship that was next the King's, he too dreamed a dream. He thought he saw Harold's fleet make the English coast, and there drawn up on the shore he saw a mighty host, and each side made ready for battle, and there were many banners aloft ; but before the host of the enemy rode a huge giantess ; her steed was a wolf, and that wolf had a man's corse in his maw, and blood streamed from his jaws ; but as soon as the wolf had swallowed the man, the giantess threw him another and another and another, and he gulped them all down ; and that giantess also chanted :—

“ The Ogre bride that scatters ruin
Kens the King's misfortunes brewing ;
What avails his fame in field,
If she shows her blood-red shield !
Lo ! she plies the monster's maw,
Piling flesh 'twixt either jaw,
Till from out her loathsome store
All his fangs are red with gore :
All his fangs are red with gore.”

Nay, the King himself began to dream, and his vision was that he was north at Drontheim, and he thought his brother Saint Olaf came to him and chanted these verses :—

“ I, the King so stout in story,
Famous for all time to come,
Battles won and fell with glory,
Fell a Saint, and stayed at home.
But this fleet to ruin wending,
Rends my soul with grief unending,
Doomed to death and heaven-hated ;
Ogre-steeds¹ will soon be sated.”

¹ Wolves.

When an army begins to dream and do nothing, the sooner it is up and doing the better. Harold was too good a soldier to stay a day longer than was needful under such circumstances; and we cannot but admire the constancy and courage of men who, believing in such portents, and firmly convinced that glimpses of the future were often granted in sleep, could still, in the face of such ill-boding visions, steadily carry out their purpose and sail for England, to what they must have felt sure would be their common grave. A Roman army and a Roman general would have returned to Drontheim under such a warning of evil to come.

Now let us return to Tostig and briefly describe his doings in the interval between the winter when he saw Harold in Norway, and September when they met in England. In England, too, the public feeling was ill at ease. It was well known that Tostig was hovering about the coast eager to do harm; that William was fitting out an enormous expedition; and we can scarcely doubt that some intelligence of what was to be looked for from Norway, had not reached England. No doubt there were dreams and warnings there as well as in Norway, and to crown the superstitions of the people there appeared a comet as an omen of misfortune, on the 24th of April. Soon after it was first seen Tostig began hostilities by crossing over with all the ships he could collect on to the Isle of Wight, and exacting money and provisions from the inhabitants. From the Isle of Wight he sailed along the coast to Sandwich, harrying as he went. But Harold, whose fleet was hardly ready, now hastened with it to Sandwich, to give his brother battle. Tostig was not strong enough to put the issue to the sword. He fled before Harold, having pressed as many of the ships and their crews, the so-called "Butsekarle" or "Bussearles," that is to say, the sailors who served in the "Busses" or ships of burthen, into his service, and carried them off whether they would or no. With this force he made for the east coast, and showed himself off Yorkshire, sailing up the Humber and ravaging the Lincolnshire shore. But Edwin and Morcar were on the watch for him, and drove him off. Then the sailors whom he had pressed availed themselves of the strait in which he was, and made off with their ships, so that he was left with only twelve snakes or war-galleys, with which he betook himself to King Malcolm, who of old had become his brother-in-arms, but who in spite of that had cruelly wasted his earldom when he was away on his Roman pilgrimage. Now, however, he received Tostig kindly, gave him free quarters and provisions for himself and his men. Munch seeks the reason of this change of feeling in the fact that Malcolm had

just married Earl Thorfin of Orkney's widow, the famous Ingeborg, Kalf Arni's son's sister, by which alliance the Scottish King may have become Northern in feeling; but in all likelihood the reason of Malcolm's kindness may be found in the fact that Tostig, now an exile, was England's enemy, and at that time all the enemies of England were welcome in Scotland. After this rather weak attempt to hamper Harold, Tostig refrained from acting any longer alone. He had wrought mischief enough, and he might wait for others to fulfil the wickedness which he had devised. He found perhaps, too, that he was not so strong in England as in his pride he had weened. At any rate he could do nothing till his allies landed either south or north. But at this time whatever dealings he may have had with William in the spring, he seems to have made up his mind to throw in his lot altogether with Harold Hardrada, and to make common cause with him as soon as he landed. As for his brother Harold, as soon as his fleet assembled he went with it to the Isle of Wight, where it lay the whole summer, and guarded the south-east coast in combination with the land-force of the district. But in those days it was difficult to feed a host after getting it together. After remaining till September the provisions began to run short, and it was no longer possible to keep the sea. Harold then sent the land-force to their homes, and ordered the ships to sail for London, whither they arrived, though some were lost in a storm. All this while William was waiting for a wind, and thinking perhaps that Heaven had abandoned him; but Providence was helping him though he was upbraiding it, for when a fair wind came at last, and he was able to sail, he found the English coast unguarded. He was weather-bound three weeks. Had he come three weeks sooner, Harold's fleet might have met him, given him battle, and defeated him.

We left Harold Hardrada at the Solund Isles on the eve of sailing. At last, about the 1st of September, all was ready. So long had the laggards delayed him. A rattling breeze bore him over to Shetland, and, without making any stay there, he pushed on for the Orkneys, whither a portion of his fleet had already arrived. Hence he took with him the joint Earls Paul and Erlend, and a large force gathered not only from Orkney and Shetland, but from Man and the Western Isles. One of the kings in Ireland is also said to have followed Harold, whose combined fleet, when it sailed from Orkney, is reckoned at 360 fighting ships, besides transports, which swelled his force in ships to little less than a thousand, and in men to at least 30,000 men. In Orkney were left Queen Elizabeth and her daughters, and now the fleet steered for Northumberland. Off the Tyne, Tostig joined it, and did homage to Harold

as his liege lord. Sailing along the Yorkshire coast, they landed in Cleveland, or more properly Cliffland, and took hostages from the people; next they made for Scarborough, where the burghers tried to defend the town, but the Northmen climbed the steep scar on which the Norman castle now stands, and, looking down into the burgh, threw lighted fagots into it, which soon set the houses in a blaze. Then the townsmen yielded, and swore fealty to Hardrada. In like manner all the sea-coast was subdued to the Humber's mouth. Sailing up the Humber with little opposition, he passed up the Ouse as far as Riccal, a place about eight English miles below York. Here he landed, and left his ships, and marched towards York along the river-bank. The Earls Edwin and Morcar, who had gathered an imposing force, were not slow to meet him, and the two armies met at Fulford, a village not two miles from the city. Harold, like a skilful tactician, drew up his forces so that his left, which was also the strongest wing, leant on the river, and the other, which was weakest, on a swamp which lay on the right, along which ran a deep dyke filled with water. The Earls came down along the river-bank with all their force. Harold's banner, the famous Landeyda, or "waster of lands," fluttered on the left wing, and the Earls threw themselves on both wings. The result of their first onslaught was a success. The Saxons under Earl Morcar attacked Harold's right with such fury, that the Northmen, who leant on the dyke, gave way, and the English pressed on after them, for they thought that the foe had made up their minds to fly. But when Harold saw his men yielding their ground along the dyke, he caused the trumpets to sound for an onslaught, and made a charge with all the left wing upon the English in his front, for while Morcar threw himself on the right, Edwin and young Waltheof had advanced against the left. The charge was made with a vigour that nothing could withstand. Edwin's division was routed with great slaughter, and fled up the river-bank towards York, leaving ghastly tokens of the fight behind them on the field, in heaps of slain and rills of blood.

"Far and wide upon the plain,
Food of wolf and bloody rain,
Mingled all at once were found,
While the Vikings cleared the ground."

Having thus made short work of Edwin and Waltheof, Harold faced half about, and threw himself upon Morcar's flank, who, in his pursuit of the right wing, soon found himself between the Norwegians and the dyke. His fate was worse than that of his brother. If the English had before fallen by tens, they now fell by hundreds. Those who escaped the sword were driven across

the dyke, into the morass, which was so glutted with slain, that the Norwegians walked over it dryshod in pursuit of the English. Among those that perished the Norwegians reckoned Morcar himself, but this was a mistake, as we know from other accounts that he was saved, and fled. As is recorded in Haroldsstikka :--

“ Fallen they lay
Deep down in fen,
Waltheof's followers,
Weapon y-smitten,
So that Norwegians,
War-loving wights,
Waded the water
On corses alone.”

This signal defeat took place on Wednesday the 20th of September. The pursuit lasted till the remnants of the Earl's army got safe into York; but they were slain in numbers close under the walls. Marianus Scotus, a contemporary authority, reckons the number of slain at a thousand laymen and one hundred clergy. According to Bromton,¹ the site of this battle was well known three hundred years afterwards. York itself, with its Roman walls, was too strong to be taken at a rush. Harold therefore reduced the country round, and pitched his camp at a strong position near Stamford Bridge, which lies about seven English miles east of York, on the river Derwent. Here Tostig's help came into play. He knew the country well, and the leading men in each district, and it was no doubt by his advice that it was settled that deputies from the whole shire should meet at Stamford Bridge on a given day, to give hostages for their good conduct to Harold, and thus secure his good-will and protection. The burghers inside the city soon heard of this, and, not to be behindhand, sent messengers to the King's camp to treat for a capitulation. Harold, who was now in high spirits, and who thought that his power had taken fast hold of England, was willing enough, and Sunday the 24th of September was agreed on as the day on which the terms of the surrender were to be settled. On that day, therefore, Harold, either with the whole or part of his army, marched under the city walls, and held a meeting outside the city with the burghers. At this meeting the town's people bound themselves to find food for his army and to give five hundred hostages as a pledge for good behaviour. These Tostig chose, and we may be sure he selected those whose rank and position best fitted them to bind the rest. At the same time, as Edwin and Morcar seem to have withdrawn from the

¹ Bromton in Twysden, p. 959.

city, and the Saxon cause in Yorkshire was now at the lowest ebb, many waverers came in and joined the army of Harold of their own free will. These are the men so common in every age who are ever ready to swell the ranks of the winning side, and to whom fortune, with all their after-sight, sometimes brings stunning lessons.

And now everything smiled on Harold. He and Tostig were certainly within the walls of York on that Sunday, and we may conjecture took it formally into their possession, though it does not appear that the great body of the host ever entered the city. But next day, on the Monday, there was to be another solemn "Thing" or meeting, this time inside the walls, when Harold was to appoint new governors of the city, and deal out honours and rewards to those who, with Tostig at his elbow, he knew would be most likely to do him good service. At the same time, his full peace and love was announced to all the men of Northumbria, if they would make common cause with Harold and Tostig, and follow them to the conquest of the South. That night Harold would not spend in York—a further proof, if any were needed, that as yet the city was only formally his own. In the afternoon he withdrew, as was his wont, to his ships, proud and happy no doubt at the ease with which he had hitherto fulfilled his purpose. He and his men could sleep with light hearts, for was not York and all Northumbria their own?

Yet beneath this seeming good-will in York lurked guile and treachery. We know not what dreams Harold may have had that Sunday night. Perhaps he was too weary and excited to have any. But now was the time for the "Fylgia," the guardian spirit of his race, to have warned him; if dreams were ever any good. But Harold was "fey," and "fey men nothing can further," says the proverb. Yet Tostig, wary as he was, might have warned him that Harold Godwin's son was a dangerous foe, and that he was not likely to lose Northumbria without a struggle. Though they had not lost much time since they landed on the Wednesday, they had been off the Yorkshire coast for days. Those landings in Cleveland, and that blaze which they had lighted in Scarborough, had been a warning and a beacon to his brother, who, now that his fleet could no longer hold the sea, and William had not come, was ready for any enterprise. As soon as he heard that his Norwegian namesake was off the English coast, he marched night and day with seven bands of troops¹ to meet him, and bring him to battle. With

¹ There can be no doubt of this. Marianus Scotus, born in Ireland in 1028, and who died a monk at Maintz in 1082-3, has this entry in his *contempo-*

him came that redoubtable Thingmannalid, which was now at least a mounted body, and with them came also the king's body-guard, and gathering strength as he went, he was followed by the flower of the midland levies. It is not likely that the force on the south-east coast which had been out so long to no purpose during the summer, was called out again to march north. Thus it was that what with his own body-guard, the Thingmannalid, and the levies of the counties through which he passed, Harold Godwin's son reached Tadcaster with great speed on Sunday morning, while his namesake and his brother were still in York. Here he halted to muster his force and set it in array, and no doubt in the course of that day his adherents in York—and probably the remembrance of Tostig's tyranny was not yet worn out, and where he had one follower Harold had thousands—were well aware that their king was ready to relieve them with a mighty host. However that might be, Harold Hardrada and Tostig had scarcely left the city when King Harold Godwin's son entered it and lay there that night, keeping strict watch and ward over the gates lest any inkling of his arrival should be borne to the enemy's ships. This scheme seems to have been completely successful, and it speaks strongly for the ill-will borne by the people to the invader, that the fact of the march of a body of troops,

rary Chronicle, of which a splendid edition by Waitz, founded on a ms. partly in the autograph of Marianus, at present in the Vatican, is to be found in Pertz. Collection, vol. v. "1066.—Hetvardus rex Anglorum plus 30 annis regnans, obiit in natale Domini. Araldus sibi successit. Araldus autem, qui et Arbach (Harfagr ?) vocabatur, rex Nordmannorum minus mille navibus venit mense Septembri, Anglicam terram regnaturus. Qui Eburaci in autumnno plus quam mille laicorum centosque presbiterorum bello occidit de Anglia. Araldus vero rex Anglorum cum septem acibus (aciebus) belli statim pervenit, et cum Araklum imparatum absque loriceis et ceteris ejusdem rei invenisset, bello occidit, mense Octobri. Willihelmus vero qui et Bastart cum Francis intrant interim Anglos; qui cum statim bello occidisset Araldum regem Anglorum regit Anglos. Hoc anno cometæ stella visa est." With regard to the large force raised on these occasions, it must be remembered that military service "fyrd" was the bounden duty of every freeman. It formed the third of those inevitable duties for which no commutation was allowed, and from which no class, not even the clergy, were exempt. The two others were the building and repairing of bridges, and the construction of fortifications. All together, they were called "communis labor," "generale incommodum," or "trinoda necessitas." Whenever the King called, the owners of land were bound to follow him against the common enemy, and thus even if Harold had only left London with his own body-guard and housecarles, together with the Thingmannalid, and raised the country as he went, he must have had a great force at his back by the time he reached York. In the same way, after defeating the Danes, and while he marched south again to meet William, he would not only have started from York with a large force, but as he marched from London to Hastings he would have raised Surrey, Kent, and Sussex as he went.

amounting to tens of thousands, should have been kept a secret even for one night, when two mighty hosts lay within a few miles of each other.

And now the fatal morning dawned. Early on Monday the 25th of September, Harold Hardrada was up and stirring. Before he went to York he had to go to Stamford Bridge to secure the hostages, which were to meet him there from the whole province. It has been asked why the hostages were not delivered in York, and why he went at least a round of fifteen miles before entering the city. But it must be remembered that the arrangements as to the hostages had been made before York made signs of surrender. In distant parts of Northumbria it could not be known that York had yielded; all that was known was, that all who wished for the Norwegian King's peace, and the terrible Tostig's peace, were to send hostages to Stamford Bridge. Perhaps, in our ignorance of many particulars of those times, the bridge over the Derwent, where the Romans had built a strong "station" on the great northern road, might have been a well-known solemn place of meeting, and hostages would hardly have been hostages unless they had been formally delivered at that venerable spot. It is not unlikely also that Harold, as the right bank of the Ouse was in the hands of his enemies, had sent his ships lower down the stream to the junction of Ouse and Derwent, in which case he would not have had to make so great a round; but wherever his ships were, and for whatever reason, it is certain that he marched from his ships that Monday morning to Stamford Bridge.

But, as though he were going to triumph and not to battle, he went with only two-thirds of his force, one-third being left behind under his son Olaf, the Earls of Orkney, and Eystein the Gorecock, on the last of whom the command really rested. It was a lovely autumn day, and the sun, as it can be sometimes in England, was blazing hot. The Norwegians, king and all, all "twice fey," as they were going on a peaceful errand, would not take their defensive armour. Even the King left his darling "Emma," his supple byrnie, which clung to him like a "nurse," behind him, and like the rest went merrily on his way with shield and helm and sword, or axe or spear or bow. So they marched without the least thought of danger till they reached Stamford Bridge. We hear nothing of the hostages, and perhaps Harold saw nothing of them. But whether they came or not, we know that Harold and his host had crossed the bridge, and got a little way beyond it, when all at once they saw the dust whirling in the wind some way off, and among the dun eddy the blink of glistening shields and byrnies gleamed

out. What could this be? Harold halted his men at once, sent for Tostig and asked what this body of men might be who rode to meet them. "If I must speak my mind," said the Earl, "I think them likeliest to be foes, but still maybe they are some of my kinsfolk and friends, who are coming to seek your friendship and favour, and to yield instead faith and following." "Let us wait awhile," answered the King; "we shall soon see what they are."

They had not to wait long, as the nearer they came the greater their number seemed to grow, and when one looked at them their spears were as a mass of bristling icicles, that glistened in the sunbeams. When there was no longer any doubt, Tostig said, "Lord King, take now good counsel and wise counsel, for there is no hiding it any longer. These are foes, and take my word for it, the King himself leads yonder host." "And what counsel hast thou to give?" was Harold's answer. "First and foremost," answered Tostig, "let us turn about with all speed and make for our ships, to reach our arms and friends, and let us then withstand them with all our might and main; and if we cannot rout them, let our ships be our shield, for in them these horsemen will have no hold on us." This was sound and good counsel, and had Harold not been "fey," he might have listened to it, but his bold spirit was unused to turn, and he could not brook the thought that his foemen should tell that Harold Sigurd's son had fled for fear from before them. But says the Saga, "All men say that was the best and readiest counsel that Earl Tostig first gave, when they saw the hostile host, to turn back to their ships; but because none can further a man that is fey, they got skathe from the rashness of the king." "Not so," was Harold's reply to Tostig's good counsel. "I will try another plan. I will set our fleetest steeds under three of our bold fellows, and they shall ride as hard as they can and tell our men what is about to befall us; they will soon come to our help; for these Englishmen will still have a hard tussle ere they bring our heads low." "Have your own way, Lord," said Tostig, "in this as in all else. I am not so much more eager to fly than any other man, because I felt bound when I was asked for it to say what I thought best to do." First Harold made them set up his banner, the Waster of Lands, borne by the faithful Frederick, and then he set his host in array. First he drew them up in a long but not deep line, and then he bowed back the ends till they touched, so that the shape of his array was a large close ring, with an even front on all sides, shield locked against shield, with a bit of the rim lapping over to the left. He knew that cavalry were wont to run a tilt at their enemy, and then to fall back

again, time after time, and that was why he chose that array. Had he lived in our days, he could not have thrown his infantry, for he had few horsemen in his host, into a hollow square with greater judgment. The King's body-guard, all picked men, were to take their stand under his banner within the hollow ring, and there, too, were to be the bowmen. Inside it, too, but apart, under a banner of his own, stood Tostig and his body-guard. He was to watch the ring, and throw himself wherever any part of it might be hard pressed. But those who stood outside in the array must fix the butts of their spears into the ground, and turn the heads towards the breasts of each horseman who charged; those who stood in the next rank must aim their spear-heads at the breasts of their horses, and mind and keep their points so straight that the onslaught might fail. Above all things, they were to be steady, and take heed that the ring and the array were not broken.

Meantime the Saxon host drew nearer and nearer. It was, indeed, King Harold Godwin's son, with a force reckoned at twofold that of Hardrada; a gallant army both of horse and foot. As they were still a little way off, but when all that passed between the hosts could well be seen, Harold Hardrada rode round his array to scan whether it was drawn up to his mind. He was mounted on a black horse, with a white blaze on his forehead; and as he rode, his charger stumbled and fell under his huge rider, throwing him off forwards. That was a bad omen, but he had wit enough to turn it off by quoting a well-known proverb which says, "A fall is luck, if men are on a journey." Harold Godwin's son saw what had befallen the tall man on the black horse, and asked one of the Norsemen, of which there were many in his army, "Know any of you that tall man yonder, with the blue mantle and the gallant helm, who just now fell from his horse?" "'Tis the Northmen's king," was the answer. "A tall man and a proper man indeed," said Harold; "but yet 'tis likeliest that his luck hath now left him."

Soon after, twenty horsemen, who were clad in byrnies, and whose horses' chests were also covered with armour, dashed out from the Saxon ranks, and rode up to the Norwegian army. Then one of them called out, "Is Earl Tostig in this host?" "There is no denying it," was Tostig's answer; "here he is, if you wish to find him." Then the horseman went on: "Harold thy brother sends thee his greeting and this message: Thou shalt have peace and safety, and own Northumberland as thine own; nay, rather than that thou shouldst not cleave to him, he will give thee a third of all this kingdom." "This is another kind of offer," said Tostig, "than that warfare and insult which I had last winter. Had this been offered then, many a man

would now be alive who is dead and gone, and it would stand better with the might of England's King. But now, if I take this bidding, what will my brother Harold offer to the King of Norway for his pains?" "He has said something about that too," answers the horseman, "and what he will grant to King Harold Sigurd's son of English earth, is the space of seven feet and even a little more, as he is said to be taller than most other men." "Go back," said Tostig, "and bid my brother King Harold busk him to battle; the Norwegians shall have another tale to tell than that Earl Tostig parted from Norway's King when he rushed into the thick of battle and warred in England. No! we will all rather take one and the same counsel: to die with glory, or to win England with victory."

So the horsemen turned about, and rode back to the Saxon host. Then King Harold said to the Earl, "Who was this glib-tongued man?" "'Twas Harold Godwin's son my brother," answered the Earl. "Too long hath this been hidden from us," burst out the King. "They had come so nigh our company, that yon Harold ought never to have been able to boast of our men's death!" "You speak sooth," was Tostig's noble retort. "It *was* an unwary step of such a leader, and I saw well enough that it might have been as you say. Then we had been two very different princes; he came to offer me peace and great power, and I should have been his baneman, had I told whom he was. But I did as I did, because I would sooner suffer death at my brother's hands than deal him his death-blow, if it must come to that." Harold Hardrada spoke no more to Tostig, but turned away, and said to his followers, "That was a nimble little man, but he stood well up in his stirrups." With these words, he went inside his array of shields, and as he went he sang—

"Onward we go
In battle-array,
Byrnieless meeting
Blue steel to-day:
Bright helms are blinking,
But Emma I lack;
Our war-weeds lie wasted
Down by the sea-wrack."

But Harold was a most critical skald, as we have seen, and these verses, in the old simple metre, were not to his mind. "No," he said, "that was a badly-made song; I must sing another better," and with that he sang—

"Come! each warrior to the field;
Never creep behind your shield!

Where the onslaught rageth highest
 Odin's arm is ever nighest :
 See, the maid that winneth battles,¹
 Bide me bear my head on high,
 Where on brainpan sword-blade rattles,
 There to win the day or die."

When Harold ceased, Thiodolf his skald took up the strain, and chanted—

" Though the King himself should fall—
 God forbid—but God knows all—
 Never flying with disgrace
 Will I leave his royal race ;
 For the sun in upper air
 Never shone on fairer pair ;
 Noble eaglets, breathing ire,
 Worthy to avenge their sire."

Just before the battle began, Brand Gunsteinn's son, the Icelander, who alone of all the King's body-guard had not left his byrnie behind him, pulled off his shirt of mail and offered it to the King. But Harold would not hear of it. "Thou art a brave fellow," he said, "but keep thy byrnie for thyself."

And now the battle began with a charge of the Saxon cavalry on the serried ranks of the Norwegians. But brave as they were they could do nothing against that bristling array of spears. Round and round they rode to spy out a weak spot in that ring of close-locked shields. They could not even reach the Norwegians with their weapons, while horses fell and threw their riders, and many a saddle was emptied by the bitter shafts launched at them by the bowmen within the ring. At last they gave up the attack, and rode sullenly back. Thus far Harold's tactics had served him well, the issue of the first onslaught was all on his side : and so little harm had been done to him and his men, that even if the charge had been renewed, he might have kept his enemy at bay till the reserve had come up from the ships. But this battle, accepted in the rashness of the leader, was lost by the foolhardiness of his men. Harold's tactics, in fact, were before his age. They were too good for the discipline of his troops. As soon as the Norwegians saw the Saxon horse riding away, without waiting to see whether it was a retreat or a feint, they broke the rule which of all others they had been ordered to keep. They broke their ranks, unloosed the magic ring which had hitherto been their safety, and rushed in pursuit of their foemen. Harold Godwin's son now saw that the game was in his hands; he charged at once with all his

¹ The Valkyrie.

cavalry on the confused mass of the enemy, and rode them down man by man. Nor were the footmen idle, for they showered darts and arrows on their antagonists, who were overwhelmed on all sides. But when Harold Hardrada saw his men fall fast, he rushed into the very thickest of the fray, and tried with his huge strength to restore by prodigies of valour the fortunes of the day. Gathering a few chosen followers around him under his banner, he stood foremost in the front of battle, cutting his way onward through the Saxon combatants by swift strokes on either hand, against which neither helm nor hauberk were of any avail. Death or ghastly wounds were the lot of all whom Harold's sword could reach, and to use the graphic words of the Saga, "He strode through his enemies as though he were wafted on the wind." All about him thought the English could never abide such a fearful onslaught,—that they must turn and fly. But now came the wretched end of so much life and energy. As he stood thus bravely fighting, a stray arrow smote the Norwegian King in the throat under the chin. The gigantic frame tottered, a rush of blood spurted out of his mouth, and Harold Sigurd's son fell dead to earth. He had got his seven feet of English earth sooner than he thought, and to him who an hour or two ago would not have been satisfied with aught else than all England, these few feet were more than enough.

Most of those who had followed him in the charge fell round about him, among the rest the brave Brand, whose byrnie thus stood him in little stead. The rest retired beneath the banner Landeyda, which still flapped its raven wings aloft though its lord and master was dead. But the battle did not die with Harold. The loss of their King only maddened the Norwegians, and the battle raged with the wildest fury. Tostig, whose conduct this day might have redeemed the sins of a whole life, as soon as he heard that Harold was slain, and saw his banner still fluttering, flew to where it was, stood under it, and egged on the warriors to revenge their King.

But flesh and blood are only capable of a certain amount of exertion, and as the battle had lasted long, both sides began to flag, and at last the fight died away altogether, each host holding its ground, and taking breath for a fresh struggle, grimly eyeing the foe. This breathing-time Harold Godwin's son used in trying to put an end to the conflict, by offering the Norwegians, as well as Tostig, peace and safety. But it was too late. Though they knew their hopeless state, the Norwegians one and all shouted out that they would sooner fall all dead, one across the other, than make any terms with Englishmen. With that they raised their battle-cry afresh, and fell on the foe for the second

time. Tostig still led them bravely on, but at last he too fell in the thickest of the fight, and all seemed over.

Not so ; just at the last moment, up came the long looked-for relief from the ships, under Eystein the Gorcock. Both he and his men wore their byrnies, but the haste with which they had marched along that hot afternoon made them scarce fit for battle. However, at it they went with a will. Eystein seized Landeyda, and bore it bravely on. At first their eagerness to revenge their King and companions made them forget the toil of their march ; and their first onslaught in this third battle was so violent that they well-nigh put the Saxons to flight. This was known in after times as "the Gorcock's Bout," after their valiant leader. But at last toil and heat, and the superior numbers of the Saxons, who much overmatched them, told terribly on the thin ranks of the Norwegians. Many too fell and died without a blow, slain by sheer wrath and weariness. And so the valiant Eystein was cut off, with most of his men, and Harold Godwin's son could call the day his own. The battle had lasted from the forenoon till late in the afternoon, and then what was left of Harold Hardrada's host turned and fled for the ships, hotly pursued by the Saxons, who, even before they crossed the bridge, overtook them, and drove many to meet their death by drowning in the Derwent. Yet at the bridge they seem to have made a stand, where a few brave men held it against the Saxon host till their flying companions had got a fair start for the fleet. When all had got over, it was held, to his immortal honour, by a nameless Norwegian, who, standing there on the narrow bridge, kept it against the whole Saxon host, more than forty of whom fell by his hand. Against his good byrnie neither javelins nor arrows availed anything, and at last, in admiration at his prowess, the Saxons offered him peace ; but he only smiled disdainfully, and continued his defence till three o'clock in the afternoon. Then one of the Saxons launched a boat, and slipped down the stream under the bridge, and there, through the chinks in the planks, he thrust up a spear under the gallant man's coat of mail into his entrails, and so slew him. That man saved many lives, but his own name is lost.

After the leaders were slain, and the array thoroughly broken, all that was left for those who were still alive was to make the best of their way to their ships. One by one they stole back in the dusk of that September day to find a fleet with scarce a man to guard it. Among the few chiefs who outlived that bloody day was Styrrkar the Constable, a brave and ready man. He had the luck to catch a horse, on which he rode

towards the fleet, sword in hand and helm on head, but with no clothing save his shirt and drawers ; for in the heat of battle he had thrown away the rest of his attire. But as the sun fell the evening grew cold, and it got colder still when a strong breeze got up. Styrkar was in a fair way to freeze when he met a peasant driving a cart, who was clad in a long and well stuffed coat of sheep-skin. "Wilt thou sell me thy skin-coat, husbandman?" asked Styrkar. "Not to thee, if I know it," was the answer; "thou art a Norwegian, I know thee by thy tongue." "Well," answered Styrkar, "if I am a Norwegian, what wilt thou do?" "I will kill thee," was the clown's reply; "what a pity, now, that I haven't a weapon at hand." "Oh!" said Styrkar, "but if thou canst not kill me, let us see if I can kill thee," and with that he brandished his sword, and gave him such a stroke across his neck that off spun his head. Then Styrkar stripped him of his coat of skin, put it on, jumped on his horse, and rode down to the strand.

So triumphed Harold Godwin's son over his foes. His victory was complete. By far the greatest part of the Norwegian host, their King, and almost every one of his great chiefs, and though last, not least, that unruly spirit, his brother Tostig, had fallen that day. For generations after, the field of battle was white with unburied bones. The victory was dearly bought, for many Saxons, high and low, had fallen; but what matter; it was a brilliant victory, and such victories are not won without blood.

Nor were the Saxons satisfied with having driven the enemy off the field. They followed them hotly to their ships, and destroyed so many of them that there were few left. The writer of the Life of Edward the Confessor, who cannot bring himself to write fully of the struggle between his two Lords Harold and Tostig for fear of hurting the feelings of their sister, his patroness, only alludes to the battle at Stamford Bridge; but he does so in words full of meaning as to the utter defeat of the foe. "Who shall sing," he says, "of vast Humber swelling like a raging sea as the namesake Kings met; or how the waves of the sea were red with barbarian blood for many a mile, while the North wept at the direful deed?" Who shall describe "the Ouse forbidden to flow by corpses?"¹ So also one text of the Saxon Chronicle:

¹ Here are the original lines, for sometimes the writer of this interesting Life breaks into verse:

"Quis canet æquoreo vastam fervore tumentem
Hunbram congressum regibus æquivocis?
Sanguine barbarico per milia multa marinos
Tinxisse fluctus, flente Polo facinus."

“ On that day there was very stout fighting on both sides. There was slain Harold Harfager [Hardrada], and Earl Tostig also; and the Northmen, those of them that were left, took to flight, and the English behind them hotly slew them, until some of them came to their ships; some were drowned and some were burned, and so perished in divers ways that there was little of them left; and the English were masters of the field of carnage. Then the King gave ‘peace’ to Olaf the son of the Northmen’s King, and to their Bishop, and to the Earl of Orkney, and to all those who were left on board the ships; and then they fared up to our King, and swore oaths that they would ever keep peace and friendship toward this land, and the King let them fare home with twenty-four ships.” They came with almost a thousand ships great and small, and they left with twenty-four. Too truly had the dismal visions of the night been fulfilled. The wolf and raven had gotten a banquet such as few kings had ever spread for them. Could any lesson be more striking than that taught to all intending Vikings in Norway by the sight of these twenty-four ships sailing into the port which they had so lately left, then a little squadron, but now the last remnant of a mighty armada? Even the body of their King they left behind them, and there it lay in English earth till some time after, when King Olaf sent Skuli, the son Tostig, to beg his father’s body from William the Conqueror.

After chasing the fugitives to their ships, Harold returned to York to celebrate his triumph. The battle of Stamford Bridge had been fought on a Monday, three clear days before Michaelmas Day; and while he was busy burying his dead and counting his spoil, among which was that huge weight of gold which Harold Hardrada brought with him from the East,—a treasure so weighty that twelve strong men could scarcely lift it,—a messenger, who had spurred in hot haste from Sussex, brought Harold word that on Michaelmas Eve, September 28th, William of Normandy had landed at Pevensea with 60,000 valiant men. What follows is best told in the simple words of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle:—“ Then came Earl William of Normandy into Pevensea on Michaelmas Eve, and as soon as ever they got over, they built a castle at the port of Hastings. Then this was told to King Harold, and then he gathered a great host, and came against him at the hoar apple-tree, and William came upon him unaware, ere his men were set in array. But the King for all

And a little further on—

“ Vel Vusam vetitam corporibus fluere,”—

where Mr. Luard reads “ busam vetitum,” and where the ignorant scribe has mistaken the Anglo-Saxon *p* or *r* for a *b*.

that, fought stiffly against him, with those men who would stand by him, and there was great slaughter on either side. There was slain King Harold and Earl Leofwin, his brother, and Earl Gurth his brother, and many other good men, and the French were masters of the battle-field, as God granted them for the sins of the people."¹ So fell, on the day of St. Calixtus, October 14th, King Harold Godwin's son, and there no doubt fell with him the flower of the Anglo-Saxon soldiery. No nation could have withstood such slaughter of its bravest sons, as befell England twice within three weeks in that fatal autumn of 1066. The English loss in those two battles, the first at Stamford Bridge on the 25th of September, and the last at Hastings, on the 14th of October, cannot be reckoned at less than fifty thousand men; but even then the nation might have rallied had it not been for that unlucky arrow which smote our Harold in the eye, just as his gigantic namesake had fallen by a stray shaft in the throat. As it was, they had no leader; they were as sheep without a shepherd, and after waiting in vain for a chief, they sulkily submitted to the Conqueror, who was too wise to drive them to desperation till he had them more completely in his power. On the contrary, he swore on Midwinter Day, when Archbishop Ealdred crowned and consecrated him in Westminster Abbey, that he would be a kind lord to them, and "govern this nation as well as any king before him had best done, if they would be faithful to him."²

But our purpose here has been to write not so much of Harold Godwin's son, or his enemy William, as of Harold Hardrada and his invasion. Luckier than his namesake, he

¹ This is the text of the Chronicle, as given in Cotton. Tib. B. iv. The "hoar apple-tree" where Harold mustered his men, was evidently some venerable tree, grey with years, and well known as a landmark.

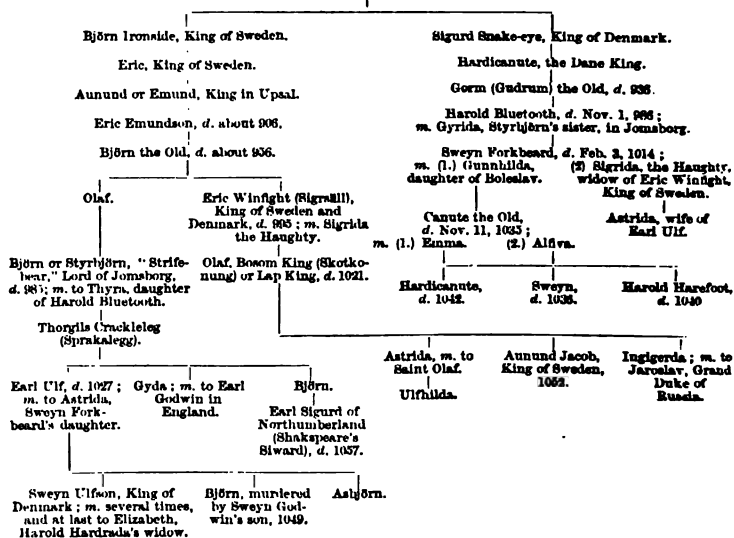
² The following Genealogical Tables, which are for the most part taken from Munch, will serve to show the alliances and kinships which existed between the ruling families of the three Scandinavian nations. It will also be seen that they often intermarried with Russian and English princes and princesses. It is curious to see how Tostig's son Skuli founded a great family in Norway; while Harold Godwin's son's daughter Gytha became the ancestress of Russian Grand-Dukes. We are also justified in supposing that Wulfnoth the "Child" was of Royal descent; for that title, like *Enfant de France*, was only bestowed on those who claimed kinship with the ruling race in England. It is this title "Child" to which Edward the Confessor alludes in his letter to Magnus the Good, when he says that his only title was "that of a swain of noble birth." This letter is only known to us from the Scandinavian Sagas, and the writer has evidently translated the Saxon "*cild*" by its Norse equivalent, "*swein*." But if Godwin could claim kinship with the Kings of Wessex, his sons were doubly royal. Their mother Gytha's grandfather, Styrbjörn, was a Swedish prince, and her grandmother Thyra was sister of Harold Bluetooth, King of Denmark. Though they were not legiti-

left his kingdom to his children, and the Norway which he had wooed and won so sternly, enjoyed after his death unwonted peace. In securing her that blessing, Harold Hardrada had the greatest share. He completed what Saint Olaf had only begun, and he succeeded where his half-brother failed. He broke the haughty spirit of the chiefs by his iron will, and stamped out the sparks of that unbridled liberty, which, if uncontrolled,

mate heirs to the English crown so long as Edgar Atheling was alive, they were still of the blood-royal of England on their father's side, while on their mother's they were akin to the kings both of Sweden and Denmark. An additional proof of what modern German jurists would call them, *ebenbürtigkeit*, may be found in the fact that a Grand-Duke of Russia chose his wife from their family, when its fortune was at the lowest ebb:—

RAGNAR LODBROK'S TREE IN SWEDEN AND DENMARK.

RAGNAR LODBROK, d. about 800.



THE ANGLO-SAXON TREE.

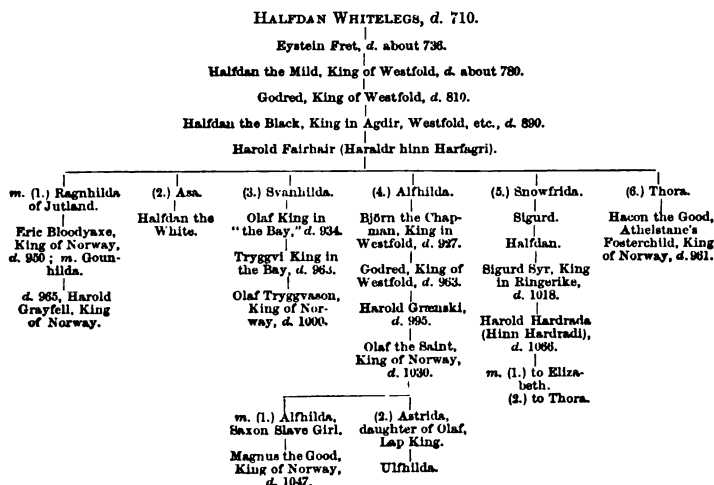
ETHELRED THE UNREADY, d. 1016 ;
m. Emma of Normandy.

WULFNÖTH THE CHILD.
Earl Godwin d. 1035 ; m. Gytha or Gida, Earl Ulf's sister.

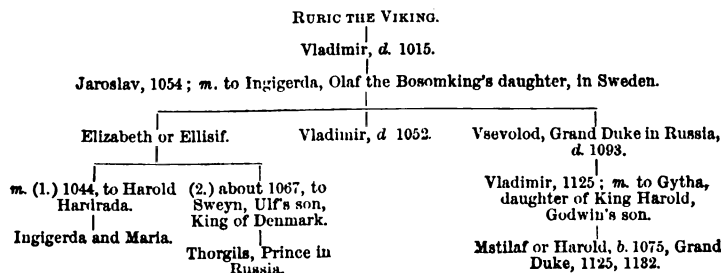
<p>Edmund Ironside, d. 1016.</p> <p>Edward Atheling.</p> <p>Edgar Atheling.</p>	<p>Edward Confessor, King, 1042-Jan. 1066.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>No children.</i></p>	<p>Editha : m. to the King, d. 1068. Confessor.</p> <p>Gytha : m. to Vladimir, Grand Duke of Russia.</p>	<p>Harold, Swoyn, d. 1068.</p> <p>Earl Toeni, d. 1098 : m. to Judith of Flanders.</p> <p>Skell.</p> <p>Numerous descendants in Norway.</p>
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would have made all government impossible. Though called "The Stern" in his lifetime, and though that title still clings to his name in history, his people acknowledged after his death the greatness and firmness of his character, which procured them the peace for which Norway was famous in the days of his son Olaf the Quiet. Some time after the battle of Stamford Bridge, most probably in the year 1069, when William was more firmly seated on his new throne, and the peaceful policy of King Olaf was well ascertained, messages of friendship passed between England and Norway, and then it was that Skuli, the son of Tostig, who was called King Olaf's foster-child, was sent from Norway to ask the Conqueror for Harold Hardrada's body.

THE YOUNGLING TREE IN NORWAY.



THE RUSSIAN TREE.



The prayer was granted, and then all that was left of that bold and politic prince was disinterred, put on board ship at Grimsby, borne to Norway, and at last buried at Drontheim. But if his heart was with his treasure after death, his spirit must have lingered in England, for it is expressly said that all that huge hoard of gold for which he had toiled so hard became the spoil of the Conqueror. Harold Hardrada was fifty-one years old when he fell. He was still fair of face and strong of body, of most majestic mien, to which his enormous stature contributed not a little. His hair and beard were light-brown; his hands and feet, though large, were well made. He, too, like his nephew Magnus, and like the meek Confessor, was "a royal man," and, like his nephew, he had but one blemish, in that one of his eyebrows was higher upon his brow than the other. So there at Drontheim those tall bones were laid by the side of St. Olaf, and Norway had rest for seven-and-twenty years.

- ART. V.—1. *Heaven our Home*. Edinburgh.
 2. *Life in Heaven*. By the same Author.
 3. *Meet for Heaven*. Do.
 4. *Our Companions in Glory*. By the Rev. J. M. KILLEN,
 Author of "Our Friends in Heaven." Edinburgh.
 5. *Tracts*. By the Rev. C. B. TAYLER. Religious Tract Society.
 6. *Tracts*. By the Rev. J. C. RYLE.
 7. *The Barham Tracts*. By the Rev. ASHTON OXENDON. London.
 8. *The Earnest Communicant*. Do. do.
 9. *The Pathway of Safety*. Do. do.

ALL human things are still, in a certain sense, if not quite in the Pythagorean, "resolvable by numbers." If we would understand the great motive powers of any age, if we would know how our fellow-men at any given period of time have been used to live, and feel, and act, we must have recourse to statistics,—the "old lamp," rusty and unattractive-looking, which, when brighter guides would fail us, can lead us through many an intricate passage of thought, and admit us into many a richly stored chamber of feeling. If to know the number of marriages taking place within a certain year leads us to an estimate of the existing amount of national prosperity, so from the number and character of books sold within any given period, may we predicate that period's leading tendencies. For to few books, as to few men, is it given to command the age they appear in. Of the myriads which have their "run," and are read by those who run along with them, it may be safely affirmed that they are carried onwards less by strength of inward impetus, than by force of outward stress and pressure. "The wind hath bound them up within its wings;" and, by fixing our eyes upon their flight, we may learn what way the wind is now setting. Viewing things in this light, we may find sermons and stories in advertisements, and discover a deep significance in the announcements now greeting us from the cover of every periodical:—

HEAVEN OUR HOME, 89,000 copies.

MEET FOR HEAVEN, by the Author of "Heaven our Home,"
 23,000 copies.

LIFE IN HEAVEN, Do., 15,000.

Thus, even in our work-day world, wherein it is often hard enough to find the meat which perishes, in our modern scientific world, which furnishes so many popular treatises on Astronomy, it seems that there is a great number of persons who do not so entirely live by bread alone, but that a book about Heaven will interest them!

Let us make every reasonable deduction from the enormous sale of books of a decidedly religious character; let us allow for the certainty of Sunday coming once in every week, and bringing with it a length of leisure which passes over more comfortably with a book in the hand than without one; let us concede that many of these books are read upon the *opus operatum* principle by simple-minded persons to whom one "good book" is, in a true and literal sense, "as good as another, if not better;" let us even grant that in many cases these books are probably not read at all, but that the prettily bound, gilt-edged volume, given as a parting memento, or sent as a far-off remembrancer, is kept thenceforth by its owner as a sort of literary and spiritual amulet, to be looked at rather than looked into; let us allow for all this, and we shall still find, in the hold which religious literature has upon the less educated portion of the community, the revelation of a deep and true devotional instinct. Man loves his home, and loves to hear about the way to it, the path which the vulture's eye hath not known. The steps to Heaven, though marked out by God himself, have been ever like those which the Pilgrim missed in the first outstart of his immortal journey, hard to find, apt to be obscured. Man upon such a path is thankful for small helps, glad of the glowworm's ray, of the rushlight in some distant cottage. And in the very titles of the books now before us, we may discern the voice of our common humanity, which says:—"Who will show us any good?"—of humanity, which "can recognise, even in an age of material prosperity like our present one, that this desired good, this coveted gladness, is not to be sought for in the increase of corn and wine and oil, were these never so abundant, but to be found in the deepened sense of God's goodness, in the clearer revelation of his Spiritual Presence:" "Lord, lift THOU up the light of thy countenance upon us."

Literature of this class, it is evident, must not be measured by the canons of ordinary criticism. Schiller has told us that a direct object in writing is fatal to a work of high imagination; but of books like these the aim is the very life, and soul, and strength; but for it they would not have been written at all, so that the question of their claims and merits is chiefly one of fitness and acceptability. These are books written to a certain end; do they meet it? They are addressed to a given area of intelligence; do they tell within that area? Do they, in short, hit their mark or miss it? And while we keep these distinctions in view, we must none the less bear in mind that the poem or story addressed to the uneducated or partially educated mind, with a directly religious purpose, has its own peculiar standard of excellence, even of perfection, and that this standard has been

reached, not only by masters of popular writing like Bunyan and De Foe, but in days more near our own, and by voices whose slenderer compass has been so truly pitched within their own limits, as to have awakened deep vibrations.

It would be easy, for instance, within the range of lyric narrative, to find a poem which, considered as a poem, surpasses Mrs. Sewell's popular ballad, "Mother's last Words;"¹ hard to find one so completely answering the end for which it was written, so fraught with the secret of true pathos,—that which grows out of the very nature of the things it deals with, the pathos that is entangled and involved in life, the sadness of the streets, that comes across us in the cracked tones of the ballad-singer, in the bare feet of the forsaken child. We have seen a class of adult criminals so sunk in the strange apathy habitual to those in whom the moral sense has lain even from infancy as an unquickened germ; so stolid and indifferent, that the voice of instruction and warning seemed to pass through them to the blank wall beyond; we have seen such a class roused, interested, awakened to life, to intelligence, to affection, through the mere reading aloud of this simple story. We have known them follow its course with eager, attentive eyes, with broken exclamations, with sobs, with floods of tears, as if there lay within it some spell, with power to restore them, were it but for a moment, to their share in all that is most holy and tender in our common nature.

Popular religious literature has then its true province, its lowly, its enduring triumphs. It is something surely to win entrance into hearts at which Shakspeare would knock in vain, something to be the treasure of the poor man's little shelf, the solace of his heavily burdened heart; to be, as is the case with more than one of these that we could mention, the only book, except the One Book, for which the dying care. It is something to be printed out in large text-hand, as we have seen the hymn, "I lay my sins on Jesus," and firmly pinned upon the pillow of a dying factory woman, "so that she might be sure it was always there,"—even as a hand holding out a leaf from the Tree of Life, as a light held out by Christ himself above the dark, thickly closing waters.

So that, if in the generality of the works now before us we are struck by a prevailing flatness, monotony, and want of feature, it is not because the literature they belong to lacks its undying classics, and these of various modes of excellence. First, and never without its charm for minds of a certain order, comes the direct religious allegory, of which the *Pilgrim's Pro-*

¹ See, as of kindred merit, a colliery tale in verse, *Perils in the Mine*, by Francis Wilbraham.

gross is the immortal representative; then, closely allied with the allegory, and awakening the same sort of interest, though by a less sustained and artificial method, comes an order of writing in which we know no such master as a writer, who, under the signature of Old Humphrey, furnished the Religious Tract Society with a number of beautiful little volumes, stored with "hints, observations, thoughts for the thoughtful, etc." The secret of this mode of writing is a very simple one, enabling its possessor to turn every passing incident to some moral and spiritual capital; it lays all the events of life under contribution, — a paper of flower-seeds, a passing regiment of soldiers, some chance observation overheard in the streets, such as, "So he died poor after all," the far-off sound of the woodman's stroke,—everything furnishes its contingent. Here the subject is taken up as if it were a little child set upon the knee, caressed and played with till its very heart is coaxed, perhaps teased out of it; it is a mode of viewing things which may easily degenerate into a sort of elaborate trifling, yet in skilful hands it is capable of humour, tenderness, and allegoric point, and is evidently rich in the same power of detecting the close yet obscure affinities between natural and moral life which makes the strength of our most famous essayists, which gives the charm to our most sweetly moralizing old English songs.

But with a yet stronger hold on the popular heart than these, and filling a far wider space in it, comes the religious story of familiar life, of which the narrative is, as it were, the woof and web, out of which, with more or less of skill, the moral is thrown like the pattern in damask or brocade. It is perhaps scarcely possible to over-estimate the attraction of such stories for the partially educated mind, to overstate the charm of finding the attention powerfully engaged, the hidden springs of feeling touched, dormant sensibilities awakened, the heart, the memory, the imagination taken captive in turn, and not let go until each has been blessed. In the last generation, Mrs. Hannah More and Mrs. Trimmer were unrivalled in a homely and persuasive mode of story, or sometimes mere dialogue writing, which struck home some religious truth, or some point of cottage economy, as straight as the arrow labelled "for Philip's right eye." Of the same date, and of kindred excellence, were some tracts, also by a lady, which enforced an important branch of social science, connecting the duties of Saturday with the privileges of Sunday, in two admirable stories, now perhaps forgotten, called *The Last and the First Day of the Week*. Then, as belonging to a more spiritual and also more poetic region, came Leigh Richmond's still unforbidden *Annals of the Poor*, a work, in its own line, of genius, where clear expositions of evangelical truth are set into

sweet and simple narratives, which in their turn are framed in descriptions of the beautiful scenery of the Isle of Wight,¹ exquisitely harmonized in tone and colouring with the human interest of the stories. We know few passages more pathetic than the visit of the good clergyman to the young cottager, where he finds the dying little girl asleep, with her hand lying on the open Bible, her finger pointing to the words, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom;" of few scenes more touching than her last affectionate parting with this, her soul's beloved friend and teacher; her sudden, sweet reply when asked by him in the course of a religious conversation,—

"What is the meaning of the word *gospel*?"

"Good news.

"Good news for whom?"

"For wicked sinners, sir.

"Who sends this good news for wicked sinners?"

"The Lord Almighty.

"And who brings this good news?"

"Sir, *you* brought it to me."

These books are, however, of the past, as far as such books can belong to it; in the present day, first, or we should rather say, as far as our own experience goes, alone in this walk comes the venerable C. B. Tayler. To turn from the ordinary range of religious tracts to one of his, is like meeting with a living flower in a *hortus siccus*, or seeing the handwriting of a beloved friend greet us from among a bundle of circulars. In these stories, the deep and intricate spiritual processes of awakening, repentance, and the turning of the whole heart to God, are so connected with our present life, and its familiar aspects of good and evil, that as the narrative goes on they seem to be disengaged from it, touch after touch, as naturally as the flower unfolds from its sheath. Mr. Tayler is at home with the poor man's heart and hearth-stone; great in "interior" pictures; he can not only by a few strokes bring before us the farm-house, with "all things in order stored," the comfortable cottage, the public-house, and the gin-palace, but admit us to what is passing within the minds of their inmates and frequenters; he can show us those deep things of man's heart and spirit, which it is given to few to look into, to still fewer to portray. Three of the most perfect of his stories, "The Bar of Iron," "The Vessel of Gold," and "The Password," are represented as being true in their leading facts; but even were it not so, they have a wider, even a universal,

¹ This scenery is also associated with Adams's beautiful and touching allegory, *The Old Man's Home*.

truth to boast of,—they are true to nature. The excellence of these tracts, as of all that in literature is really admirable, is of a nature too inwrought and intimate to admit of an easy separation from the whole to which it belongs.

No extracts, indeed, can give any adequate idea of the charm and simplicity of Mr. Tayler's writing; of the firm and tender hand with which he searches the deep original wound of our humanity:—

“With gentle force soliciting the dart.”

Stories like his are, as we have heard the word pronounced by some of their readers, “tracks,” leading surely into many a humble heart. We have yet to consider what may be called the tract proper, the page or few pages of warning, exhortation, or direct exposition of some passage of Scripture;¹ too often, we may say, its transposition out of the words of the Bible into language as far removed from that used in ordinary life as it is from that “large utterance” upon which our great English writers have set their enduring impress of power and beauty. And as we glance over this wide, yet barren region, we cannot help asking, whether the well-intentioned persons, through whose agency the press and Post-office are now flooded with tracts, intended to awaken the ignorant and hardened—the people who thrust these missives underneath doors, or deal them about like cards in second and third class railway carriages—do not altogether overrate the effect of reading of any kind upon the class in question. People who read seldom, and with difficulty, take in so little of what they read, that all experienced teachers of the poor are accustomed to read aloud to them whatever they wish to enforce and to explain. We have heard a tolerably intelligent adult class read verse by verse some part of the Sermon on the Mount, or one of the simpler Parables, with fixed and even painful attention, who, when examined upon what they had been reading, were unable to give any rational account of it, or even to answer the simplest question connected with it; they had, in fact, been construing the lesson, so engaged with the but partially familiar types before them, that they had never bestowed a thought upon the thing they signified, or entered into the sense of what they had been reading. It is idle, therefore, to attribute, as many of these tracts do, amazing results to

¹ In this department we know nothing equal in usefulness to the tracts and small religious books of the Rev. Ashton Oxendon. They are clear, simple and evangelic, holding out the great truths of salvation with a firm grasp, drawing the reader's heart towards them, as with a loving voice and hand. Mr. Oxendon has also the great merit of writing in short sentences, short, like the Lacedæmonian swords, yet reaching to the heart.

the casual reading of a tract by some lost and abandoned sinner. It is by "living epistles" only, speaking through the eye and voice and soul, that such hearts are ever reached. Judging from all we have known and observed, we should say that there is nothing for which such people (or indeed people in general) care so little as for a tract. Like good advice, the offer of it involves something of the impertinence connected with the assumption of a certain moral superiority, while its very appearance creates an unfavourable prepossession, as being neither pleasant to the eye, nor, except in a few rare cases, good for food, nor to be desired to make one wise. It costs nothing to the giver, and bestows no pleasure on the receiver, because it shows nothing of love, or care, or individual selection. We have seen very hardened women overjoyed and tearful on receiving some pretty trifle as a parting remembrance from the lady who had been instructing them. We have known such things as a pin-cushion, needle-book, or small religious picture, treasured for years by such people, kept perhaps only as a charm, but still kept through many long and evil wanderings, when a tract would probably have been torn up before they left the cell of their prison.

This is a digression, yet one which, it may be hoped, will be pardoned for the sake of its intimate connexion with the subject in hand. It is not, however, the ignorant and hardened, but a more cultivated and spiritually advanced class of readers, that are addressed in the books we now turn to. If our ears, in the region of the tract proper, have been unsoothed by

"Aught of oaten stop or pastoral charm;"

if we have thought that, under a literary aspect, all was barren, we shall see, in the books now before us, *Heaven our Home*, *Life in Heaven*, and *Meet for Heaven*, the desert blossom into a strange luxuriance of words, as astounding, looked upon merely as a feat, as is any that legerdemain can boast of, and the mere contemplation of which leaves the reader very much in the state of the honest citizen in the *Spectator*, who, supping at Vauxhall, saw the waiter cover his plate with slices of ham, without increasing the weight of it by half an ounce! There is something positively magical in the way in which, in these books, words are piled upon words and sentences, after the manner of a nest of Japanese boxes, involved within each other without being in any way connected. Here the most everyday ideas are clothed in such grandiloquent language, that we think that they must be often, like Fuller's yeoman on a gala-day, "blushing at their own bravery;" and the most familiar truths are made to pass through a series of transformations under which they must some-

times forget their own origin and lineage. We are all, for instance, acquainted with a certain sublime passage, which tells us that upon a day known only unto the Lord, "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up;" but let us listen to an improvement upon St. Peter:—

"The heavens are to be dissolved, the visible heavens, the sun, the planets, the stars; these are one day, like the gas-lamps throughout the streets of a city when the morning sun looks out upon its awakening inhabitants, to be blown out by the breath of Him whose *omnific* (!) word gave them existence. They will one day be missed, when the inhabitants of heaven look forth and see them no longer rolling in their several orbits in which they have revolved. The angels of God, and the saints who will then be in glory, will look forth and see the orbit dark and deserted along which the bright sun once travelled, while the *poor sun* himself is lying in the *grave of the original nothingness* out of which he arose, when at God's call he made his appearance on the stage of existence, and took his assigned place among the works of God's hands. The maiden moon, in her quiet, pale serenity, which for nearly six thousand years has been reflecting the sun's light, and has been gliding along in her orbit through the sky amidst the music of the spheres,—that moon, which has so long, to the imaginations of the poets of earth, appeared to be one of the brightest gems that gleam and sparkle upon the crown that encircles the brow of old Night, will one day be looked for and anxiously inquired after by the countless assemblies who stand before the throne of God; but she will have disappeared for ever. The stars are one day to fall from the *firmament*, and strew the plains of annihilation. This earth, upon the surface of which so many of the human family are living, and in the bosom of which so many of the dead are now sleeping, is one day to melt, dissolve, and disappear, like snow from one of its mountain-summits when the sudden thaw descends upon it. Say not, sceptic, that this cannot be."—(*Life in Heaven*, p. 10.)

Let no one wonder, after this specimen of amplification, that we should have three books upon the same subject. Why not three hundred? What can be woven by the ell and yard, may be easily made to extend over the mile and acre. Easy writing, however, it is well known, may prove uncommonly hard reading. "What a tedious sermon Mr. — has preached," was an observation once made on a Sunday's homeward walk, "and what a long one; I thought he never was coming to an end!" "On the contrary," was the more critical rejoinder, "the end surprised me greatly; there seemed no reason why it should not have gone on for ever." Every true composition, it is evident, contains within itself the hint and prophecy of completion; its end is foreseen in its beginning. But in such writing as we are

now concerned with, there is no centre, no sequence, no principle of natural cohesion ; its architecture is like that of a feverish dream, a complication of never-ending stairs and galleries that lead to nothing. And the subject of the books in question is, for such a style, a very happily chosen one, for the possibilities of heaven are at once unbounded and undefined, leaving room for the hazarding of wide conjectures. First, as to its geographical position, or, to speak more euphuistically, "the exact locality which heaven occupies in the great pavilion of space," we are told that "the Scriptures do not attempt to define to us the exact region where it is situated ; indeed," the author adds, with becoming diffidence, "I am not sure that they could have done so, on account of the difficulties, familiar to the childish mind, introduced by the Copernican system, which would make it, like Australia, at one time above our heads, at another beneath our feet,"—(*Heaven our Home*, p. 11.) A little further on he tells us that those who are in heaven possess a knowledge of it independently of the descriptions of the Bible !! a fortunate circumstance for these blessed spirits, as in another place it is stated, as an absolute certainty, "that the redeemed from earth have left their Bibles behind them."

We have all seen old-fashioned maps, in which the large blank spaces left in the interior of Africa and other unexplored regions are relieved by a drawing of a lion, an elephant, or "a salvage man." This hint has not been lost sight of in the present volumes, where the vacuum left by the absence of specific data with regard to a country from which no traveller has yet returned, is filled, from time to time, by long imaginary conversations, first, between Jacob and Rachel, "two seemingly much attached saints ;" between David and Jonathan ; between Paul and Onesimus ; broken sometimes by a rather diffuse monologue from some less sociable spirit, or passing, through the addition of a third, into what would have been called in the last century, "a conversation picture." We are thus introduced to Martha, Mary, and Lazarus, to Abraham, Job, and Lazarus (of the parable). And a little farther on we find Newton, Locke, and Bacon "seated in calm serenity and interesting discourse," and next, as a concluding triad, Milton, Cowper, and Pollok. Selection is indeed difficult amid "the barbaric gold and gems" with which these discourses are strewn. Cowper, speaking of his former melancholy, says, "The horror of deep darkness descended upon me, which appeared like the plumed hearse of a lost eternity, followed by all the stars of heaven in black, and moving slowly and solemnly towards me." Here Abraham, seated with his friends under overarching trees,

their eyes again and again directed towards the great abyss that is stretching before them and beneath, remarks :—

“Is it not the arrangement of a particular providence that has led God to place yonder awful hell full in the view of this glorious heaven?—*for the sight of what the lost are enduring makes the praises of heaven louder and sweeter.* This sight also is one of the subordinate means by which the inhabitants of heaven are established in their eternal righteousness and obedience. It is in the Lord Jesus, our new covenant Head, that we are to be supremely established here in the covenant of our God for ever. I see the rich man weltering in a sea of liquid flame; the roaring and unquenchable flames of damnation are blazing around him. He deliberately, and as a free agent, chose his eternal portion. I hear his cry for help. Oh! it is a terrible thought that even a God of mercy, whose love is so great, and whose compassions are infinite, who has all power in his own hand, and can do as he will, cannot listen to his cries, cannot send him help, and cannot save him now.”

It is but justice, however, to say that this somewhat austere passage stands alone in the three books in question; their tone, as regards feeling, is kindly, Christian, and expansive; they contain nothing to wound the moral instinct, or to make the heart rise up in sudden wrath; in this respect strongly and favourably contrasting with the general tone and feature of the class of literature they belong to. In most books which are at once “popular” and “religious,” the crudity of theological speculation is so utterly shorn of that harmonizing medium through which spirits more comprehensive and hearts more tender have been used to contemplate the things that the angels desire to look into, that to take up a tract is to be at once removed to some point, perhaps the very one for which Archimedes sighed, equidistant from heaven and earth—how far from either it would be indeed hard to say!—where earth, with all its warm and loving interests, seems to have dwindled to a remote speck, without our feeling ourselves one degree nearer heaven. To say that these writings show no sense of the beauty and glory of God’s visible creation, of the excellence of human reason, of the worth and sweetness of human affection, of the mystery, sadness, and complexity of this our mortal life upon earth, is to say little. Their want of sympathy with Man, even as regards the outward and manifest trials of our common lot, their inability to enter into life’s deeper perplexities, its more searching temptations, its obscurer sufferings; their imbecile ignorance of all that in our complex nature goes to make up the springs of human motive and action, are so palpable, as to have made us, in some cases, almost doubt as to whether they have been written by men at all; they bear not Cæsar’s image, nor his superscription, rather that of a steel pen, self-guided,—so grating is all, so

metallic, harsh, as if coming through "scranne pipes," within which the still, sad music of humanity has never penetrated.

The Rev. Mr. Killen, in *Our Companions in Glory* (page 184), informs us upon what, to less learned persons, appear rather slender critical data, that the children whom Jesus took up in his arms and blessed, were the children of believing parents:—

"Christ does not say, 'Suffer little children,' but 'Suffer **THE** little children,' that is, such little children, 'to come to me and forbid **THEM** not.' The little children of His believing people, then, are those of whom He speaks, and of them alone. In Matt. xviii. 14, our Lord is pleased to assure us that '*It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of **THESE** little ones should perish.*' What may be His pleasure with regard to the children of others He tells us not; but of the children of His people He most emphatically declares that '*or **SUCH** is the kingdom of God.*'"¹

The Word of God contains some severe and awful denunciations against such persons as shall at any time alter or pervert its everlasting simplicity. We know not how these may be more surely incurred than by such a wicked and unscriptural limitation of the blessing, pronounced not upon this or that child, but upon Childhood itself, by Him who, "beholding its innocence," was pleased to make that innocence a type of the regeneration which is man's regained Paradise, and to say, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of heaven."

"Some excellent persons," the same author remarks further, "maintain that all children are saved, and deduce from the general benevolence of the Deity, an argument to the effect that the punishment of little children is quite repugnant to the nature of Him whose very name is LOVE. What, however, is truly worthy of a Deity who is *most holy* and *just* as well as good, must be determined, not so much by our *fancies* on the subject, as by solemn and indisputable *facts*. Now, is it not an awful *fact* that God *has* often punished little children? Were not multitudes of infants drowned in the flood? Were not little children burned with their parents in fire and brimstone when God overthrew the cities of the plain? Did not a righteous and holy God order the *infants*, as well as the adults, of the Canaanitish nations to be slaughtered by the Israelites? In the days of Ezekiel, when God determined to punish Jerusalem for her sins, was not His command, 'Slay utterly old men and young, both maids and **LITTLE CHILDREN** and women'? (Ezek. ix. 6.) If we see God thus punishing parent and child indiscriminately in this world, who dare blame him—seeing both are depraved and fallen—should He, carrying out the same principle, think proper to punish them in the world to come? All are children of wrath, and all, therefore, might righteously be

¹ The italics and small capitals so in the original.

made amenable to punishment. We state these things, however, not for the purpose of saying what God actually does with the children of the wicked in eternity—whether He punishes, saves, or annihilates them—but merely to show what He might justly do, and to point out the danger of dogmatizing on so dark and difficult a theme.”

In spite, however, of this acknowledged difficulty, the reverend gentleman continues to labour his point with strong instance and perseverance. It troubles him to find (page 199)—

“That some should argue that God spared Nineveh solely on account of the hundred and twenty thousand children it contained, when Jonah makes mention also of ‘much cattle’ as a reason for that enity; and the mention of the cattle is of itself sufficient to show the absurdity of drawing any conclusion from such a declaration with regard to the futurity of the creatures there spoken of. Some,” he adds, “have brought forward the case of the child whom Uriah’s wife bore to David as a proof of the salvation of all infants. Such must surely have forgotten that, notwithstanding the melancholy circumstances (!) connected with its birth, yet that this child was the child of a true believer, and is therefore an illustration of the truth, not that all children are saved, but that the deceased infants of believers are saved, in virtue of the gracious covenant God has established with their parents, and notwithstanding the occasionally aggravated (!) sins of their parents themselves.”

The writer, however, who can speak of adultery and murder in terms of such careful mitigation, reserves his severity for an offence committed by less conscious and responsible agents. It is the being born into the world, and not what we may do when once in it, which, according to this theologian’s view of the divine system of morality, constitutes the chief, original transgression, the “great offence” for which all infants, saving the elected few, are to be “punished.”

“Let us not, then, be deluded for a moment by the error that infants are poor little innocent creatures. So far from this being the case, we are assured that ‘*they go astray as soon as they are born, speaking lies.*’ [We have seen, alas, in a day too fertile of them, many ‘*Infant Phenomenons,*’ but not one of this exact species, able to walk and talk so *very* soon!] Their mere infancy is no evidence of their purity, or security for their safety, for *embryo* wickedness is there; they may not have had time to commit any sinful acts, but they are partakers of a sinful nature. Nor need it be argued that it would be unjust in God to destroy these infant sinners. It would be no such thing. As the offspring of a rebel subject, and as creatures who are themselves depraved by nature and rebellious at heart, Jehovah might righteously consign them to hopeless misery; for as surely as the ferocity of the tiger exists in embryo in its newly-born offspring, so does deep depravity lie embedded in the nature of every babe, and time alone is

required for its manifestation in actual transgression. As an order to root out and destroy all the poisonous and pernicious members of the forest might be rightfully carried into effect on the youngest as well as the oldest individuals of the vegetable world, so the condemnation of Heaven against our race might justly have been executed upon the entire of our species, so as to have embraced in its fell swoop the youngest sprigs and buds, as well as the most fully developed branches of the tree of our fallen humanity."

Enough, however, of these atrocities. A paper like the present affords little opening for the consideration of the deep mysteries which underlie all such questions as that of universal infant salvation; little space for the inquiry as to how completely in the case of those who die before they commit actual transgression, the hereditary taint of our nature, may be considered to be taken away, so that when looked for it shall be found no more, by Him who in that nature once offered himself as a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, satisfaction, and oblation for the sins of the whole world. Nor need we bestow much comment upon the perverted logic which would found upon the fact that the innocent suffer with the guilty in this world, an argument for their being punished (for being innocent) in the after one, when the admitted fact that in a broken and disorganized system they do so suffer, has furnished men like Butler and Paley with a strong inferential evidence in favour of a future all-compensating existence in a world "wherein dwelleth righteousness."

We are, however, as we have said, considering these writings less under a theological than under a literary and human aspect, and, looking at the foregoing extracts in this view, we would especially dwell upon their prevailing want of humanity, and their utter deadness of sensibility to whatever is tender and pitiful. We would draw attention to this, and also to a tone and manner of writing unspeakably coarse and flippant, we would even say jeering, peculiar to this description of religious tract, because they are class features, marking more or less strongly our cheap devotional literature as a whole. Looking at such books as literature, we should simply say with Dante—

"Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa."

Their authors, considered as writers, have little, it is evident, to be answerable for; not to them has been committed any ray or fraction of the vision and the faculty divine. Of insight, tenderness, of the charm that can allure attention, of the power that can enchain it, they are alike guiltless; they are not in a literary sense accountable for even the keeping of the one talent; it is as teachers only that their true responsibilities begin; and

it is as teachers, as the self-constituted guides of the pious and unlettered poor, that we have to lay to their charge more weighty offences than any which can be committed against taste or sensibility. It is in this province that we hold them self-condemned, in the first place, of setting before their readers a false and distorted view of the Divine character; and, in the second, of lowering the standard of Christian morality through the presentation of an utterly meagre and inadequate conception of Christianity itself.

Now, the first of these charges, if we are able to prove it to be a substantial one, involves surely no light offence. Not long ago, we read an affecting account of how a poor youth, blind and deaf-and-dumb from his birth, aided by the infinite perseverance of a kind teacher, had passed through a slow acquaintanceship with outward objects into the gradual conception of a great cause of causes. This teacher was one night alarmed by an unusual noise, and hastening to his pupil's room, heard, from his dark bed-side, the strange heart-moving sound of a loud, uncouth voice, expressing over and over again, "I am thinking of God; I am thinking of God." We are not set down as was this poor boy in the midst of a blank unintelligible world, "without form and void," to feel after God, if haply we may find him. Yet what "we think about God," what idea each one of us, in the deep and ground of his heart forms to himself of the great Power who has called him out of nothing into conscious life and responsible action, must be to every rational being the most important of all ideas, a thought which influences every other thought. "The worth and excellency of a soul," says Seougall, "is to be judged of by the object of its love," and the character of worship and of worshipper alike, will be ever found to depend upon the supposed attributes of the Being worshipped. It is the altar which sanctifies the gold; it is the Object and not the sentiment of belief which has power to purify and elevate the soul of the believer, and even the frankincense of faith and adoration, the costliest incense which can ascend from the spirit and the soul of man, possesses no inherent virtue to save it from turning to its own decay. If we turn to olden times, the average Greek seems to have been more religious than the average Christian, his whole public and private life being so interpenetrated by a sense of relation to the gods, that few transactions or events in either were unconsecrated by prayer. Every father of a family exercised the office of a priest in his own house; yet Plato tells us that men who had private altars and sanctuaries grew more hardened in iniquity and all kinds of vice, by reason of the prayers and sacrifices through which they there believed themselves able to appease and pro-

pitiate the gods. And to come to days more near our own, the Breton wrecker, who asks for "a good shipwreck," the superstitious peasant, who hangs up his votive offering in the chapel of our Lady of Hatred, pray, it is probable, as sincerely as they pray erringly; even the poor African, the most materialistic of all idolaters, believes in his fetish, his thing of brass or wood or iron; and of each one of these we may say, that "even as he thinketh in his heart, so is he." The heart grows up, the heart declines towards its Ideal, and the level of the worshipper's moral stature may always be taken from the standard at which his adoration is fixed. No greater injury can then be inflicted on humanity than that of darkening or lowering its conception of that which is Divine; and foremost among the blessings which we owe to Revelation, must we place that of having raised and fixed the idea of God, of having shown us plainly of the Father, a Father coming out to meet us. The gospel in the person of Christ Jesus, and in the deep utterances of the Holy Spirit, has made known to us the mind and nature of God; it has set fellowship with this nature before us as the highest attainment of which our own nature is capable; it has made eternal life to consist in the knowledge of God; it has placed spiritual blessedness even here in a "partaking of the Divine nature;" it has given to faith its needed object, to love its ever-during stay in communion with a Being infinite not only in power but in goodness. And what is there in the tracts now before us to answer to the idea of that which the heart claims, which the gospel responds to, the idea of one who "is a just God, and yet a Saviour?"

The following extract is from a tract taken up accidentally. It is marked, "The Weekly Tract, No. 393," and headed—

" GOD WAITING.

" 'Therefore will the Lord wait that he may be gracious unto you.'—ISA. xxx. 18.

"What a marvel of patience—what a miracle of kindness—what a mystery of love do these words indicate! Jehovah waiteth, my reader, that He may be *gracious* to you. Why should He thus wait?

"*Not because he cannot do without your reconciliation to Him.*—He is the ever-blessed—the ever-happy God. He was so through a past eternity when you had no existence, and it cannot, therefore, be imagined that the joys of His being are suspended on the movements of one whose 'foundation is in the dust,' and who is 'crushed before the moth.' He could destroy our world. He could remove all the systems that people the universe. He could dispense with the existence of the myriads of angels that with songs encircle His throne. He could wheel all creation into the gulf of absolute nothingness, and the infinite resources of His own blessedness be unimpaired. He can, therefore, do without *you*. To suppose that your frown is so awful—that

your smile is so desirable, that the one must be removed and the other kindled ere the omnipotent—the independent, can proceed in the execution of His purposes, is absurd. ‘If thou be righteous, what givest thou Him? or what receiveth He of thine hand?’ (Job xxxv. 7.) Yet, He ‘waiteth to be gracious.’ Why?

“*Not because He is under any obligation to wait.*—No such obligation exists. The law makes no provision for the thunderbolts of divine vengeance being averted from the man who violates it, and truth cannot utter a single consideration that ought to impede the descent of the curse now hanging over you, ready to explode. On the contrary, the law saith, ‘The soul that sinneth it shall die.’ Justice said, ‘Cut him down, why cumbereth he the ground?’ You cannot affirm that the law is aught but good, or that justice demands what it has no right to require. You cannot put your finger on a single promise that you should be mercifully dealt with by God in your unbelief—yet, ‘He waiteth to be gracious.’ Why?

“*Not because he is unable to execute the punishment you deserve.*—See Proverbs xi. 21, 31; Job xxxiv. 22; Ezekiel xxii. 14. These passages abundantly prove that “power belongeth unto God,” power to repay vengeance to His enemies. You surely do not doubt this. Think of the angels ‘reserved in chains under darkness to the judgment of the great day.’ Listen to the wail of woe as it rises from human lips quivering in the agonies of eternity, ‘I am tormented in this flame!’ and then confess that though you have been spared till now, it is not because he whom you have offended has been at a loss for means to render you as miserable as you have made yourself sinful—oh no! At his rebuke the earth trembleth.’ ‘As smoke is driven away, as wax melteth before the fire, so he could cause you to perish in his presence, yet he waiteth to be gracious,—why? because, *my reader, you cannot be happy without his favour.*”

True it is that God, who knoweth all things, knows that we must love him before even He can make us happy. He cannot, so to speak, bless us except in Himself. Therefore he says, “Give me thine heart.” True it is that God seeks our love for our sake, but no less true is it that he seeks it for his own. He has in that which he seeks a delight, a satisfaction, inseparable from his very nature. And what is there in all that has been revealed to us of that nature to warrant the writer of the above passage in his insolent and unfeeling certainty that God has no need of you to make him happy; or to induce the belief that he is indifferent to the loving allegiance of the weakest among the souls he gave his only beloved Son to save? Why should we imagine that the infinite blessedness of the Creator is not positively enhanced by the happiness of the creature, or suppose that when the angels rejoice over the returning sinner the Great Father of spirits and of men is unmoved? “He that loveth not knoweth not God.” The absence of love

in these writings is something wonderful.¹ The word, used in some strange and altogether non-natural sense, may be often met with in these writings, but of the thing itself, of love in its outward manifestations of pity, tenderness, and good-will; of love in its inner essence as the bond of mutual fitness and reciprocal delight, we find in them no trace whatever. Their language, in speaking of the Almighty, is not the language of affection, rather that of servility, orientalism; the very feelings, it is true, which a Being such as they portray is calculated to inspire, for their whole teaching tends to connect God with the idea of power only; their delight is to represent him as irresponsible; a Being who is accountable to none, who may do what he will with his own creature. But what should we think of an earthly king, or of a human parent, who placed the allegiance due to him upon this ground, so daringly attributed to him who indeed delights in mercy, but whose primal attribute is justice? "A sceptre of righteousness, O God, is the sceptre of thy kingdom." God is not only the most morally responsible, but we will even dare to say the most morally limited of beings, limited by the infinity of his own perfection; bound within its self-drawn circle, he cannot will that which is evil or unjust. "With God," says St. Anselm, "there is no freedom except to do that which is expedient and fitting." He is a debtor both to himself and to his world, responsible to man for that idea of absolute justice, goodness, and truth, which he has himself laid so deep within the human soul, and to which the idea of his creature so inalienably cleaves, that could the soul by force or fraud be driven off this strong anchorage, God, it may be truly said, would lose even more than man. But all that gives man, as a being born into a state involving tremendous disabilities, a claim upon the Being who called him into it, a Being who knows whereof we are made, all that constitutes the wide, universal fatherhood of God, these writers do not so much ignore as disclaim. "No man,"² says the Rev. J. C. Ryle, "has a natural right to God as his father; it is a vile heresy to say that he has,"—a heresy in which we must include the prophet Malachi, who, making a Divine Fatherhood co-extensive with creation itself, says, "Have we not all ONE Father? Hath not one God created us?" and also another inspired penman who, tracing the earthly genealogy of our

¹ Wonderful, when we consider that their authors have read the Bible, or at least some parts of it, for it has often struck us as a singular circumstance, that nearly all the quotations in these harsh and gloomy tracts are from the Epistles. The Epistles! which, taken in their wholeness, are a sort of gospel within the gospel, most tender and catholic of all, containing less of denunciation and severity than any other part of the Sacred Book.

² Tract, *Plain Speaking*, No. 50.

blessed Saviour, stops not till he leads it back to "ADAM, WHICH WAS THE SON OF GOD."¹ And even Mr. Ryle, it seems, is haunted by some recollection of St. Paul and of the certain poet quoted by him with approval, who, speaking of his own heathen nation, had said, "We also are his offspring," for he adds, "That God, in a certain sense, is the universal Father of all mankind, I do not pretend to deny. He is the great First Cause of all things; the sonship which we have by creation is one which belongs to stones, beasts, or even to the devils, as much as to us."

In the same tract Mr. Ryle informs us that Scripture tells us that God *out of Christ* is a consuming fire, and this, while we ask what there is in the text or context of the passage in Hebrews to authorize the interpolation of the three words in italics, leads us to consider the strange antagonism in which these writings place the First and Second Persons of the Blessed Trinity, by their continual habit of representing Jesus Christ as more favourably disposed towards mankind, more placable, more easily entreated than God himself. And yet Scripture, in more than one passage of terrific import, speaks of "the wrath of the Lamb," and bids us "kiss the Son lest he be angry." What error can be more shocking than that of separating the natures of God and Christ; and why, we may justly ask, was Jesus so different from other men,—so wise, so tolerant, so loving,—except through being God? It was because he was God that he was all for which even as man we adore him.

And it is certain, though it may seem a bold word for a Christian to utter, that even the Person and Merits of Christ may be made objects of idolatry, unless we learn to look to a point of real contact between our souls and him, and aspire, however humbly, to union with him, as the partaking of an essential goodness unto which, except through such union, man can never attain.

Of such an aspiration, the highest of which human nature is capable, these writings show little trace; nor do they betray, it appears to us, any deep appreciation of moral evil, or of that inherent opposition to God, which needed to be "taken away," at so great a cost. Their conception of sin is shallow, as of something in its nature indifferent to God; it is treated merely as a debt to be cancelled, a removable quantity. Neither as regards Christian morals do these writings show any perception of that awful truth, "To whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness."²

¹ Luke i. 38.

² Romans vi. 16.

Of faith, without explaining what it is, they speak much ; of repentance little ; of the power of habit, of the influence of the affections, those strong auxiliary forces of the soul, upon whose direction the issue of its great conflict so often depends, they seem to know absolutely nothing. In many of these tracts, effort is not merely discouraged but condemned ; as long as you are "striving,"¹ endeavouring after such light as you possess to please God, you must be wrong,—a person not so much to be pitied, as put down by those who are more enlightened. In all of them there is an entire silence as to the scripturally declared fact, that while we are saved by Christ, we are judged by the things done in the body. There is not in one of them, any recognition of the great abiding principles of natural duty. All persons who have not attained to saving faith in Christ, who are not able to say, what no man except through the power of the Holy Ghost can say effectually, that Jesus is his Lord, his hope, his all, are treated as being on the same level. The thousands of poor men who, falling short of this, are yet sober, honest, industrious, and God-fearing, tenderly cherishing their wives, and affectionately loving their children, are represented as being as far out of God's favour as are the thousands of poor men who in this professedly Christian country beat their wives, starve their children, spend their earnings over women as vile as themselves, and delight in blasphemy and drunkenness. Nay, it even seems to us that the preference in point of eligibility as candidates for the kingdom of heaven is always given inferentially to these latter worthies.

John Bunyan, in a tract² which it is surely unwise in the Dublin Tract Society to publish, as they have done, without guard or comment, tells us, with certainly far less than his usual scriptural accuracy, that "Jesus Christ in his lifetime left the best and turned to the worst!!" Physicians get no name for picking out thistles, or laying plasters on scratches, they must cure some desperate cases. It is the dry wood which burns best ; "grace takes occasion by the vileness of the man to shine more." And we are assured by Mr. Ryle that "where open sin slays its thousands, self-righteousness slays its tens of thousands." Yet the truth remains, that in the class to which these writings are addressed, righteousness of any kind has little indeed to answer for. The moral standard of the humbler orders of men is in general lamentably low and defective, and the majority of professing believers are too deeply sunk in sensuality, ungodliness, and spiritual apathy, to be in much danger from any error of a speculative kind.

¹ See a tract, *Should I not Strive ? or, The Poor Man's Deceiver.*

² Bunyan's *Glad Tidings for Sinners.*

It is only those who are familiar with the poor, and able to enter into their modes of thinking and feeling, who are able to estimate the fearful evil wrought by omitting to draw a clear line between sin inherent in man's nature, natural to both saint and sinner, and vice,¹ the habitual, conscious yielding to its promptings. We are all sinners by nature, and as such beloved and redeemed by Christ; but we are not all vicious, neither, as such, continuing and delighting in sin, can we be accepted by the Father in Him. The minds of the uneducated are slow and indiscriminating. There is something in their structure which naturally tends to confusion; but under a teaching like this, without any moral shading, it becomes "worse confounded." Not long ago, a working man, of apparently respectable character, died suddenly under circumstances which brought conduct of the worst kind to light. Some little time after his death, his widow, calling upon a lady who had been intimately interested in the family, closed some remarks upon her husband's short illness, with the usual pious formulary, "But at anyrate, ma'am, he's happy now." "I am glad, Mrs. —," said the lady gravely, "to hear you say so; it makes me hope there has been no truth in certain reports, that it has made me sorry to hear." "Truth, ma'am!" she returned quickly, "every word true, and many a sore heart it has given me." "Then," returned her friend, "as William was never sensible after his first becoming ill, or able to seek God's pardon for his great sin, how can you feel so sure that he is happy now?" The poor woman had her answer ready, yet there was something affecting in the bewildered look with which she said, "Well, ma'am, of course, William was a great sinner, but then we're all sinners; and aren't we told Jesus Christ died to save sinners?"

But are we told that Jesus Christ died to save impenitent, unreturning sinners?—sinners, who not only come to him for peace,² just as they are, but intend to remain with him just as they are, forgetting that there is no peace to the wicked? To see the highest result of a teaching which "preaches Christ"³ as an antidote to the conscience, and sets forth faith in Christ without enforcing its grand scriptural correlative, "repentance towards God," we need only be familiar with the interior of a jail, and trace its workings upon a class, upon whose originally feeble moral instincts a long series of spiritual manipulations will sometimes produce an outgrowth too hideous to be mere hypocrisy. Among such persons we shall meet with a simulated mode of talking about Christ, which bears the same relation to real faith in him, that hysteria does to a real malady;

¹ See on this subject an admirable sermon by Adolphe Monod.

² See *Christian Spectator*, February 1860.

³ *Ibid.*

it counterfeits, mocks it, has no root within the system, and yet it is real, because it is of the nature of possession, a devil that no human agency seems able to cast forth. Of such as these are the fourfold murderers who die in the apparent fullness of every evangelic grace, except repentance; who depart "forgiving everybody who has ever injured them!" who step cheerfully off the plank, expressing their entire confidence in "Jesus," and their longing to be with him. For they within whom this spirit has once entered will die as they have lived, "treacherous, lewd, malignant," ready to proclaim themselves "the chief of sinners," yet jealous and resentful of any specific charge of criminality; eager to proclaim that they have sinned against their Saviour, and brought him to a painful death, but not¹ by word or tear expressing regret for their many offences against their brethren; callous as to the evil which they have wrought on the bodies and the souls of others; unrepentant for sins, of the least of which the Saviour, whose name and work they profane, said, "It were good for such as commit them that they had never been born."

Before drawing this paper to a close, we have yet another region to glance into, one which fills a large place in popular devotional literature, we mean the department of Christian biography. So much real good has been done by the publication of books like the *Life of Hedley Vicars*, such a pulse of Christian activity stirred throughout England by the perusal of works like the *Missing Link* and *Ragged Homes*, that for the sake of a "great good one feels inclined to pardon a little ill," and to shut one's eyes to the manifest wound done to the simplicity and sincerity which belongs to fine spiritual consciousness by the present tendency to make a sort of capital out of every holy effort and every exalted life. There is such a quick vibration through our present social life, that the world seems to have become a gigantic whispering-gallery, catching up and re-echoing every sound, even those which are most intimate and sacred, so that the word spoken in the deepest secrecy between a man and his friend, between the spirit and its Redeemer, is literally proclaimed on the house-top. Yet this, surely, is a tendency which, in all things connected with the kingdom which cometh not with observation, we shall do well to resist rather

¹ Doyle, lately executed at Chester, for a frightful attempt to murder a woman he lived with (he being a married man), walked to the platform with these words (his last), "Jesus Christ was led like a lamb to the slaughter; I, like him, offer no resistance; I know that my sins are forgiven me."

He had eaten and drunk heartily to the last, conversed of his past life, sung hymns, listened to prayers and reading, and expressed regret, but certainly no depth of repentance for his crime.

than to yield to, or it will be the harder for Christian men and women to attain to the breadth and stature of simpler ages, when the spiritual building of a holy life was able to grow up like the olden Temple, without that noise of axes and hammers that is now so bewildering. "Christ's humble man loveth not praise."¹ How quiet, yet austere heroic, were the lives of our Saxon and Celtic apostles!—of men like Boniface, Cuthbert, and Columba, at once the evangelizers and civilizers of the rude heathen world, within whose darkness they were as lights burning, and shining only because they burned! And even now, for those who seek it, there is a life of true simplicity waiting in the thick of our crowded civilisation. Our manufacturing towns and mining villages still afford populous solitudes where men and women may labour for Christ, either singly or in groups, as secretly as the coral insect works beneath the wave. The world wonders at self-devotion, admires it, and forgets it; only do not let the press come in! Above all, let it keep silence even from good words where the humbler members of Christ's family are concerned; they most of all suffer from praise and the publicity it brings. Is it not, to say the very least, injudicious, in *The Book and its Missions* going on month after month with a history of the work of the Bible-women in London—mentioning each of them by name, recounting what each is doing, often in their own words? In one of these papers a poor woman is represented as saying to her husband, in spiritual trouble, "Do hear Mrs. W.; she speaks so plain. You did not understand the missionary, but she speaks as simple as a child, and you will be sure to understand." The good woman goes; the poor man is deeply, and, it is believed, permanently affected. The wife exclaims, in simple triumph, "Didn't I tell you that God would make Mrs. W. a blessing to you?" The Bible-woman, it is true, repeats this with an apology, and refers the change in the husband's feelings rather to the work of the Spirit, in answer to the faithful prayers of the wife, than to her own influence. Still she does repeat it; it is written and published; at what loss to all parties concerned, should they ever read it, it would be hard to state. And what, we may ask, is more offensive to a just spiritual discrimination than the set disclaimers continually inscribed in these records, such as, "I do humbly thank God for condescending to use me as an instrument, however unworthy; the work, however, is His; not by might nor by power?" etc. What need of these ostentatious statements? Who that is acquainted with the A B C of Christianity does not know that all work is and must be of God? What need to compliment the Almighty with all praise and all

¹ Jeremy Taylor.

glory, and yet to keep back a certain perquisite, the more surely retained for these very disclaimers?

There is a tone and colouring about most of the statements of Christian benevolent work, that seems very far removed from that of the sober daylight of actual experience in dealing with human nature, that great and stubborn fact; a fervid glow that must often, we think, make the heart of many righteous labourers in the Lord's vineyard sad, under the certainty of having no such brilliant statistics to offer. We do not say that the statements set forth in the reports continually given to the world are not true in themselves; but we are sure that they are often calculated to give a false impression of what Christian work really is. Their fault is the same one which pervades modern religious biography: a want of simplicity, a tendency to strain and pressure, which misses, through that very effort, the true greatness of a Christian life. In taking up any such book, we seem to see, not the picture of a Christian, but a Christian sitting for his picture, with a great deal, as is usual in portraiture, put in for the occasion, and a great deal obviously left out.

In such records, the simplicity, the sweetness of a holy life, a life hid with Christ in God, is gone. Letters, diaries, are given to the public; all is laid bare, obtruded. Yet human nature has disappeared; we look in vain for

" This friend of ours, who lives in God,
The human-hearted man we loved."

After all, as we said at first, literature of a devotional class must not be judged of by the ordinary standard. It is the glory of Christianity to condescend to a limited intellectual stature, to humble itself to that which is in man. We must be prepared to see its grand ideal outlines concealed beneath much that is ordinary and mediocre. Christian commonplace will endure while the world lasts; but there are limits even to Christian commonplace, and we consider that charity, which in this region has endured all things, is now entitled to hope all things in the way of improvement.

There are certain rare and beautiful features in the present age of the world, which secular literature has not been slow to catch up and reflect. There are few poems or stories now written which do not betray some sympathy with the generous aspirations with which so many hearts are now familiar, the exalted aims to which so many lives are now directed. In originality, genius, and power, the literature of our present day probably falls short of that of some great intellectual eras; in tenderness, humanity, respect for man's moral nature, admiration for it under its more exalted conditions of self-devotion and heroism,

reverence for goodness under its humbler aspects, sympathy with the family affections, delight in God's visible creation, it rises far above that of any former age. And when we turn from literature to the social life it is connected with, when we see all that is passing around us, the ameliorating influences that are continually yet silently at work, the mighty enterprises that grow out of them,—while there is so much among us that is confessedly Christian, we feel deeply persuaded that the literature which is so professedly, has need to march with the marching order, and that its present status, as regards theology, intellect, and feeling, is unworthy of our present aims, unworthy even of our attainments, whether as Christians or as men.

- ART. VI.—1. *The History of our Lord as Exemplified in Works of Art.* Commenced by the Late MRS. JAMESON; Continued and completed by LADY EASTLAKE. In 2 vols. London, 1864.
2. *Christian Iconography; or, The History of Christian Art in the Middle Ages.* By M. DIDRON. Translated by E. J. MILLINGTON. London: Bohn, 1851.

IN Mr. Holman Hunt's picture of the Finding of the Saviour in the Temple, no figure has been more severely criticised than that of the youthful Jesus. Many persons, partly because they forget the limits which the painter can never pass, and perhaps more because they want the clear vision to see what he has expressed, have declared themselves ill content with the inadequate representation of that Divine countenance. But they have most loudly condemned the bright red hair, so bright, and raised so high around the head, as to form an almost self-luminous halo. It has not allayed their dissatisfaction to be told that this was a compromise of the claims of modern naturalism, on the one hand, and mediæval symbolism on the other,—a compromise effected by such an arrangement of a natural feature as would suggest the nimbus or glory of the old masters. They resent the obtrusion of any mere conventionalism into the representation of so sacred an incident. Yet the fact remains, that a painter, painting for the British public, has considered it due to himself and his subject to brave these criticisms, and to go as far as, in these days, and in a historical picture, he may towards the employment of a conventional symbol of mediæval times.

This of itself raises a presumption that something may be said on behalf of mediæval symbolism on *principle*. And in fact it enters so largely into the composition of many of our most precious art treasures, which cannot be understood without some acquaintance with it, that it may not be useless to devote a few pages to the discussion of its place in art, and to a consideration of some of its more prominent features and characteristics.

Christian art was at first applied solely to purposes of decoration. A painting was not painted nor was a statue chiselled to be a treasure in itself, wherever it might be. It always implied the existence of something to be decorated. Hence the walls of churches and of monasteries, and illuminated manuscripts, are for many centuries the great repositories of Christian art. The earliest specimens of it consist of frescoes on the walls and ceilings of the Catacombs, and bas-reliefs on the sarcophagi lying there. Its earliest object was the utilisation of vacant spaces, and opportunities of decoration for the

purpose of religious instruction. This object was attained by representations which at once conveyed a meaning to the eye. The Good Shepherd reminded every beholder of our Lord's teachings. The story of Jonah was recognised as typical of the resurrection, that corner-stone of the Christian faith. No subjects are more frequent in the Catacombs than these, and they taught their lesson without any explanation. But little variety of idea was to be obtained within the range of works so readily intelligible; and when the artist passed beyond its bounds, some clue to his meaning became absolutely necessary, unless he at once abandoned his functions as a teacher. Accordingly, in many early works of art, especially of the Eastern Church, the figures are identified by their names; but long after this practice had died out, it remained customary to distinguish them by certain signs. Thus our Saviour is distinguished by the cross; either the cross of the passion, heavy and strong, or the resurrection cross, formed of two light transverse bars, often carrying a flag. He is also identified by the stigmata on hands and feet and side; or by a mantle folded round Him, and held so as to display the wound in the side; or He is surrounded by the symbols of the four evangelists,—the angel, the lion, the ox, and the eagle; or He bears a book, sometimes closed, but often open, and with one of the following texts written upon it: "Peace be with you;" "I am the way, the truth, and the life;" "I am the light of the world;" "I am the resurrection;" "He who hath seen me hath seen the Father;" "I and the Father are one;" "In the beginning was the Word." Saints likewise had their appropriate marks, familiar enough to identify them by. This identification by means of recognised signs, which was required for purposes of instruction, was rendered the more necessary by the habitual neglect of truth in the accessories which distinguished the ancient painters. In Italian art we find all the scenes of the sacred story placed in Italian landscapes or among Italian buildings, enacted by figures in Italian costume, and often tinged with a certain infusion of Italian habits and manners. The same charge, if charge it be, may be brought against the Christian art of Holland, and indeed of every other country. The practice arose, no doubt, from ignorance; but one result of it was to make more than ever needful a system of signs which would give the key to the artist's meaning.

Identification, however, is not the most important end and object of symbolism. The painter's intention, in a picture of the apostle Peter, for example, is not to say, "*This is Peter*;" it is to express his thoughts concerning Peter. His aim is not simply to suggest the idea of that apostle to the spectator's mind, but to declare his conception of his character, and of the

emotions which moved him, or the thoughts which burned within him. For this it is of course necessary that the spectator should know for whom the figure is meant; but as art advanced it became easier to secure this object without any such cumbrous device as writing the name over the head; and when the higher aim was once satisfied, anything which merely served the purpose of identification was foreign to the object of the picture. It will be readily seen, however, that many of the characteristic insignia of Christ above mentioned do more than identify. The cross and the stigmata speak aloud of His sacrifice; the evangelists proclaim the diffusion of His gospel; the texts have each of them its own significance. So it is with the signs of the saints. And a symbol was in use which, not being in any way subservient to the end of identification, simply expresses some thought of the artist concerning his subject. This was the nimbus, or glory; and its variety of meanings well illustrates the real uses of symbolism.

It is used, both in painting and sculpture, as a sign not of office but of character; and its various forms indicate different personal qualities, just as the crown, according to the style of its ornaments, marks a king, duke, marquis, earl, or baron. It sometimes encircles the head; sometimes the whole body. In the former case, it commonly has the name of nimbus; in the latter that of aureole, and the combination of the two is called a glory; but this use of the words is not universally current.

The aureole varies somewhat in form, but it is most commonly oval. Its meaning, however, does not change with its shape. It always indicates high eminence, and is generally applied to Divine persons. Angels are not adorned with it, and saints rarely before the golden age of art; but the Virgin has it much earlier.

The nimbus proper has a great variety of shapes and of meanings. In the Latin Church it always indicates sanctity, though some forms of it have a further significance. Its commonest shape is that of a circular disc. If the disc is intersected by transverse bars, it is a mark of divinity. It is then called the cruciform nimbus, and is applied even to the emblems sometimes used to represent the Divine persons. Thus the Father was, in early art, represented by a hand; and in a miniature of the ninth century, this symbol is surrounded by the cruciform nimbus. The Son often appears in the form of a Lamb; and the Lamb is decorated with the same exclusive mark. The Holy Spirit, who is generally figured as a dove, is distinguished by the same sign. On the other hand, the Virgin Mary, in spite of all the Mariolatry of both the Eastern and the Western Churches, never possesses this peculiar mark of divinity.

Other forms of the nimbus are the triangle and the square. When it is triangular it has the same exclusive application as the cruciform nimbus, and symbolizes the Trinity. The square nimbus was, in Italy, used to indicate that the person decorated with it was living at the time the work was executed, and it is often of great value in fixing the date of manuscripts and works of art in which it occurs. It is occasionally, however, applied to an image of the Divine Being, either alone, or in combination with some other form of nimbus. It then indicates the ever-living God.

In the Eastern Church, the use of the nimbus is more frequent than in Western art; but it has a much less precise meaning. It seems to claim consideration, not only on the ground of sanctity, but of eminence of other kinds. It is applied to saints, and to many persons who are not saints,—to kings, statesmen, and warriors. It frequently signifies *power*, and it is withheld from beings destitute of this title to admiration. Thus, in a miniature of the twelfth century, the Beast with seven heads (Rev. xiii. 1-3) wears a nimbus on six of them, but the seventh, which is "as it were wounded to death," is without it. And even Satan has it in a miniature of the tenth century.

There are no varieties of form used to indicate these different meanings, but sometimes a moral intention is conveyed in the colour. Thus, in a fresco of the Last Supper in a small church at Athens, Judas, in virtue of his apostleship, has a nimbus; but while the nimbus of the other apostles is of some bright colour, white, green, or golden yellow, that of Judas is black.

In the East, as in the West, the cruciform and the triangular nimbus are marks of divinity, and this intention is made the more clear by inscribing on three branches of the cross (the fourth branch being concealed by the head), or at the three angles of the triangle, the letters O Ω N, this being the name which God gave Himself when He spoke to Moses from the burning bush, Ἐγώ εἰμι Ὁ Ω Ν: "I am that I AM."

The glory has no peculiar signification. When the aureole is combined with any form of the nimbus, it simply intensifies the meaning of the latter, whatever that may be.

The nimbus is never seen on the sarcophagi, the most ancient of Christian monuments; and it did not come into constant use in the West till the eighth and ninth centuries. It died out in the sixteenth century. It was first applied to the Divine persons and the apostles, and was retained by them after other personages had lost it. The aureole came into use later than the nimbus; it was always used less, and ceased to be applied earlier.

The use of the nimbus is, however, far older than Chris-

tianity. It appears on Hindoo monuments of the most remote antiquity. The Hindoo goddess Maya is surrounded by a semi-aureole of light, and from the top of her head-dress and the neighbourhood of her temples, issue groups of stronger rays. The coincidence of this decoration with the Christian cruciform nimbus may be accidental. It occurs likewise in Roman sculpture and painting. The Emperor Trajan appears with it on the Arch of Constantine; in the paintings found at Herculaneum, it adorns Circe as she appears to Ulysses; and there are many examples of it in the Virgil of the Vatican.

Hence its origin is involved in some obscurity; but a consideration of its various changes of form leads to the conclusion that it was originally meant to indicate light issuing from the head. The importance attached to an appearance of that kind, in remote times, as an augury of good, appears in many classical legends. It is illustrated in the Second Book of the *Æneid* by the flame descending upon the head of the young Iulus, which Anchises, versed in oriental symbolism, saw with joy, and which proved to be an augury of good, though the other bystanders were alarmed at the apparition:—

“ Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli
Fundere lumen apex, tactuque innoxia molles
Lambere flamma comas, et circum tempora pasci.
Nos pavidi trepidare metu, crinemque flagrantem
Excutere, et sanctos restinguere fontibus ignes.”

If this be its origin, its appropriateness for the purpose with which it is used in Christian art is obvious. The cruciform nimbus probably derived its meaning from being first applied to Christ. By adorning the Divine Person in scenes in the gospel history, it came to have its signification of divinity, and was then applied with the same meaning to the other Persons of the Trinity. But the special force of some of the forms of the nimbus seems to be fixed on them arbitrarily.

These details illustrate the remark that the object of symbolism is to assist the painter in communicating his thoughts concerning the scene he is depicting and the persons who act in it.

It is objected, however, that he moves out of his province when he resorts to these means; that his business is to represent incidents as they happened, and, if he cannot ascertain the actual details, to abstain at least from violating probability. A nimbus, it is urged, was never seen round the head of Christ or His apostles, or the holy women, as they moved upon earth, and the painter is guilty of an impertinence who introduces them into his picture.

It might perhaps be sufficient to reply that the artist is sometimes compelled by pictorial necessity itself to have recourse to the use of symbolism. Mr. Herbert's recent picture in one of the committee-rooms of the House of Lords illustrates this. When Moses came down from Mount Sinai, his face shone with so much brightness that Aaron and the children of Israel were afraid to come near. This brightness could only be represented, without recourse to symbolism, by throwing the rest of the picture into deep shadow, and thus defeating the artist's intention of showing the people in the glare of an Eastern mid-day, and with the blue depth of the rocky valleys stretching far behind them. The same object is attained, without this sacrifice, by a conventional representation of light on Moses's countenance.¹ And even where no necessity of this kind arises, the painter still has reason to use these indirect means of expression.

Art is no longer devoted to the sacred mission to which it was dedicated in earlier centuries of the Christian era; and it is hard for us now to understand that the expression of devout feeling was the first object of the religious artist. But, if it were so, he was justified in availing himself of every means of expression, even at the sacrifice of some pictorial proprieties (as they are now held). It is, moreover, a mistake to suppose that this abandonment of realism was peculiar to the mediæval symbolist; it is characteristic of all high art, from the earliest times till now. It is true that in the present day the alphabet of our symbolism must be natural, not conventional; but the painter is still in antagonism with the principle of rigid naturalism if he introduces natural objects, because they are emblematical, and not for their own sake, or because their presence in the scene he is depicting is probable.

This natural symbolism (if we may be allowed to use the expression) is employed with great effect in one of the most striking pictures in the present Exhibition of the Royal Academy,—Mr. Millais's *Parable of the Tares*. The field is well watered by a brook which bounds its farther side, and the young blades of the wheat are just appearing above ground. It is dark, but a rift in the thick-folded clouds shows the lurid light left in the sky after a stormy sunset, and a light still more lurid glares from the eyes of a hyena prowling in the darkness,

¹ That is, by two horn-like rays of light issuing from the forehead. The origin of the sign is singular. In the Vulgate his face is described as "*faciem cornutam*," which must have been intended to signify, "surrounded by horn-shaped radiations of light." But the close literalism of the artist has very commonly fixed on the forehead of Moses a pair of horns like those of an ox!—See *History of our Lord*, by Mrs. Jameson and Lady Eastlake, vol. i. pp. 171, 172.

and of two serpents that crawl near the feet of the "enemy," a wicked-looking old Jew, who, with a strong swing of the arm, is scattering the tares far and wide. The light from the sky is reflected from the brook with a greener and almost livid hue, and falling full on his face, draws the first attention to its intense malignity of expression. It cannot be urged that there is no symbolism, for surely two serpents and a hyena are more than the average allowance of evil beasts which might be expected to attend a man's steps at night in a cultivated field in Palestine. The painter's object was to represent an *enemy* sowing tares; and, instead of trusting only to the malignity of the countenance, he aided himself in the expression of his meaning by the use of *symbolical accessories*.¹

Perhaps, however, the symbolical significance of accessories in themselves natural will appear clearer on a comparison of two pictures of the same subject. Nothing more solemn has ever been attempted by art than the representation of our Lord in the garden of Gethsemane. The mystery of that awful hour has been variously conceived by different artists, and their thoughts have been expressed with the help of conventional signs, and without it. To our modern eyes, pictures whose meaning is not dependent on such aid will seem the most appropriate. One of the most noted is that by Giovanni Bellini in the National Gallery. In the distance is the "multitude with swords and staves" coming over the Cedron. The three apostles lie asleep at the foot of a little hillock in the calm evening air. Every object is distinct, but the brightness of the day has gone, and all across the sky there is a

"Mournful light
That broods above the fallen sun."

At the top of the hillock our Saviour kneels; His form dark against the glow of the west. His figure is firm, and the body erect. His head is thrown a little back, and His eyes are raised towards the angel who appears in the deep blue of the upper sky bearing the cup. His look is sad, with the sadness of one who is about to close a troubled life, and to bid farewell to his dearest friends. But it is much more like our Lord when He

¹ The picture obviously is not open to any objection as an attempt to "paint a parable." The story of a parable may be painted as well as any other story, and there is no attempt to paint its teaching; for we cannot think that the suggestion of fiery wings which some critics have found in the curved rift in the clouds, or of cloven feet in the broad and ill-shapen feet of the man, was intended by the artist. Greek art, on the other hand, is in the extreme of this error. In pictures of the same parable in Eastern Churches, angels appear conducting the orthodox into paradise, and devils binding heretics with chains, and leading them down into hell.

said to His disciples, "Let not your heart be troubled: . . . Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you," than when "being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly, and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

The real meaning of the scene is not even suggested by Bellini's picture. Rembrandt has an etching of the same subject, for which the reader may be referred to Mrs. Jameson and Lady Eastlake's recent work. The buildings of Jerusalem are roughly sketched in the background; in front, the forms of the sleeping apostles are barely indicated. Above them is the figure of the Saviour. He has lifted His hands in prayer, but at the moment chosen by the artist His whole frame seems about to give way; the hands, still clasped, are beginning to drop, the head falls a little on one side, and the few simple lines of the face are full of unutterable woe. The brow is rigid; the eyes firmly closed against any impression from without; the mouth drawn into a death-like stiffness. It would be a relief even to see those fixed lips tremble, but they cannot. The crowd who are to make Him captive issue from the city gate. Heavy clouds behind mass themselves in the shape of the cross, and the moon, far up in the sky, half hides her face behind them, as if fearing to look on. Something far greater than the fear of pain or the prospect of death is required to account for this intensity of suffering. It is the burden of the world's sin which bows Him down, and which seems as if it would crush Him, but for the angel, who with strong arms, and with a look of the most fervent sympathy, bears up the sinking frame. There is no noise or tumult, no violent wringing of the hands; all the scene is quiet and subdued, majestic in its solemn stillness, but the more terribly poignant and to the quick.

No one can doubt that Rembrandt's is the truer conception. If the object of art be to please, such a subject may not be legitimate, but it is a commentary on the sacred text which we should all do well to ponder.

Regarding the two pictures, however, as works of art, and applying them to the illustration of our subject, they suggest the question why Bellini placed the scene under a pensive evening sky, and Rembrandt in fitful moonlight? Not for historical reasons, for though it is clear that Bellini was historically untrue, it is not equally clear that Rembrandt was historically true. But each of them chose his accessories, because they were in harmony with the ground tone of feeling of his picture, accessories which themselves prompted the emotions which he desired to kindle, and made the mind of the spectator more impressible with the ideas which he intended to impart. This, however, means nothing more nor less than that they

obeyed that law of unity of feeling which governs every true work of art, whether the subject be historical or ideal, whether it be a landscape or a portrait, or an incident of human interest.

This law is obeyed in poetry as well as in painting. A recent poem furnishes an apt illustration, in the description of Enoch Arden's approach to his old home, where he is to learn the dreadful calamity which darkens the remainder of his days:—

“ But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?
His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill; till, drawn through either chasm,
Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
Roll'd a sea-haze and 'whelm'd the world in gray;
Cut off the length of highway on before,
And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the Robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.”

Observe how the key-note of feeling which this symbolism is so aptly fitted to strengthen, is struck in the first line—

“ But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?
His home, he walk'd.”

Thus it was no more the poet's aim than the artist's to represent a scene by what was actually or probably visible in it. The poet as well as the artist chose his accessories with the view of deepening the impression of his central idea. And it is immaterial whether the subject be purely imaginary or historical, if, in the latter case, history is silent as to the accessories.

The same limit, however, was not observed by the ancient painter. His object was to express spiritual feeling, and to stir the sympathy of the beholder. For this end he might legitimately employ many means which the modern painter would reject. The singleness of this aim also permitted him to reject much that the modern painter feels bound to observe. The glaring untruth of the accessories in a mediæval picture, which is so surprising on a first acquaintance with ancient art, was no doubt mainly due to ignorance. The painters of those times knew little of the landscapes and costumes and manners of Eastern countries. In the imagination not only of the painter, but of the people also, the scenes of Scripture history were pictured just as if they had been enacted by persons of their own time

and country. But this disadvantage was not a very important one. Faith and love, doubt and hope, penitence and humility, are in no way dependent on any accessories of costume or of landscape. It is the deep spiritual meaning of the scene, not its appearance to the eye of the flesh, which the painter desired to seize, and this he was able to do, however his figures were clad, and whatever skies were above them. Indeed, anything which by its novelty or curiosity diverted the attention from the central thought of the picture and its spiritual meaning, would have been a hindrance rather than a help to the spectator, while his understanding was assisted by the special significance of the symbols. So long, then, as art retained its single aim of spiritual expression, this untruth in the accessories was excusable, if not positively to be preferred to an accuracy of detail, which would have caught the eye and detained the attention.

But this singleness of aim was gradually lost. The object of the artist ceased to be simply to *express*. It began to be limited by a condition: *to express by means of the beautiful*; just as in more modern times a new condition has been imposed upon it, namely, *expression by means of the natural and probable*. The change was inevitable. Love of beauty is the passion of the artist. It is present with him in all that he does. At length it becomes the object of his pursuit, and that more and more exclusively, while the expression of religious feeling gradually loses its place as the predominant motive. And so we find that the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, although they produced the greatest works of art the world has ever seen, and are distinguished by the finest combinations of colour, the most noble flowing lines, the freest play of muscle, and the most perfect symmetry and proportion in arrangement, are yet characterized by frequent poverty of thought and coldness and unfitness of feeling. It is not that the subjects of Christian art are unworthy of the highest skill, or incapable of repaying the noblest efforts of genius; but spiritual insight, a true imaginative sympathy with saints and martyrs, an ardent and penetrating comprehension of the scenes of the sacred story, are not to be attained without the most strenuous and undivided effort. And if the whole of a man's strength be put forth, as in fact it was, in the production of the highest æsthetic excellences, and the acquisition and the use of the greatest mechanical skill, it is inevitable that the other object should be less strenuously pursued and less successfully accomplished.

It is only by the total rejection of the theory of imitation, and by admission of the principle that the artist's true aim is to express his thoughts concerning his subject, that the way can be prepared for any representation of the invisible, or indeed

any pictorial expression of thought about God. Subjects of this kind require the greatest delicacy and reverence in treatment, in order not to offend by their profanity. It was long before God the Father was ever represented in human form; and it is most interesting to trace the gradual movement of art from the reverence of her earlier periods to the daring imagination, we may even say the audacity, of her noon-day splendour.

We cannot wonder at the apparent reluctance with which she has ventured on representations of the Divine Father. We are told that God made man in His own image, but the reverence of early art dared not make God in the image of man. With God the Son it was otherwise, for since He condescended to assume human flesh there was no impiety in representing Him as He once appeared to the eyes of men. John of Damascus, in the second of his famous Orations against Iconoclasm, expresses the feeling on the point entertained by the Church in the eighth century, or that section of it which retained its love for pictures and images. "We should be in error," he says, "if we were to make an image of the invisible God, since that which is not of bodily nature, nor visible, and possesses neither outline nor shape, cannot be painted. We should be doing what is impious, if we thought that images of men made by our hands were gods, and paid them divine honours as gods. We admit, however, nothing of this kind. But since God, in His ineffable goodness, put on the flesh and appeared in the flesh on earth, and moved among men; since He took upon Him our nature and the gross fabric of a material frame, and likewise the form and colour of flesh, we do no wrong when we make His image." A human form is offered by Scripture to the artist who wishes to represent the Son of God. But the scriptural idea of Jehovah was a Being whose face no man might look upon and live. He was made known to man by His acts. It was not the face, the visible presence, but the hand of the Lord doing justice and mercy which men were permitted to behold. Hence, in art, the presence of the Divine Father is, up to the twelfth century, indicated exclusively by a hand, frequently with rays of light issuing from it.

Sometimes the hand is entirely open, indicating the act of bestowing; but it is more frequently displayed in the act of blessing. This is expressed in the Western Church by the extension of the thumb and the first two fingers only. In the Eastern Church the sign was more complicated. The ordinary way of writing the name of Jesus Christ in Greek paintings is I-C* X-C;* the first and last letters of each name; and in the act of blessing, the fingers are bent as nearly as possible into

* The old form of *Sigma*.

the form of those letters; the fore-finger extended, as I; the middle finger curved, as C; the thumb crossed upon the third finger, to make X; and the little finger curved into another C.

It was not till the thirteenth century that the artist departed from the reverential symbolism of the hand; but he did not at once advance to a delineation of the full figure. At first the face only, then the bust, and at last, but still rarely, the entire frame is represented. The artist's meaning is sometimes indicated by a sign or inscription. If it is not, it is, at this period, difficult to pronounce certainly whether the Father or the Son is the subject intended. This is partly because the Son appears very frequently, especially in Eastern art, in scenes in which we should have expected to see the Father represented; and partly because the Father and the Son were at that time made to appear of the same age and of similar features. Indeed, it seems probable that when first the artist ventured on a delineation of God the Father in human form, he appropriated for that purpose the then recognised image of the Son. Afterwards, when men had become a little accustomed to the audacity of the idea, a special character is assigned to the lineaments of the Father. This process, too, was a gradual one. At first the only distinction was in more strongly marked features, apparently indicative of greater energy, and then in a difference of years, such as is suggested by the human relation of father and son. Had the liberty of the artist's imagination never overpassed these limits we should have had little reason to complain. Whatever interpretation we may put on the words, "God made man in his own image," it is probable that the artist felt that they sanctioned representations such as those we have just mentioned. But there was no such justification for images of the Divine Being decorated with the signs of human rank and dignity, with the imperial purple, or pontifical tiara, or kingly crown; and these violations of good taste, to give them no worse name, are frequent in the sixteenth century. Sometimes the desire of the artist to press as much of his reverence as possible into symbols of earthly dignity is grotesquely displayed. In the stained-glass windows of St. Martin-ès-Vignes at Troyes, the Father is represented in Papal costume, but the tiara is composed not of three but of five crowns. To this quaint exaggeration of Papal dignity is added a certain infusion of kingly state, for all the crowns are decorated with floriations and *fleurs-de-lis*, like those of the French kings. This work belongs to the close of the sixteenth century.

At all times, however, representations of the Father have been very few, compared with those of the Son. The causes

of this rarity are amply discussed by M. Didron. He summarizes them as follows:—

“The first of these causes was probably the hatred felt by the Gnostics for God the Father; the second, the dread which prevailed amongst the followers of Christ lest they should appear to recall the idea of Jupiter, or to offer a pagan idol to the adoration of ignorant Christians; the third, that identical resemblance between the Father and the Son, which various texts of Holy Scripture appear to intimate; the fourth, the incarnation of the Son, who is the Speech or Word of the Father; the fifth, the absence of any visible manifestation of Jehovah, a fact which is confirmed by various texts of Scripture; the sixth and last, the difficulty all artists must have felt in imagining or executing so awful and sublime an image.”

The second of these causes was far from imaginary. The character of Jupiter Tonans, the highest ideal of majesty and might, could hardly fail to be adopted, or more or less nearly approached by an artist who wished to embody the idea of deity in traits which would clearly not be mistaken for those of the Eternal Son. But a much more active cause of the rarity of these representations was, no doubt, the inability of which all men must have been conscious to make any human form look divine. This task was not imposed upon them in representing the Son, since we know that many men could look upon Him, as He appeared among them, without recognising in Him anything more than mortal; but never, in all the course of sacred history, was Jehovah seen by the eye of man. There were many occasions on which His words were heard, or His angel appeared; but the visible presence of Jehovah on earth is never recorded, and the idea, indeed, is distinctly contradicted. No man had seen God at any time.

The difficulty, however, might have been overcome, but for the fitness with which the Eternal Son may be represented as the Divine actor in almost all the scenes depicted by art. The immediate agent in the great act of creation is declared in the Nicene Creed, as well as in various passages of Holy Scripture, to have been the Son, the Word of God. The Angel of the Lord, who appears in so many scenes of the Old Testament, was considered to be the Son. Moreover, from the earliest ages, the worship of a “crucified God” must have been such a rock of offence to unbelievers, as to have given rise to a habit in the Church of asserting in every way, in art, as well as by the tongue and the pen, that the Crucified One whom they worshipped was God indeed.

These considerations appear to us to furnish the true reason why the representation of the Father so slowly comes into the

practice of art. But M. Didron thinks otherwise. He says, "It was rather a feeling of resentment, a sentiment of hostility to strength and violence, by which art was deterred from attempting any representation of God the Father."

We could not accept the conclusion that art bore this testimony to the thoughts of men about God without regret. And the phenomenon so long survived the Gnosticism of which M. Didron considers it a symptom, that nothing but the most conclusive evidence in art itself can support his position. Since, however, he argues the point laboriously and with some ingenuity, we feel bound to suggest considerations which affect the cogency of his reasoning.

The grounds upon which his conclusion rests are the following:—*First*, That the Son, and even the Virgin, are put in the place of the Father; *secondly*, that the rank assigned to Him in early Christian monuments is not always the most honourable; and, *thirdly*, that the part assigned to Him is occasionally undignified, and even cruel.

The examples adduced by M. Didron in support of the last proposition do not appear to sustain it. On the capital of a pillar in Notre Dame du Port, at Clermont, God is represented as striking the guilty Adam with his clenched hand. How wanting in the sense of what is fitting in such representations the artist was, is shown by another figure in the same group,—that of an angel who seizes the offender by the beard and plucks it out. Again, in a manuscript adorned with miniatures, God is represented as expelling Adam and Eve from the garden with bow and arrow—a "motif" probably suggested by the Homeric scene of Apollo taking vengeance on the Greeks. Such instances, however, prove nothing; for unworthy conceptions are not confined to any single sphere of art. No subject, however it may possess the imagination or captivate the affections of men, is wholly exempt from liability to inadequate, and even improper treatment. That instances are to be found in which the Divine Father has been represented in such a manner as to shock the feelings, does not prove that art has done this "of malice aforethought." Her true sentiments are rather to be seen in the fear and trembling with which she has approached the subject, and the hesitating hand with which she has indicated that awful Presence.

The only other examples cited by M. Didron are in a *Psalter* in the Imperial Library at Paris, of the close of the twelfth century, in which the Deity is often represented as holding in His hands a bow and arrows, spear, or sword. He gives a woodcut of one of them in which the bow and arrows and sword appear. This belongs to the 18th Psalm, and is relieved from the charge

of an irreverent intention by its apt illustration of the sacred text—a literal rendering of imagery very common among the miniaturists—

“Yea, he sent out his arrows and scattered them. . . .
He teacheth my hands to war, so that a bow of steel is broken by
mine arms.
Thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle;
It is God that avengeth me, and subdueth the people unto me.”

With the view of illustrating his second proposition, that the rank assigned to God the Father in early Christian monuments is frequently not very honourable, M. Didron gives the following rules as to the arrangement of figures in art:—

1. The left hand is inferior to the right. Christ is represented enthroned, with the tables of the law resting on the ark of the covenant on His left, and the books written by His apostles on an altar on His right.

2. The lower part is less honourable than the upper.

3. The centre is more honourable than the circumference.

In the vaulting of a cathedral, or the field of a rose-window, the centre is assigned to God or the Virgin Mary. Then come the different orders of angels, followed by the various ranks of saints. The order of the heavenly hierarchy is for the most part fixed, but the exceptions to it curiously illustrate the present rule. Thus martyrs generally rank next to apostles, and take precedence of confessors; but in the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, where most honour was paid to intellectual services done to the Church, confessors take precedence of martyrs.

In applying these rules to his argument, M. Didron brings in evidence the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, and points out that the Father, represented in one case by the hand, in another by the face, is placed at the apex of the arch, on the exterior cordon of the vaulting, “where it is exposed to all the injuries of rain and wind; while mere angels are placed in the inner cordons, and sheltered from the action of the weather;” and “God the Son, on the contrary, is placed in the interior, carefully protected from the effects of rain and wind.” He adduces no case in which the Father is placed on the left when He might have been on the right; in the lower part when He might have been on the upper; or in the circumference when He might have been in the centre; and we should draw an inference the very reverse of M. Didron’s, from the fact that these reverential symbols are placed in the most conspicuous position—the highest point of the exterior cordon, behind and below which all the other cordons range.

The most serious of M. Didron's arguments, however, is that the Son, and even the Virgin, are often substituted for the Father in art. He appears to us, in his eagerness to establish his point, somewhat to overstate the frequency with which the Son is placed in positions which we should have expected to see occupied by representations of the Father. But, admitting that the practice was a common one, we need not infer from it the existence of any such sentiment of hostility as M. Didron supposes. It was natural that the imagination of the artist should be more readily drawn to the figure of the Son; and it is not unnatural that his very anxiety to avoid anything that might shock the devoutest feeling, should lead him to represent the Father in the form of Him "who is the image of the invisible God." "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." "I and my Father are one." He felt that such words as these gave a sanction to the substitution; and he hoped thereby to approach nearer to such a representation of the Father as would commend itself to the love and reverence of all beholders, than he could if he attempted what he knew must end in failure, a pictorial representation of "the Eternal, Immortal, Invisible."

That the Virgin was ever admitted to the place of the Father, in art, would certainly be a significant discovery; but we do not think it can be made out. M. Didron's evidence of it is this: In the Eastern Church the forms of art are stereotyped, and there have long existed manuscripts of instructions to the painter for the representation of every scene of their religious art. For the subject of Moses and the burning bush, the following directions are given: "Moses untying his sandals; around him, sheep; in front, a burning bush, in the midst and on the top of which is *the Virgin holding her Child*; near her an angel looks towards Moses. On the other side of the bush Moses appears standing with one hand extended, and holding a rod in the other." These directions have been obeyed not only in the East, but even in the West, where Byzantine influence has prevailed. They are followed in a sculpture on the northern gateway at Chartres; in a painting on wood wrongly attributed to King René; in miniatures in the *Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*, and other mss.; in tapestry in the cathedral of Rheims, and elsewhere. It is clearly, therefore, a matter of some importance to discover their meaning. If this be a representation of God in the form of the Virgin, it is an effort of audacious profanity, without parallel in art; for M. Didron has no other argument.

The sacred text shows us that for the pictorial representation of the event, the image of no Divine person is required:—"And

the Angel of the Lord appeared unto him (Moses) in¹ a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush ; and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed. And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt" (Exod. iii. 2, 3). It is clear from these words that Moses saw no angel, nothing but the flame and the bush ; and the voice came from the midst of the bush. Why, then, does the Virgin appear here at all, so many hundred years before her birth ? The explanation of this difficulty is suggested by the inscription under the picture attributed to King René: "Rubrum quem viderat Moyses incombustum, conservatam agnovimus tuam laudabilem Virginitatem, Sancta Dei Genetrix." There are verses to the same effect on the tapestry of Rheims. The bush which was in flames without being consumed was in the Greek Church held to be a type, and even a proof, of the dogma that the mother of our Lord was a virgin mother. Aaron's rod and Gideon's fleece were regarded as having a similar significance.

If the intention had been to delineate the historical scene, and the Virgin had been put in the place of the Deity, she would in all probability have held a scroll containing the words which Moses heard from the bush. But there is no scroll proceeding either from the flame or from the hand of the Angel. The historical bearings of the scene are to the eye of the Greek Church so completely lost in its typical import, that everything is sacrificed to make that prominent. There is a legend attached to the Church of Notre Dame de l'Epine at Châlons, which is curiously illustrative of this. On the Eve of the Annunciation, in one of the years of the fourteenth century, some shepherds, tending their flocks near Châlons, just before nightfall, saw a white thorn bush shining with a strange light ; the shepherds, and it seems their flocks too, ran towards it, and there arose from the midst of the bush, which seemed to be in flames, a small statue of Mary holding Jesus in her arms. The church was built on the spot where the bush grew, to commemorate the event. It is said that the identical statue is there still ; and at the end of the apse there is a painted window, representing the bush in flames and Mary in the midst. The townspeople of Châlons, the peasants, the shepherds, and even the sheep, are on their knees before the bush.

In the porch of the great church at the Monastery of Chilandari, on Mount Athos, there is a fresco representing Gideon squeezing his fleece ; and in the fleece, just as in the miraculous

¹ That is, *in the form*, not, *in the midst*, of a flame. The appearance was that of a flame, the actual presence that of the Angel. This is clear from what follows.

thorn of Châlons, there appears a small image of the Virgin, white as the fleece itself. It cannot be urged that the Virgin is here substituted for the Divine Being.

It may be thought strange that in the picture of the type, the thing typified should be painted. We might have expected that familiarity with the intention of these typical forms would have made any explanation of them unnecessary; just as by the sign of the lamb, the fish, or the cross, Christ was understood, God the Father by the hand, or the Holy Spirit by the dove; so we might have thought that this doctrine would have been more appropriately taught by representations of the burning bush, of Aaron's rod, or of Gideon's fleece, alone, than by the pictorial presence of the Virgin herself. But with the Greeks it was not so. They are ever reaching forward, even in art, from the sign to the thing signified. And this tendency of theirs is aided by their habit of personification of abstract ideas. A Greek MS. of the ninth century, in the Imperial Library at Paris, furnishes some curious instances of this. There is a picture of Nathan before David; but the historical fact yields in importance to the ideal significance of the scene, and instead of leaving the beholder to draw his own lesson, an allegorical figure, recognised by her name, *Metanoia*, written above, teaches the lesson of penitence by her bowed head and tearful eye, and the sobs rising in her throat. So while he tends his flocks on the slopes around Bethlehem, we are not allowed to forget the heavenly presence that is with him; as he sings his divine songs, a figure of the melody which Heaven had put in his heart sits by his side; as he smites the lion and the bear, the might with which Heaven nerves his arm stands with encouraging gesture behind. So it is in the Greek representations of the parables; and here the principle is often stretched even further; for not only is the interpretation of the parable brought prominently into the picture, but the parable itself (as that of the tares, referred to above), so far as it appeals to the imagination, is often wholly excluded.

We are compelled, then, to dissent from Mr. Didron's conclusion that art displays anything like hostility towards the First Person of the Trinity. There is abundant reason to explain the rarity of these representations without resorting to any such painful supposition. Indeed the testimony of art seems to lead to the opposite conclusion. It shows that the name of the Father has been hallowed. It has been named with fear certainly, but with no unloving fear. The fault which we have to find is rather that of over familiarity in dealing with so awful a subject.

The obstacles which checked the pictorial representation of

God the Father for so many centuries, existed, though with a lower degree of force, in the case of the Holy Spirit. For although He never appears in person to man in all sacred history, nevertheless Scripture provides a symbol which art could not reject. Hence at every period of Christian art a white dove has been the recognised representative of the Divine Spirit—white to indicate the light, which is in art a perpetual attribute of Deity. There is, however, a curious exception to this rule in the case of a manuscript of the thirteenth century. Here the Spirit of God, moving upon the face of the waters before the creation of light, is painted as black as the formless earth. A French miniature of the same period represents the Spirit as the breath (*πνεῦμα*) of the other Divine Persons. The Father and Son sit opposite to one another. The Spirit, in the form of a dove, hovers between with extended wings, their tips touching the lips of each figure, “proceeding from the Father and the Son” like breath.

The Third Person of the Trinity is depicted as a dove, not only on all occasions in history on which He has assumed that form, but also in representations of the day of Pentecost. The dove likewise appears hovering over the heads of prophets, and even of saints of post-apostolic times.

Up to the tenth century, the Third Person of the Trinity was indicated by this sign only; but from that time forward He is also represented in human form,—at first, as a man of mature years only, but afterwards in every stage of life from infancy to old age. It should be observed, however, that in representations of the Trinity, if the Three Persons are not of the same age, the Son or the Spirit, or both, are younger than the Father; never the reverse. In this case the idea of the filiation of the Son and the procession of the Spirit, is suggested; if there is no difference in years, the equality and co-eternity of the Three Persons of the Trinity.

There is frequently found a very remarkable literal rendering of a prophecy of Isaiah, in the representation of Christ surrounded by seven doves, sometimes one of them only, sometimes all of them having the nimbus. These represent the seven spirits which, it has been believed, were signified by the words of the prophecy, “The Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and piety; and the fear of the Lord shall fill him.”¹

¹ Isaiah xi. 2, 3.—So in the Septuagint and the Vulgate. Our version is slightly different: “The Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, . . . the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord; and shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord.” Our version follows the

If there has been any hesitation or coldness in the representation of the other persons of the Trinity, this appears in the strongest light by contrast with the abundantly frequent, and, if we may so say, the affectionate treatment of the subject of Christ the Son. The story of His life furnishes the most important subjects of Christian painting and sculpture; but art has ventured to depict scenes which the human eye has never beheld: the Word creating the world, speaking to men, inspiring prophets; the Son taking counsel with the Father, sent on His mission to the earth, descending into Hades, rising from the tomb, returning again to the skies, welcomed at the right hand of the Father, and at length appearing as the Judge of all mankind.

In all these scenes our Lord appears in art in human form. It is, however, worthy of remark that the same ancient reverence which indicated the presence of the Father by a hand, and that of the Holy Spirit by a dove, likewise forbade any realistic representation of the Son, even when He wore human flesh. Hence during the first ten centuries He appears in ideal form, youthful and beardless. Like the ever young gods of Greece, years and sorrow make no impression on Him. He appears thus, not only when seated at the Father's right hand, or when performing some great act of Divine power, but in the scenes of His humiliation and death, and even on the cross. This notion of the ideal perfection of the youthful form is illustrated by a bas-relief of the translation of Elijah on one of the ancient sarcophagi. The venerable prophet, as he rises to heaven in the chariot of fire, and leaves earth and all its painful weariness below, is represented young and smooth of cheek. So was our Saviour. The practice, however, began to die out in the eleventh century; and during the period of transition the works of the same artist sometimes show the different meaning attached to the two styles of representation. The two following subjects, from the carved ivory covers of a manuscript, furnish an example. On one side, our Saviour is on the cross, suffering mortal pains, and bending towards His mother, who, with the apostle John, stands below. His divinity is declared by iconographic signs, and the sun and moon are re-

Hebrew in repeating the expression, "The fear of the Lord." This word is in the Septuagint translated first *εὐσεβεία*, and then *φοβὸς Θεοῦ*, while *pietas* and *timor Domini* represent it in the Vulgate. Except in this point, the Septuagint and the Vulgate are closer to the Hebrew in their rendering of the passage than our version. The variation may have arisen from a desire to make up the perfect number, Seven. Its adoption in art was probably not independent of its consistency with the text of the Apocalypse, which describes "the Lamb, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven spirits of God."

presented as bowing before Him, but He is still suffering mortal sorrow, and accordingly He is represented as a man of middle age, worn and wounded. On the other side, He is already victorious over death and the grave; He sits on a throne in the midst of an aureole, with the symbols of the four evangelists round Him. His right hand is lifted in benediction; in the left is a scroll; and a book rests on His knees. Here, therefore, He appears youthful and beardless, and with no marks of weariness or woe.

After the twelfth century, the youthful form is very rare. The face of Christ becomes more sad; He has now made acquaintance with grief. Happier incidents are rarely sought by the artist; and while He is represented in the scenes of His sharpest suffering on earth as the Man of Sorrows, He appears in the skies as the Judge of all mankind, the *Rex tremendæ Majestatis* of the *Dies Iræ*.

Notwithstanding the natural attraction to the human form in representations of the Second Person of the Trinity, art has admitted other signs also into her service. According to the symbolism of the Mosaic law, by the descriptions of the Prophets, by the declaration of the Baptist, and in the imagery of the Apocalypse, Christ was the Lamb of God; and this symbol of a lamb is in very frequent use in art. It is often borne in the arms of the Baptist, who always points to it with the finger. And whatever the surroundings may be, it is adorned with the cruciform nimbus, and it often bears the resurrection cross. The Lamb of the Apocalypse is different. Its distinguishing marks are the seven horns and seven eyes; and whatever the position of the Lamb may be, they are so placed that all of them may be visible. Thus, in a French miniature of the thirteenth century, there is an apocalyptic Lamb with its side to the spectator. The seven horns are in a row at the top of the head; one eye is in the ordinary position, and the six others are in two rows down the same side of the neck. Below them all, at the side of the chest, is the wound of the spear, with blood streaming from it.

There were many other ways of representing Christ, but it is unnecessary to make further allusion to them, as they are fully and admirably set forth in the recent work of Mrs. Jameson and Lady Eastlake.

All these details, however, show that the productions of the Christian artist make a strong claim on our attention of a nature collateral to their purpose, and in a great measure independent of their value as examples of art. Art has done much more than please and purify the æsthetic faculties of men. The works of the painter and the sculptor, the enamellist and the miniaturist,

form a most valuable historical record. There is no careful statement of doctrine, no ill-concealed desire to place a cherished dogma in the most favourable light. The teaching is unconscious, unconscious as the revelation of the habits and civilisation of remote periods, which is made to us in their language. Mediæval art bears witness to changes in the minds of men from gladness to gloom, from reverence to audacity, or from faith to scepticism, just as the boulders on the lower Alps testify to the enormous glaciers which once covered their sides. But her glory is in the instruction which she has given, and which she still gives to the devout. She preaches sermons to the eye more eloquent than those which are heard with the ear. And by giving heed to these lessons, we may appropriate to our own use the united conceptions of successive ages of the Church, and thus arrive at a more complete comprehension of every incident of sacred story, and a more thorough appreciation of the moving thoughts and feelings of men, who, while they were of like passions with ourselves, yet attained an eminence of piety and vigour of faith which seem to place them beyond our reach. If these things be so, the works of the mediæval masters, whatever may be said of their conventionalism or their unrealism, cannot be unworthy of a patient study.

- ART. VII.—1. *Discorso del Senatore Marchese Gualterio nella seduta del 2 Dicembre 1864, sul Progetto de Legge per il trasferimento della Capitale a Firenze.* Favale & Cie.
 2. *La Translation de la Capitale et la Convention du 15 Septembre. Discours du Chevalier Bon-compagni.* Turin, 1864.

THERE are events in a people's history which bear upon their face the features of capital turning-points, as strikingly as in an individual's life certain years are stamped with the indelibly impressive marks of epochs. The instinctive effect of both is alike on those who experience them. On finding itself in the actual presence of such moments of weight, the mind is forcibly impelled to pause and ponder—to look back inquiringly at the extent of ground that has been travelled over, and then to consider anxiously what may remain to be encountered in the future. Such pregnant instances irresistibly suggest taking a survey; for by no other process than that of measuring the relative strength of the difficulties already contended against, and of the force already brought to bear thereon, can we obtain some trustworthy clues to the perplexities that may be anticipated, and to the probabilities of their being successfully dealt with. In presence of a future that darkly advances forcing on us a deep feeling of its weightiness, it is impossible not to turn for guidance to the lights of experience and practical facts. It is at a moment inviting such review—a moment plainly marking the sharp passage between two most important periods in her political life—that Italy has arrived, by the transfer of the seat of Government away from the city and the province that served as the cradle for her national infancy. As long as Italy continues to exist as one State, the step so taken must prove a memorable era in her destinies and her progress, marking the stride made from the sprawling condition of babydom into the organic shape assumed by boyhood growing strong. Italy has entered upon her teens—a term in life exposed to many perils, fraught with many risks. What then are the chances that Italy will survive the dangers that she has thus made herself liable to encounter? The question is one which every person must be asking himself who takes the remotest interest in the politics of our times; for however varied are the sympathies of men in the great interests at stake, all acknowledge the Italian revolution to be the most startling event of our day, and all therefore watch its course intently from their point of view. On all sides, therefore, speculation has been intensely stimulated to estimate the practical consequences that will flow from the measure that has been ventured upon. Is this an exercise of

legitimate effort, imposing none but a wholesome strain on the body politic, and therefore conducive to its progress in strength? Or is this one of those premature acts of indulgence, that, being beyond the years of this body politic, are mere acts of precocious license which must open the door to a burst of wild excesses, that cannot but drain the constitution, and hurry the youthful system into an early decline? This is the question which people have been eagerly canvassing, and which, in our turn, we propose to consider in this paper. By plucking the seat of government out of Piedmont, and pitching it in Tuscany, has Italy gained or lost in her powers for coping with the difficulties and dangers inherent in the task she has taken in hand of consolidating her political conformation? Does a careful survey of the elements at work in the Peninsula, warrant the inference that this measure has been productive of a disturbance of forces that will materially weaken the capacity of the Italians to master those obstacles which they must master, if they are to succeed in securing the final establishment of their country, by its being calculated to foment intestine passion, which will break up that remarkable and spontaneous unity of action that has been hitherto so astonishing a feature in the Italian revolution? In short, does Italy wear merely the false mask of progress, behind which there is gathering a tainted mass of decomposing virus, which will infallibly inundate the whole system, and thus destroy an union which is too recent to have any cohesive force of its own?

It would be a work of pure supererogation to dilate upon the foundation there is for ascribing real gravity to the situation produced by the sudden changes that have been decreed in Italy. The very child that runs can read the signs of seriousness upon the aspect of affairs, and experience the sensation of being under an atmosphere heavy with weighty contingencies. We have no need to be told that the position of the moment is felt to be attended with anxieties; what we would care to be informed of is the exact nature of the perils that inspire anxiety, whether they are created by the new organization just adopted, or are of an old origin; and if so, then whether there be ground for assuming that the force of these perils will derive intensity from the political conditions that have been inaugurated by the dethronement of Piedmont and the Piedmontese from the proud position which they have heretofore held in the hierarchy of Italian provincialisms. The dangers which Italy has cause to apprehend are of two distinct kinds, and proceed therefore from two distinct sources. With the one kind we are not called upon to occupy ourselves. It comprises the dangers that can descend upon Italy from abroad. By their nature these do not

admit being reduced to certainties and necessities, for they depend on conditions always liable to accidental modifications, and especially on the exercise of a prudence which can dissipate in an incalculable degree menacing elements of this order. There is no absolute necessity that Italy must come in collision with Austria within a given time, and still less is there an absolute necessity why Austria must fall upon Italy, unless she be imprudently provoked to do so by the latter. Dangers under this head cannot therefore be considered as absolute and unavoidable. Rashness can conjure these up, while one individual's adroitness is often enough to get rid of them. Not so is it with angry elements dwelling within the system. No expenditure of dexterity will contrive to avoid ultimate collision with elements of antagonism and dissension that have once taken root in the body. Either the constitution must silently absorb and throw these off, or there must ensue violent throes and crises. One or the other must happen, for it is an indispensable condition of existence to grapple with the unwholesomeness that may be lodged within the system. This must be got rid of, or in its turn it will ruin the constitution. Should it therefore appear that the state of things created by the recent changes in Italy has swollen inward elements of opposition in the country, and lowered the force for grappling with these, then we should have to conclude that the chances for the consolidation of a large Italian State have been impaired by what has happened.

The internal elements of opposition wherewith the unitarian movement in Italy cannot fail to have to deal, and which, as internal, are necessarily exposed to be affected by a measure of strictly internal bearing, may be classed under the following heads :—I. Local feelings of provincial and municipal jealousies. II. The outlawry in the Neapolitan provinces. III. The Roman problem, which must be subdivided into a narrow question of mere local aptitude, confined solely to a consideration of practical difficulties, in the way of providing an appropriate establishment for two distinct authorities within one city; and into a religious question of wide range, directly connected with the grave problem of the relations which should exist between Church and State—with the peculiar interests involved by the Pope's unique position, and affecting in countless ways the many chords in the human heart which are attached to religious scruples. Within these categories lie the real difficulties which the Italian unitarians cannot avoid having to contend against. All else is accidental, and not of native growth; but these, in so far as they exist, spring out of the natural conditions of the subject-matter under treatment; and those who have undertaken to deal with this, must make up their minds that they will have

to deal with these difficulties. Let us examine then their nature, and see how far the transfer from Turin to Florence of the seat of Government can affect them, either for better or worse.

I. The jealous feelings supposed to animate the many ancient and proud municipalities of Italy, have been all along paraded, by those who are averse to the unification of that country, as the rock whereon that project must go to wreck. It is certain that the past history of Italy would seem to justify such an opinion. But the facts of the last five years have signally confuted these sinister prognostications, so as not only to inflict bitter disappointment on the enemies of an united Italy, but to surprise even those who were disposed to rely on an improved political feeling in the people. Still, it was the opinion of many persons that the concord and hearty acquiescence in the new order of things, which have so remarkably distinguished the proceedings of the Italians since 1859, was not of an enduring nature, inasmuch as it rested on a sense of provisional necessity. The dread of impending Austrian restoration was supposed to be the sole motive which for the moment made the populations pull together cordially until they felt themselves relieved from the detested contingency, while the general acquiescence in a Government vested in the House of Savoy, and seated in Piedmont, was assumed to be due only to a sense that the situation of the moment imperatively commanded strength to be husbanded and recruited, in order to accomplish national independence by plucking Rome out of the grasp of priestly rule. According to this view, the unitarian feeling is essentially ephemeral and deceptive in its nature, proceeding from calculation inspired by political craft. The Union was represented as merely a means adopted towards an end, this end being the establishment of free government in Italy—the emancipation from foreign rule. This goal once attained, then the feelings, now supposed to be suppressed artfully, but with painful effort, would burst forth with irresistible force, and the pent-up passions of municipal pride, of provincial susceptibilities, now fretting at the curb set upon them, would run their free course, and constitute a federal Italy. It may be fearlessly asserted that nothing could ever have been invented to apply a more crucial test to this theory of angrily chafing local feelings ready to burst forth on the first occasion, than the circumstances which attended the removal of the capital from Turin to Florence. There was not a circumstance wanting that could provoke and stimulate the peculiar irritation which we were asked to believe existed so largely. In the first place, the people were taken quite aback by the announced measure. Thus it came on them not only

without preparation, but under conditions to give a shock to feelings they had been stimulated to cherish. Rome as the metropolis, had become the accepted cry of all Italian Liberals, the current formula of all political parties in the Peninsula. In the fixed gaze on Rome as the point on which to march, public attention had utterly lost sight of the possibility of previously removing from Turin to some other spot the seat of Government. Therefore, when the surprise occurred, it came, in a manner, to dash a sudden sensation of chilling disappointment over excited feelings, and at the same time directly to provoke an outburst of dormant rivalries and jealousies. For to the claims of Rome all Italian populations had in a concert proclaimed their deference; but no public feeling had been awakened in regard to the pre-eminence of any other city; and what could be more natural—when the stereotyped programme was to be unexpectedly departed from—than that some discussions should arise amongst the many illustrious cities with which Italy is studded, as to the superiority of their individual claims and position for metropolis?

Surely there never could be a subject more legitimately calculated to inspire at least some debate. For were there not, at all events, the two splendid cities of Milan and Naples—the one illustrious with proud associations, the other still palpitating with the fresh self-sacrifice of its royal rank, which not only might have been expected to dispute the title of Florence to precedence, but were in recognised possession of such striking eminence, and of such natural advantages, as to bring their names of a necessity at once to mind, when it became a question of pitching upon an appropriate site for a new capital? Every existing circumstance thus seemed to concur against the possibility of a selection under the most favourable conditions being acquiesced in cordially by the nation, much more so when this selection was arrived at without the nation being consulted, and in the always unpopular mystery of a diplomatic transaction. Yet the selection made for the nation by its statesmen was not only ratified by the bulk of the people, but in spite of incidents specially calculated to foment a sense of local pride, no sound of protest could be extracted by some mischievous agitators from the communities, whose natural feelings might have been expected to be particularly predisposed to wounded susceptibility. In our opinion, it is difficult to over-estimate the political self-restraint which was shown by the Italians on this occasion, and especially by the Liberal party in the city of Naples. Also, amongst the repeated disappointments which the Reactionists have met with, none has been bitterer than what they experienced in the signal failure at this

conjuncture of the anticipations they had so confidently indulged in. What then happened at Naples deliberately, on reflection, and amidst the most powerful incentives to dash wildly along a course of disaffected irritation, is an example of calm self-possession in a critical moment, pregnant with instruction, and meriting serious consideration.

The town of Naples was undisguisedly hostile to the administration. The shrill tongue of stricture rang loudly and vehemently in all classes against the men and the measures of Government. The spirit of opposition luxuriated in a chorus of biting complaint at the incapacity, the follies, the clique-temper of those who had been governing Naples for Victor Emmanuel. This had gone so far, that on a recent occasion it was enough for a man to have received a well-deserved reprimand at the hands of his official superiors to make him an object of popularity--a favourite candidate. Go where you would in Naples amongst Liberals, and you could not escape hearing long indictments against the mismanagement of which the new governors were guilty. Moreover, in Naples it is no secret that the revolution had been the work of a minority, a minority superior in intelligence and energy, but still weak when counted by heads in the mass of the population, and now, it might have been anticipated, still further weakened by division; while the Reactionists were supposed to have grown in strength by organization, and by defections through dissatisfaction at the proceedings of Government. Nor can it be denied that the apparent temper of Naples did seem to warrant an outburst of angry feeling. Most certainly the opposition to the administration was so general, that the triumphant return of extreme politicians at the communal elections took no one by surprise. And yet in this city, seemingly brimful of intense disaffection, flowing over with clamorous complaint, beset by noisy demagogues, and played upon by plotting intriguers, the sudden announcement that the men whose administrative incapacities were bitterly reviled every day, had determined in secret council to elevate Florence to the prominent station amongst Italian cities, was received with cordial and confirmed assent by all who advocated the cause of Italian revolution. The effect produced by the tidings of the municipal irritation at Turin was marvellous. Instantly it had been learned that at Turin the people had been hurried into lamentable demonstrations of anger at the transfer of the capital, then, as if sobered by a cold shiver of alarm for the safety of a dear object, all those politicians who the day before had been hotly fighting with each other, but who concurred in a heart-felt aversion to Bourbon reaction, dropped their party cries and party purposes,

and, declaring that the moment demanded union amongst all who really wished to see Italy one, publicly co-operated together to make an impressive demonstration in this sense. The result was a memorable gathering, by public call, of as many thousands as could press within the winter theatre of the Villa Reale, who were addressed, in the same strain of earnest moderation, by men so far asunder in ordinary politics as the Conservative Settembrini and the fiery Radical Nicotera. Not a word was breathed that day which was marked with an accent of discord or wounded susceptibility. Even Count Ricciardi, who with Quixote-like pertinacity has wearied Parliament by his interminable advocacy of the claims of Naples for capital, announced that under the critical circumstances which menaced the country, he would sacrifice his darling hobby.

Now this coalition was not the work of surprise operating through the contagious intoxication of enthusiastic transports. It was the result of reflection and wise instinct on the part of men who had acquired practical experience, and retained a warm and intelligent love for the great cause they had originally embarked in, in the midst of the party contests into which many of them, as for instance Nicotera, have plunged so deeply and so eagerly. What happened on this occasion afforded conclusive evidence that the minority which brought about the transformation in Naples, and may be said by a *coup de main* to have imposed a new organization, held firmly together to protect their work in a critical moment, and sank all the differences which appeared to divide them so widely amongst themselves the instant they were aware of a risk menacing seriously the creation they had contributed to produce. It appears to us that here we have a complete confutation of the assertion that all over Italy there is a powerful element of reaction against the introduced form of unification amongst the very instruments that had promoted its establishment, and which is panting to exhibit its formidable strength; for it is notorious that Naples (we mean the city) is emphatically the weak spot of Italy, where faction and intrigue luxuriate in rankest growth, where, partly from natural licentiousness of tongue, partly from the real mistakes committed by the administration, complaint and dissatisfaction have been most rife, and where, consequently, it is admitted on all hands that we must look for the most decided elements of disaffection and reaction in the Peninsula. If, therefore, at a conjuncture when every circumstance conspired to make a display of such elements safe and easy, no serious symptom of a wish to see their work undone has been manifested at Naples amongst the parties that carried through the revolution, we shall be justified in setting down as

a baseless delusion, the notion of a strong impulse to return back upon the past being ready to explode in those other portions of Italy which have never been supposed to have contracted a spirit of irritation at all equal in active intensity to that which has been confidently assumed to animate the inhabitants of the city of Naples. In presence of these facts we are warranted, therefore, in setting down as an exaggeration the assertion that, in the portions of Italy recently united under the sway of Victor Emmanuel, there is fermenting a strong and general spirit of discontent at the particular process of fusion to which they have been subjected, and, above all, in rejecting the idea that the selection of Florence for the capital has had the effect of introducing a powerful element of fresh irritation.

But if we thus have grounds for disbelieving in the existence of an active current of reaction against their own work, in the populations of those provinces that gave themselves recently to the House of Savoy, can we hesitate to admit that a new danger has been created for the unity of Italy, by the declared rupture of that ancient loyalty which bound the people of Piedmont to their sovereign, and put at the service of the Italians an invaluable element of matured discipline and soldier-like force? It would be absurd to deny that the rapid success which attended the transformation of Italy, has been mainly due to the effective organization and manly qualities of the Piedmontese. It would be as absurd to deny that a serious danger might be apprehended from the awakening of an active spirit of disaffection to the Italian monarchy in the populations of ancient Piedmont. If the transfer of the seat of Government away from Turin has been really productive of an intense feeling of irritation, that will make the Piedmontese as generally and actively disloyal as the Highlanders once were to the House of Hanover, or the Catalonians to the King of Spain, then, undoubtedly, a very grave danger has been called into existence. What has happened at Turin is indeed very much to be deplored, but we are unable to ascribe to it consequences of such magnitude. The outburst which occurred was the expression of the specifically Piedmontese aristocracy, and of a specifically Turinese municipalism. Now the old Piedmontese aristocracy, as a body, has all along stood moodily aloof from the reforming policy inaugurated by Charles Albert, and which has ended in making Victor Emmanuel King of Italy. The whole revolution has been extremely distasteful to its haughty disdain for democracy, and priest-ridden temper. With some signal exceptions, the Piedmontese aristocracy has taken no part in promoting the great measures that modified the Consti-

tution of the country. In its judgment Count Cavour was a demagogue and a renegade from his order. Now this aristocracy, which has all along gnashed its teeth in anger at every measure that has been a step in advance, has again manifested its spirit of opposition—a spirit now indeed exhibited in a more violent manner than on former occasions, but in itself not new. Still we are told that the kind of irritation which has seized this body is marked by a serious feature heretofore wanting. It is affirmed that the rage of the Piedmontese aristocracy has made them lose their personal affections for the House of Savoy so entirely, as to make them ready to engage in active disloyalty. If we were to believe these representations, the temper is such, that for the sake of punishing Victor Emmanuel, every chance of insurrection would be embraced, even though it were for the avowed purpose of converting Piedmont into a French department. If this were correct we should indeed have here to deal with a novel element, for the Piedmontese nobility has ever been an essentially soldierly body, which, irrespective of political principles, has never failed on the outbreak of war to evince stout patriotism. But we are quite at a loss to detect any evidence in support of such an opinion. The testimony of the past seems to point conclusively to the contrary inference. The breach between the Crown and the aristocracy was quite as wide when the Constitution was granted, and the King surrounded himself with advisers from the middle classes; and yet at that time the undisguised discontent of the nobility showed no tendency to deepen into treason. What we anticipate is, that for some time this aristocracy will stand angrily aloof from the Court, as it has often done before, only that its sulkiness, instead of wearing the expression of a simply political, will contract that of a territorial complexion. The aristocracy will try to make its private spleen figure as the representative of an indignant Piedmont, just as formerly the Genoese aristocracy affected to represent the wounded feelings of the republic by staying away from the Court at Turin. Yet the little Piedmont successfully defied the moody hostility of these proud aristocrats; and why should we have reason to anticipate that the Italian monarchy will have greater difficulty in dealing with the splenetic humours of the Piedmontese nobles?

Probably it will be answered that a valid reason is to be found in the fact that the anger of the aristocracy is no longer merely its own, but has been shown by events to coincide with the pervading feeling of Piedmont. We believe this assumption to rest on the grave mistake of identifying Turin with Piedmont. In the capital there has been and still is

great irritation at the transfer of the seat of Government. The irritation, not astonishing under all circumstances, has been undoubtedly stimulated by the agitating manœuvres of the aristocratic party, which found a happy field in the consciousness of the Turinese that their city possesses none of the natural advantages which always secured to Florence and Naples the certainty of prosperity, independently of their being the residences of Courts. But let us go into the other towns of Piedmont, and we shall find that the same feeling of irritation does not extend to these; a point whereof conclusive proof is afforded by the marked contrast between their attitude at Turin, and the absence of demonstrations in any one town of Piedmont in sympathy with those that occurred in Turin. The old capital alone has manifested passionate anger at what has been decreed, but Piedmont at large has not participated in these ebullitions. The truth of our assertion is irrefutably established by an analysis of the opposition recorded in Parliament to the Convention. Other than those who, as determined members of the Radical party, were on principle adverse to every ministerial measure, we find in the opposition division list of the Deputies hardly any of the men of Piedmontese origin who have attained to political distinction. In the Senate, some Piedmontese of eminence, like Ponza di San Martino, did indeed protest vehemently against the policy of the measure, but the Senate also notoriously comprises many reactionary elements in its parent stock, of purely Piedmontese creation. In the Lower House, the Piedmontese Deputies, who figured as the violent opponents of the Convention, were without exception men of no parliamentary standing, and connected with Turin by ties of interest and profession, like the lawyer Boggio, who made himself the mouthpiece of this municipal clique. It is needless to remind the reader that the majority of the Cabinet which defended before Parliament the treaty concluded by its predecessors in office, consisted of Piedmontese. No less significant is the course pursued by M. Rattazzi. M. Rattazzi is a man who has acquired the position of an influential politician. He has gained this by parliamentary skill and quickness in debate. He is ambitious of office, has held it several times, and has never shown symptoms of wishing to retire from political life. Amongst the party leaders in Parliament M. Rattazzi has been looked upon as the representative of a specially Piedmontese complexion of feeling. A Piedmontese himself, he has always contrived to figure as the leading man amongst his immediate countrymen in the House, and his advent to office has been taken to signalize antagonism to the great national party represented by the combination of men who formed the Minghetti Cabinet,

and concluded the Convention. Yet M. Rattazzi, though certainly not a politician disposed to omit an opportunity of assailing his adversaries, spoke and voted for the Convention; for although he is fully aware that his influence has been mainly due to his connexion as a Piedmontese, and that the value of such connexion will fall considerably by the dethronement of Piedmont from its exceptional position, his sagacity instinctively shrank from ruining himself in the opinion of Italy by associating with a mere municipal faction, in opposition to a measure of manifestly imperial interest. We cannot therefore see that there is foundation for the opinion that the practical consequences of carrying the seat of Government to Florence must be disastrous, because this measure cannot fail to quicken intestine jealousies amongst the provinces whose recent fusion has produced the Italian kingdom, and to alienate from the House of Savoy the affections of its old subjects.

II. Still less are we able to concur in the opinion that an effect of this measure must be to aggravate the active intensity of those lawless elements which have produced in the Neapolitan provinces a state of chronic brigandage. To enter upon an inquiry into the causes, some moral and of ancient origin, others merely accidental and of yesterday's growth, which combine to make the Neapolitan provinces, in their present condition, a soil infested with brigandage, would be beyond the limits of this paper, which has for its scope circumstances bearing on a particular movement. To understand these circumstances, it is however necessary to define the moral circumscription within which lies the lawlessness that has to be dealt with at present in these provinces. We need not know all the peculiarities that mark its character, but it is indispensable that we should not ascribe to it qualities that are really foreign to its origin. Neapolitan brigandage is thus not the manifestation of strong popular impulses of loyal affection for a dethroned dynasty. It is a gross misrepresentation to consider it to proceed from a feeling of romantic devotion for an unfortunate cause, akin to what animated the Vendean royalists, and made the hearts of the Highlanders thrill with passion at the name of Stuart. The lawlessness which infests the Neapolitan provinces is in substance of the same order which is met with in Ireland. The political complexion is merely of the surface, as a dye smeared on the face, while its real nature is of social origin, and, except through the action of artificial stimulant, confines itself to agrarian outrage. We are firmly convinced that the disorder, which has afflicted these provinces like a pestilence, is a thing quite apart from purely political feeling, and quite inca-

pable of being roused to action at the concerted operation of a political rising. The elements in fermentation are simply a savage and miserable peasantry, grovelling in a state of degraded ignorance, rendered necessarily vicious by the accumulation of bad feelings, contracted in centuries of systematically wretched governments and hard conditions. For the relations between the owner of the soil and the labouring population, in many portions of the kingdom, have been on a footing to inspire the latter with a feeling of bitter hostility against the former, and it is in the antagonism which has thereby been engendered that resides the whole force that now disturbs the peace of the Neapolitan provinces.

In 1863, a Parliamentary Commission was appointed to examine on the spot into the nature of brigandage. It was composed of men well able to perform the duty they were charged with. The report drawn up by these Commissioners is a most instructive and exhaustive production, with a telling appendix of illustrative facts to the opinions expressed in its body. These judges ascribe, in the most decided manner, brigandage to the passions nourished in the breasts of the peasantry by the miserable conditions in which they live. "First amongst the causes leading to brigandage," we read in the Report, "is the social condition, the worldly state of the peasant, which, in the very provinces where brigandage has attained largest proportions, is most wretched."¹ In support of this, the Commissioners state two striking facts. Wherever the Metayer system prevails in the Neapolitan provinces, there brigandage has not thriven. In Calabria, where an exceptional and quite feudal relationship of cordial fellow-feeling unites the great landowners with their dependants, who here have preserved the character of retainers, brigandage has been equally at a discount. On the other hand, the districts that have been ravaged by it, the Capitanata and the Basilicata, are those where the peasantry are reduced to the lowest level of physical and mental condition, clad like savages in the skins of goats, housed in hovels of the meanest structure, destitute of all instruction, having no religion but that of a fetish-worship, the perfect type of humanity grown wild and utterly given up to the unbridled instincts of fiery passions. It is from individuals of this stamp that the brigand bands are recruited, and their actions as enrolled bands have corresponded exactly to the impulses which sway them as individuals. They never have attempted any combined operations approaching to the conception of a campaign, but have contented themselves with committing outrages upon the property and persons of the leading landowners of their

¹ Commissione d'Inchiesta sul Brigantaggio, p. 9.

immediate district against whom they entertained a spite. The war carried on has been a war of agrarian passions, waged by a fearfully barbarous peasantry against the men of landed substance. The political colour acquired by their lawless proceedings, has been derived from the extraneous circumstance that the Bourbonists availed themselves of this element of intestine disorder to appear strong before the world. Therefore Chiavone, and Nino Nanco, and Caruso, and the many other leaders of bands, were invested with brevets from King Francis, and the outlaws perpetrated depredations, for the gratification of their personal passions, under the false show of a political purpose, and under the sham dress of political partisans. At the same time, it happened that the class against which the individuals who composed the brigand bands were bitterly inflamed, was the very one that, in each locality, was most conspicuously identified with the new order of things, for it was the middle class—the small landowners—the men of property and substance—that groaned in the provinces beneath the despotism of the Bourbons, undisguisedly rejoiced at the proclamation of the new Government, and immediately proceeded to fill naturally the offices of Syndic, Councillor, Commandant of the National Guard, which were necessarily created on the establishment of the present system of local administration. Therefore these savage boors saw nothing in the revolution but the exaltation of those whom they particularly had a grudge against, and lent consequently an eager ear to the incendiary incentives for falling upon and despoiling these Liberals.¹

A sore of this social nature can be healed only by social operations, by a healthy reaction in the system. The repressive intervention of the Central Executive will not be enough to get the better of the evil. Unfortunately, in the Neapolitan provinces hitherto, the only active force that has been brought systematically against brigandage is the inadequate one of the military. The military is an indispensable accessory; but it is hopeless to see lawlessness of this special nature extirpated, so long as the middle classes themselves continue, from cowardice, to allow brigandage to exercise an

¹ The Commissioners state that Giorgi, a brigand chief in the Abruzzi, having entered San Germano, harangued the country people in the marketplace with the following words:—"Francis II. wishes to finish off with these *galantuomini*," the name given to all above the labouring class, "who do you so much harm. He charged me to tell you that he will give you all their houses and goods. Also from the Pope am I charged to bless you and absolve you from your sins." We ourselves have heard at San Germano much bearing on this subject. Probably there is no district in which the relations between the labouring classes and the owners of land are marked with more bitter feelings.

assured terrorism. The Commissioners dwell with much force on the striking contrast afforded by a few localities where the leading inhabitants and landed proprietors, under the influence of a spirited townsman, got up a civil force that boldly defied the brigands, and refused to pay attention to their threatening demands. The result was that these communities remained thereafter exempt from the visitations which were the lot of their more timid neighbours. This is the point at which we apprehend that the Convention, with its consequences, is likely to be felt. There is nothing more lamentable than the spectacle of faint-hearted helplessness presented by these Neapolitan communities, quietly knocking under to the threats of a handful of cowardly ruffians, unless it be the cause that inspires it. That cause is an inward hollowness of faith in the stability of the new Government, simply because it is new. The phantom of restoration haunts the soul of a Neapolitan who has seen Governments often blown over, but who has never known a revolution to prove abiding. Go through the country, and unfortunately you will find a pervading want of confidence, a pervading uneasiness of mind, partly of Francis II., partly of the French Emperor as the protector of Murat, now in regard to some fabulous conceptions of what England is meditating, and now in regard to a wonderful mare's-nest, in the manufacture of which every political power of Europe becomes an ingredient, which makes men helpless, and tremble with an inconceivable perturbation at the thought of being called upon publicly to commit themselves, by boldly facing the partisans of a cause which still looms before the mind of the country with so spectre like an influence as that of the expelled Bourbons. "What if they were to come back from Rome?" is the question which nine tenths of the individuals put to themselves who really wish for anything but their return, when they find themselves in the predicament of being exposed to take a step that may publicly separate them further from the past, and the impulse will usually be to avoid taking this step from fear of possible consequences in the event of a possible restoration.

It is this want of confidence, the vice begotten by centuries of demoralizing habits, which has protected brigandage in the Neapolitan provinces. Victor Emmanuel may be King for the hour, and an Italian kingdom may be proclaimed just now; but still Francis II. is close by in Rome, and it is an ugly thing, as experience has taught, to trust rashly to the appearances of the moment, and rouse the anger of a possibly restored monarch by imprudent manifestations. The want of the Neapolitan populations is of moral self-

reliance. The classes that at heart loathe the thought of Bourbon rule are yet practically postponing the consolidation of the new system, as far as this depends on them, by inactivity, and a faint-hearted dread of obeying their convictions and coming forward in behalf of an authority which they are afraid may itself soon fall. It is this temper alone which has enabled a few ruffians to terrorize repeatedly a whole district, to a degree which is inconceivable. Now undoubtedly the Convention has created in the Neapolitan provinces an impression that the Italian Government is growing in positive strength, for what Neapolitans always look to is the action of foreign Governments. All their revolutions have come from without; and their conception of political vicissitudes is inseparable from something that comes from a foreign power. The fact, therefore, of the Treaty signed with France, accompanied by the transfer of the capital in direct understanding with France, has affected the Neapolitan mind with the sensation of a guarantee, and the more so, that during the last years the most incredible stories had been systematically circulated by Bourbon agents in the provincial circles—peculiarly prone to swallow fables—about the positive determination of the Emperor Napoleon not to permit Naples to remain attached to the Italian kingdom. The result has been to instil a new flood of confidence in the present state of things into the hearts of the provincial populations, which, it is reasonable to expect, will contribute to discourage the already languishing force of brigandage. That an evil, taking root in a social sore of long standing, should disappear at once altogether, is out of the question; but as certainly as its existence is a serious weakness to Italy, so certainly can it be asserted that the moral influences flowing from the Treaty can never tend to inflame its noxiousness. The Government of Victor Emmanuel has gained immensely in reality for the Neapolitan provincials since and in virtue of the Convention. Brigandage is now merely sporadic, with the exception of a few localities; and if it has not altogether been stripped of its assumed political dress, this is due exclusively to the mischievous influence of the country clergy, with whom alone there resides a really active spirit of political hostility to the Government. But the consideration of this influence comes within the problem which lies in the great Roman knot.

III. We have before said that the Roman question falls under two aspects, closely hanging together, yet presenting issues of very different magnitudes, the one being confined to the concrete point of certain natural reasons inherent to Rome, which are supposed to make the Italians hotly bent on being satisfied

with nothing short of the actual installation of their seat of Government within its walls; and the other comprising an intricate mass of delicate considerations, that have their source in religious scruples, and in the peculiarly sacred rank which the Pope holds in the eyes of faithful Roman Catholics. It is manifest that the measure adopted by the Italian Government affects both these aspects, though in different degrees; for upon its frontispiece stands conspicuously inscribed the purpose to furnish a pledge for dispelling that angry dread of harsh coercion, which is put forward by those who in the Court of Rome declare anti-Italian feelings to be a matter of necessity for it, in consequence of the spoliation which is intended. It appears to us that the promise held out bids fair to be kept; and that already the effect of the measure adopted by the Italian Government is felt in the reduction of the antagonistic elements which militated against an understanding with Rome, in so far, at least, as these elements existed on the side of the Italians. The cry that the wants of Italy cannot be satisfied without Rome being made the capital, is now uttered with a feeling much modified from the passion of a short while ago; and we note this fact as an indication of the coolness of mind which the Italians have retained amidst the excitement of revolution. The change which we fancy to be working is not at all an essential change of purpose; it is merely a modification of method,—the result of experience, that what is really essential can be attained by other combinations than those originally conceived, and at first pursued with rather hasty and overweening impetuosity. But the essential purpose which lay at the heart of Count Cavour, when he struck out the formula of *Rome the metropolis of Italy*, was simply to give a pointed expression to the absolute necessity of completing the national structure of Italy, by the emancipation of Rome and the Papal States from the continued presence of foreign intervention. This feeling, and this feeling alone, inspired Count Cavour, whose inventive genius darted upon the coincidence between the manifestly provisional Constitution of an Italy with Turin for capital, and the condition of Rome, not yet delivered from dependence on a strange power,—to provide a political formula strikingly expressive of the national want, and calculated to furnish a direction to the national action. At that time, however, the Italians undoubtedly overrated the facility of carrying through this project. They deluded themselves as to the effect which would follow on their presenting to the French Government a distinct summons to march out of Rome. Success had flushed the popular mind with impatient irritation at a disappointment, and had inspired the feeling that, like a second Jericho, the walls of Rome must tumble down at

the blast of national cravings. The plain-spoken representations addressed by Baron Ricasoli on the subject to France, indicated a haughty misapprehension of any circumstances being of a nature to stand between the wishes of the Italian people and their immediate execution by the French Government. The result was that the Italians experienced a sharp rebuff, with which they have had to put up; and they learnt then that there were elements of a serious nature connected with the presence of the French in Rome which could not be got rid of by off-hand proceedings and obstreperous clamour. At the same time that they got to feel the difficulties in the way of what was so important to obtain—the departure of French forces from Italian soil; they acquired experience that Government could go on from Turin, and that therefore the actual establishment of it in Rome was not the *sine quâ non* condition it had been freely asserted. Hence a change came gradually over public feeling. The question of the capital faded in importance before the ever-growing sense of the danger necessarily involved by French occupation of Rome.

To relieve the country from the political millstone so plainly hung around its neck, began to appear an object worth every possible concession, and this conception spread from statesmen into the people. We have no hesitation in saying that a serious though tacit reaction has taken place in the estimation of what constitutes really essential points for Italy in the settlement of the Roman question. The establishment in Rome of the metropolis—the enthronement upon the capitol of the representative of the Italian State—is looked upon at heart as a matter of comparative insignificance, if only the Roman population can be got to participate practically in the civil advantages enjoyed by their Italian brethren. The Italians are far too shrewd a people to be deluded into a belief that there is a serious intention to undo, immediately after eighteen months, all that has just been done at so much cost in Florence, and to renew forthwith the scenes of dethronement which have been just gone through in Turin. The real feelings of the country are concentrated, not on seeing Victor Emmanuel dwelling in the Quirinal, but on seeing an end put to a state of things in virtue of which a foreign power of first-rate magnitude is located in the heart of Italy. To achieve this capital object we believe that the temper of the Italian people would readily acquiesce in preserving, within specified limits, sovereign rights to the Pope, and is fully disposed, in accordance with the terms of the Convention, to discountenance violence against the Pope. Time and moral influences are now looked to for a solution, the precise condition of which no one presumes to be able to define beforehand, but

which it is confidently assumed will come about through patience and moderation. *Città santa ma città Italiana* was the phrase used by Massimo d'Azeglio in his speech on the Convention; and we are disposed to think that he happily gave expression therein to what would satisfy the genuine feelings of the Italians. During the same debate a very remarkable speech was delivered by the Marquis Gualterio which we would consider a noteworthy sign of the times. The Marquis Gualterio may be taken as the special representative of Italian unitarianism in its direct connexion with Rome. He was himself a subject of the Pope, and has been already, long before 1859, the indefatigable and systematic missionary of Italianism against the Pontifical Government. He has ever represented the particular movement against the Pope's temporal authority. To him the question how to deal with Rome has been undisguisedly the question of capital importance, nor has he been backward to counsel resolute measures. He concurred at the time cordially in the sharp policy advocated by Baron Ricasoli, who sent him as an advanced vidette on the Pope's frontier to govern Orvieto as Prefect. Yet this man, so little prone to hidden courses, so well known for his strong unitarian feelings, at great length expressed his conviction that the Convention should be accepted in good faith; because, said he, to deal successfully with Rome it was indispensable to disarm by a genuinely conciliatory course those cosmopolitan elements of Roman Catholic coalition, which in 1850 restored the Pope, and would be impelled to fall afresh on Italy were he to be made the victim of treacherous violence. Now, in these words Marquis Gualterio struck a chord which is eminently in accord with the genius of a people so essentially astute as the Italians. The argument was really drawn out of their hearts. The marvellous self-restraint shown by the Italians after Villafranca was mainly due to a lively dread of giving occasion to a return of the Austrians by the first act of discord. The sense of how much had been already gained, and of Austrian battalions being still massed angrily on the banks of the Mincio, concurred to promote the rapid unification of Italy. We are convinced that if once the French evacuation of the Pope's dominions be happily effectuated, the people's shrewd dread of the possible return of such occupation will tell powerfully to keep them within the limits of prudence. In fact, we have practical evidence for the foundation of this anticipation. The National Committee, which clandestinely directs the Liberal party in Rome, has been, we believe, remodelled within the last few months. It is now composed, we are told, of men who are in intimate relations with the people, and must consequently be taken to represent especially the popular

feelings on the subject of the Convention. If anywhere, it would be natural that in Rome there should be some irritation at the terms of an arrangement which does not distinctly contemplate an immediate and absolute emancipation from the detested rule of the priests. Yet this is so far from being the case, that since the publication of the Convention the greatest possible union exists in the Liberal part of the Roman population as to the line of action to be pursued. Every kind of provoking demonstration against the Government has been dropped as impolitic. It is felt on all hands that the Convention offers a means of delivery from foreign occupation; and with admirable good sense the Romans have understood that the simple fact of delivery from the continued presence of foreign intervention is a higher object than the claiming for their city the prerogative of being the Italian metropolis. If they persevere, as they appear determined to do, in this line of public-spirited self-denial, then we believe that they will have the merit of guarding Italy against a danger not a whit less serious than the weight of Austrian armies. So far, therefore, as the difficulties presented by the Roman question turn merely on the supposed passion of the Italian people to lodge their King in the same city with the Pope, we are decidedly of opinion that the effect of the Convention has materially contributed to confirm a reaction already set in against this assumed popular passion.

It is less clear that this same measure can have equal effect in smoothing down the other and more subtle class of difficulties that surround the attempt to bring the Papacy and the Italian State into concord. These constitute in our opinion the most serious, or rather the only serious, internal difficulties which the Italian unitarians have to contend against, for they alone, of all the elements of opposition conjured up against the new Government, have a deeper origin than resides in thin strata of an artificial creation. It is not to be overlooked that, amongst the rural population, which is in many parts utterly uneducated, there exists a quite superstitious reverence for the clergy, who are therefore in a position to wield a very material influence. Nor is this influence of the clergy confined to these lower classes. Hidden and difficult to trace in all its windings, it penetrates stealthily everywhere, and secures a directing action particularly through its hold on women. One can indulge no delusion as to the purposes for which the clergy exert the influence they possess. As a body, they make incessant war against the national Government. That the Italian clergy counts not only many individuals, but even religious confraternities, disposed to take another line, we are convinced of, but under present circumstances they cannot assert them-

selves to any good effect. The strict spirit of discipline of the Romish Church makes the inferior clergy humbly submissive to their superiors, and these have for some years been carefully selected for their virtues of servile deference to every behest from Rome. As a body, the Italian clergy is therefore decidedly hostile to the Italian Government, and thus an antagonism has been produced which is seen every day, and in every quarter, creating a state of things which is seriously embarrassing. It is the opinion of many persons that this might have been obviated had the State not omitted the opportunity of conciliating the clergy, which, after all, is composed of Italians, in the earlier stages of the revolution. There is probably some foundation for the idea, that the proceedings of the Executive towards the clergy have been calculated to irritate its notoriously sensitive susceptibilities. There was a moment when it might have been possible to detach a considerable portion of the respectable clergy from identifying itself with a fierce war, to be waged for the special interests of the Court of Rome on the National Government. As matters stand at present, the ranks of the ecclesiastical phalanx are closely serried around the steps of the Pope's throne, and have been carrying out his orders without any really considerable defections.

Thus a state of affairs is created which is undeniably grave, as it tends necessarily to widen a dangerous breach. We cannot avoid perceiving that the persistent hostility declared by the Court of Rome, and waged by the clergy, is productive of a rapidly growing irritation in the classes sincerely devoted to the new order of things. Politicians of mark and temper, representing large sections, who formerly spoke disparagingly of the comparatively insignificant measures adopted by the Executive against the clergy as vexatious and impolitic, are now disposed to urge such wholesale operations of coercion as the total suppression of religious orders, the arbitrary redistribution of dioceses by the civil power, and the sale of all Church lands. We have watched this modification of feeling amongst men of moderate opinions, and cannot resist the impression that it is very prevalent. A feeling of exasperation is being kindled by the systematic disloyalty of the clergy; forbearance is being worn threadbare by continued friction against an obstinately recalcitrant priesthood; and a strong belief is arising that it is quite useless to employ any other than radical operations to get rid of this malignant element. The influence of this growing feeling is unmistakably visible in the bill presented by the present Government for the suppression of religious corporations and the reorganization of the Church establishment. In its present shape, it is out of the question to fancy that it can ever be

accepted by the clergy, much less by Rome. Some of its clauses for the suppression of sees, for remodelling the boundaries of dioceses, are so direct an usurpation of the purely spiritual authority vested in the Pope, that they must have been introduced with the special view of bearding it. It is true that the bill is laid aside for the present. Yet it is enough to peruse the Report of the Parliamentary Commission named to examine it—a Commission comprising such leading and Conservative men as Ricasoli, Giorgini, and Corsi, and which recommended considerable modifications—to see how largely the fundamental idea of the measure finds favour. We apprehend that at the coming general election, men may be returned to Parliament animated with a dangerously excited temper against the Church. But should this temper acquire ascendancy in the councils of the nation, then we much fear that the Italians will find themselves engaged in a work of terrible labour. For it is impossible to separate in Italy questions relative to the administrative organization of the Church from the capital question of the Pope—of the establishment that is to be given him in his capacity of Catholic Primate. Other Catholic nations have been able to carry out arbitrarily ecclesiastical reforms in their Church establishments by themselves, but Italy can never deal with the Church without coming simultaneously into direct collision with the Papacy itself, and hence with the great and manifold interests connected with this institution. These interests are so ramified, so subtle, and so liable to modification from strange causes, that it is impossible to define and estimate their force. In having to contend with them, Italy has to contend with elements that escape scientific tests. The antagonism into which the State has therefore got with this dark power—a power which cannot be summarily expelled with a certainty of having been finally got rid of by the process, while it obstinately refuses to be coaxed into good fellowship—is rightly a source of anxiety to prudent politicians.

It is difficult to detect any speedy prospect of improvement in this unsatisfactory condition of affairs. The hope to be entertained is, that a reaction may set in against the inexorable irritability which has possessed the Papacy; for as long as Pius IX. lives, we apprehend that few persons will be sanguine enough to think it possible to carry through any reasonable arrangement with Rome. There is, however, reason for presuming that there are in the Church men sufficiently impressed with the perils that menace the genuine interests of their religion, by a continuance in the line of conduct adopted by Pius IX., as to be likely to advocate another course, should they be legitimately in a position to speak with authority. This could only be after the

death of the present Pope. The moving springs of the men who might act thus would reside in specially religious convictions. It is not likely, therefore, that the establishment of the capital at Florence will exercise more than a merely indirect influence on their minds. Their thoughts will run more on the moral condition of the Church than on material guarantees for the temporal power. Indirectly, however, the establishment of the capital may perhaps tend to stimulate their courage to hold out a hand of peace, if a disposition to do so is not otherwise checked through the display of some directly hostile spirit against the Church by the representatives of the State. It is in regard to such important contingencies that we hail the conciliatory words uttered by a man of Gualterio's position and peculiar authority, as a noteworthy symptom. The difficulty of the Papacy is the greatest difficulty Italy has to deal with. It is so great a difficulty that all the forces of the country will be required to overcome it. The power of religious feeling and of the clergy is formidable. To overcome this requires more than violence—it requires statesmanship and certain large concessions. The Convention has done somewhat which may help to facilitate an understanding; but by itself this is not enough. The understanding, so important to the future of Italy, can be brought about only if the Italian Government steers its course so that, while asserting its authority against seditious priests, it refrains from measures of a persecuting nature that must wound deep-rooted religious feelings, and subject the Church to a species of coercion manifestly trenching upon a sacrilegious invasion of its specific jurisdiction over spiritual matters.

We have now surveyed in succession, as far as we can, the effects which the serious measure of removing the seat of Government from Turin may be anticipated to exercise directly on the great internal difficulties affecting Italy, difficulties inherent in her nature, the fruit of causes seated in the distance of ages, and neither evoked by the action of the present generation, nor capable of being exorcised by any mere adroitness on its part. The difficulties that have been engaging our attention constitute, in virtue of an irreversible course of events, as necessarily unavoidable a portion of the task united Italy has to deal with, as mountains and jungles and torrents constitute of the task an explorer has to deal with, who deliberately sets himself to penetrate a new country in one particular direction. But besides these difficulties, with which Italy is fated to contend by an overwhelming combination of causes beyond control, there may be others arising from the special circumstances and characteristics of the present generation not less formidable. When therefore we have examined the force with which a parti-

cular occurrence is calculated to strike certain distinct elements of opposition, we have done but half our work of survey. It is quite as essential to be satisfied about the condition of the powers engaged in active operation—to inquire into their steadiness, their temper, their present spirit, as to gaze curiously at subtle elements of an historical and almost impalpable nature. Let us step down from contemplating vast forces that work with the mysterious weight of fated antagonisms, and look at the small, sharp, concrete image of man, as in his little self he stands grappling with circumstance. Having gauged how far the elements naturally and necessarily hostile to an united Italy can be anticipated to derive strength or weakness from the important measure of internal reform that has been adopted, let us see what ground there is for apprehending that the Italians will seriously be wanting to themselves at the critical moment.

For the first time Italy is about to go through the ordeal of a general election, under circumstances to elicit the political feelings of the country free from exaggerated impulses, necessarily limited in this direction. The last elections did take place under the action of one of these transports of feeling that give a tyrannical complexion to revolutions, and impose silence on dissentients. The country was in the paroxysm of creation; and enthusiasm for unification under the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel burned with a passionateness that violently submerged every other feeling, and made it either walk abroad in a deceptive mask, or hide itself altogether in obscurity. One profession of political faith then ran absolutely through the Peninsula, and to judge by what occurred at those first elections, Italy seemed the united family amongst nations, where all men lived in cordial harmony, where all men were exactly of one mind, and all men were devoted to the monarchy. We remember how, at the time when the first Italian Parliament was being opened, one of the leading politicians of the country remarked, as he looked at the Deputies thronging into the hall, that the appearance of uniformity was too great to be reliable, still more to be a correct reflex of the country. What was especially remarkable was the entire absence of any representatives of a Conservative and clerical feeling, for although in the new provinces the enthusiastic delight at the changes wrought in their condition rendered the unpopularity of such feeling intelligible, yet in the constituencies of Piedmont proper there had always been a Conservative and clerical party, which had formerly returned active representatives to Parliament, who were ranged under the leadership of Count Solaro di Margherita, a man of decided ability. The absolute disappearance of this

party from the House, resulted, therefore, manifestly from one of those violent revulsions, too extreme to be capable of continuance. It was the effect of being stunned; but stunning can last only a certain while. On the other hand, the apparent conformity of political feelings amongst the Deputies immediately split up into factions of various kinds, some deriving their complexion from merely personal influences, others being stamped with the passionate features of Mazzinian feelings. Scarcely had Parliament proceeded to business, than it was seen that uniformity had come to an end, and that, besides other divisions, there was a marked knot of impatient Radicals clamouring for wild and foolish projects.

Now, it is a matter of considerable anxiety to many Italian politicians, whether, at the coming elections, there will not result a serious increase to the strength of a party practically bent on discarding the system on which the country has been administered for the last four years. We have heard uneasy misgivings expressed on this score by men entitled to respect. There can be no doubt that the consequences would be incalculably grave if a Parliament were to be returned with a numerically strong and compact phalanx of exaggerated Radicals, while the temperate Liberals were split up into personal factions. Happily, we believe that there is every ground for not anticipating such an untoward result. Yet we are free to confess that the impending elections promise to be attended by the active intervention of elements that were quite out of the field before, and which now are undeniably organized to operate with systematic vigour against the party of temperate unitarians, which has hitherto been in so decided an ascendancy. According to the testimony of persons from all parts of Italy, the clerical and reactionary faction has everywhere of late exhibited an activity manifestly the result of concert. The operations pursued may be classed under three heads: to create a double instrument that can serve at once for organization of the party, and for special agency upon the feelings of the people; to bring into play means of religious coercion for frightening timid souls from connecting themselves with the new Government; and to fling at Elections the whole weight of the party into the scale of Radical candidates, with the view of swelling the elements of disorder. These tactics are capable of demonstration. They have been pursued with the pertinacity peculiar to clerical organization—with that steady, noiseless, mole-like mode of operation which is so admirably fitted to escape observation, and yet to work towards an aim with assiduity that knows no rest.

The first of these objects is believed to be sought to be attained in large part through the instrumentality of the Society

of St. Vincent de Paul—a society devoted avowedly to works of charity and beneficence, but which, it is confidently said, are made to serve as engines for political propagandism. The constitution of this society is indeed very remarkable. Although marked with a religious complexion, the members of the society are not distinguished by any outward badges of confraternity. The only visible bond of union is that of contribution to a common fund for charities, and of co-operation in seeking to administer to the wants of distressed persons. Men of all classes and of all callings are members of this body; with the obligation, as such, to give gratuitously their professional services to the society when wanted. The lawyer, the physician, the merchant, the man of the world, are thus so many soldiers of different weapons, to be employed according to the nature of the service to be rendered, by the officer in command. The range of service is indeed wide. The society by no means confines its activity to such labours of relief as are usually understood by works of charity. To bestow relief in money and kind, to tend the comforts of sick paupers, to minister, in short, to physical wants, is only a small portion of the duties assumed by the brotherhood of St. Vincent de Paul. It aims to exercise a moral influence, to heal dissensions, to promote reconciliations, in a word, to play the part of a sedulous peacemaker and comforter, for ever going round on the watch for an occasion that may call for interference, and always quick to come forward with an effort at assistance. The society is thus continually seeking out persons involved in troubles, no matter of what nature, whom thus it tries to relieve. In doing so, the deputed member proceeds, irrespective of any other considerations than that of the most fitting method for the application of remedies. The minister of relief appears in no prescribed uniform, he is dispensed from all obligatory declaration of his character. When the case will not admit of avowed interference, then an emissary is selected who can steal in under the unsuspecting garb of an old friend, of a kind-hearted relative, of some seemingly fortuitous good Samaritan, and thus the object in view is smuggled through with covert art. It is evident that such an organization is well calculated to render formidable the influence of a society, which should be widely spread, and conduct its operations under systematic direction. Both these conditions have been most successfully attained by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which has continued rapidly to inundate like a flood every region and community of the Roman Catholic world.

The foundation of the society dates from about the middle of Louis Philippe's reign, and was the work of some young

men in Paris. With a quickness, all the more astonishing that it was free from all ostentatious circumstances to arrest attention, this obscure benefit society of Paris established affiliated offshoots, first all over France, then in neighbouring countries, gradually in every corner of Catholic Europe. All these institutions remained in close correspondence with the parent society in Paris, which retained thus the supreme direction of a body of universal dimensions, dealing with interests of every degree and nature. The parent foundation in Paris was in fact the Grand Lodge of a zealous, busy, practical freemasonry, that multiplied with the same mysterious rapidity with which rabbits multiply in a warren. The Emperor Napoleon's Government found reason to become jealous of the kind of action which the society aimed at exercising in the country. With the view of depriving it of the means to wield such influence, the correspondence between the different local bodies and the Paris Society was prohibited. The object was to reduce the society to a mere bundle of local charitable institutions, strictly confined to local charitable purposes, and stripped of any formidable organization. We believe that the measure has quite failed in its intentions. The Paris Society, it is confidently asserted, still exercises the same prerogatives of grand-mastership as before, only the dependence on it, from being formal and avowed, has become clandestine, so that the correspondence is now carried on in the shape of private communication. It is beyond denial that the influence possessed by the society is vast, and that its influence, as its organization, presents points of striking analogy to those offered by the Jesuits. It is certain that a close connexion exists between the two societies, many of the devotees to the one being enrolled members of the other. In Italy the spread and activity of the Society of St. Vincent are particularly great. We have met with the existence of the Paolotti, as they are popularly called, in every little country town; and it is very remarkable that their organization is most distinguished for activity in those districts where political passions are supposed to be keenest. In the Romagna where there is a numerically inferior, but resolute and disciplined Mazzinian faction, there also the Paolotti have made themselves be remarked for their extraordinary activity, their strenuous assiduity, and their large charities. The same has been observed in localities of a cognate nature to the temper existing in the Romagna; and everywhere local testimony deposes to the fact that with the same activity which they have shown in dispensing charities, the Paolotti have brought to bear on recent occasions all the influence at their disposal to thwart the triumph

of moderate Liberal principles, even to the length of coalescing practically with Mazzinians. Nor can any one be disposed to doubt the correctness of this charge who has knowledge of Rome and of the language systematically held by the organs of the Jesuit faction in that city. The rapid growth of republican passions in Italy, and the certainty of their triumph, is the continual theme of declamation, coupled with an undisguised expression of confidence that the consummation of this triumph is to be looked to as the event which must bring about the reaction that will restore the good estate of Italy, and the happy reign of legitimate principles now trodden under foot. But who is innocent enough to fancy that the action of the Paolotti associations spread over Italy, is not inspired and controlled from the board which presides over the Society in Rome; and by whom do we find that Board to be presided over but by Monsignor Borromeo, Maggior-domo of the Pope, and probably the most devoted tool which the Society of Jesus commands amongst the prelates constituting the Pope's household? There is therefore conclusive circumstantial evidence that the widely spread and sedulously active Society of St. Vincent de Paul, is a body of a formidable nature, capable of serious political influence, commanding very considerable resources, which are being strenuously and systematically expended, partly for the purpose of constituting a bond to keep sympathies from falling asunder, and partly for the purpose of forging an instrument of active offence.

In regard to the system of religious coercion set in motion to frighten timid souls, the evidence is still clearer, for it is supported by documentary proofs of undeniable authenticity. The mode of operation put in practice is to refuse the sacraments of the Church to those who, either by deed or language in regard to political events in Italy, have given offence to the authorities of the Court of Rome, as long as they do not profess repentance for their errors, and take engagements to make them good. The application of this intimidation has not been left to the instinct of individual priests. It has been commanded in elaborately minute instructions issued secretly by the office of the Grand Penitentiary, within whose province such matters lie—instructions in which every point is specified with a strictness that exacts implicit execution. The scope of these instructions is practically to excommunicate every person who has adhered to the new order of things in Italy; by withholding the consolations of religion, and especially absolution in the confessional, from all who will not declare abhorrence of this order of things, and readiness to co-operate for its destruction. The first of these instructions was

issued in the early period of the revolution, when a copy found its way into the Italian press, and was much commented upon.

In this curious paper, bearing date 10th December 1860, the most stringent and detailed directions were laid down for the guidance of the priests in dealing with certain cases of conscience, that were contemplated, with an elaborate expenditure of imaginative faculties, as likely to present themselves. In all cases the confessor was commanded to regard every act of political adhesion, however remote or indirect, to the new Government, as a sin to be atoned by special expiation, short of which the penitent must be rigorously excluded from the spiritual comforts he sought, however complete may have been his repentance on other points, however light may have been his shortcomings in other directions. The expiation to be exacted as the condition whereon alone the penitent could be admitted to participate in the consolations of religion, was a solemn engagement to turn at the first favourable opportunity against the authority of the Italian Government. To facilitate the acceptance of such an undertaking, the confessors were specially instructed that it was sufficient for the penitent to renounce, in solemn terms, inward allegiance to the powers he had bowed to, and that he was distinctly authorized to reserve any act of defection until such time as he could perpetrate it without injury to himself. By this provision, persons in the service of the Italian Government could continue therein with the approbation of their spiritual advisers, provided they used the opportunities afforded them by official relations, to betray their employers. The soldier was told to serve on until, in the hour of action, he could with impunity inflict a fatal blow by deserting. The officer was instructed to assume commands, which then, at the crowning season, he should hand over to those at whose hands he had not received them; and the civil functionary was encouraged to steal himself into the confidence of his masters, whose secrets he might then communicate to those who plotted their destruction. The Church taught her faithful children that, in her eye, the original act of treason could best be atoned for by an ample counter-draught of systematic treachery. Charity and love are the essence of Christian virtues, and the Church is an eminently Christian body, therefore she shrinks from imposing upon her sons any duties that may expose them to personal risk. She does not demand of her children any heroism, the bold, open spirit of broad daylight defiance, which makes bright examples of self-sacrificing devotion at the risk of life and property; but she prefers to see her interests promoted by a set of skulking conspirators

who creep along with the aid of false oaths, and, as their manliest weapon, understand to use a snare.

The instructions so issued were followed by an innovation perfectly monstrous. Confessors were not content with imposing a special penance on those who stood convicted of connexion with the political authorities deemed unholy. They were directed to constitute themselves inquisitors, not into the acts, but into the speculative opinions on political matters, of their penitents. During Lent 1862, in Rome, the question came to be addressed in the confessional to penitents, What they thought of the Pope's temporal dominion? and absolution was refused to such as either declined replying to what they considered a question affecting a point foreign to religion, or answered in a spirit not in accordance with the view that it was a Divine institution. It is to be expected that our statement will be set down as an Exeter Hall fancy by those who make it their business to cry up the Court of Rome. We are prepared to meet with hesitation in giving credence to a proceeding so monstrously contrary to precedent, that it inspired many fervent Catholics with horror, and led in Rome to vehement protests from independent minds of unexceptionable orthodoxy, who refused indignantly to submit to so unwarrantable an attempt at extending the limits of clerical dictation. The facts we allude to are of too private a nature to be given in detail, but we stake our credit on the perfect authenticity of our statement; and we know that one of the most eminent members of the English Roman Catholic hierarchy, who then happened to be in Rome, inveighed in unmeasured terms of reprobation against this monstrous proceeding. Since then the system has not been abandoned. It has only been modified. We believe that it is no longer attempted to impose on all penitents, without distinction, this preliminary declaration of belief in the Divine necessity of the Pope's temporal power, but only on those whose timid natures point them out as proper subjects to practise intimidation on, or who, for special reasons, are considered to deserve having a specific test applied to their orthodoxy. The system so inaugurated has been followed up consistently throughout Italy, more or less covertly to suit individual cases, but still with persistent determination. It appears, however, that not a few Italian bishops have acquired experience of the danger that threatens the Church from such a course. We are informed, on authority of the highest kind, that numerous representations have quite recently reached the Grand Penitentiary from Italian bishops, as to the perilous consequences which attend the system they have been commanded to pursue. In these representations, the question has been addressed to Rome, What attitude should be adopted on the occasion of the

ensuing election? and the attention of the head of the Church is particularly invited to the question, whether the influence of the clergy should not be directed towards promoting as much as possible the return of moderate men, who would be disposed to confine within a minimum the organic change in the Church establishment of Italy. We are assured that no formal reply has been yet given to these representations, which, we are informed, are at present being taken into consideration in the office of the Grand Penitentiary.

There are, however, indications of what the reply may be anticipated to be. On the 9th and 10th March this year, two strictly confidential circulars were issued from that office to the bishops. We have had in our hands the originals, and have now before us copies which we have collated with them. The one treats of what should be done to laymen shriving themselves who have been guilty "of co-operating in the rebellion of the Papal States, or who have adhered thereto, or in any manner promoted it, whether by deed or by sympathy, or who have given a vote in behalf of the union of Italy under one king;" while the second refers to the case of such priests as have acceded to the "teachings of traitors, and particularly who have subscribed petitions for inducing the Roman Pontiff to throw off temporal power, that have been cunningly indited by some renegade from the Church's host." The substance of the first is the same as that of the paper we have already spoken of. Absolution is to be granted only if penitents "be inwardly resolved to desert an unjust service, as soon as they shall be able to do so without danger to their lives, abstaining in the meanwhile from all acts of hostility against the subjects and soldiers of the rightful prince." In the other case, that of repentant priests, the bishop is instructed to subject them, before absolution, to a course of spiritual penance, but of a kind not to attract the notice of the civil authorities, and then to admit them back to the rights of the priesthood, after signing the following declaration:—"I confess and affirm it to be an error, and an act of audacity, to gainsay the doctrines uttered by the Church, and that without grievous sin it is not possible to refuse obedience and cordial submission to the authority of the Holy See; therefore I respect and conform to all the declarations of the same, and particularly to those which regard the temporal dominion of the Sovereign Pontiff, to which the entire Catholic Episcopate has responded." Almost simultaneously with the date of these most secret instructions, there appeared a highly significant paragraph in the *Correspondance de Rome*, a weekly periodical published in Rome, and which is directly inspired with the confidential feelings of the highest authorities. In the number of the 18th February, there was inserted, in type of a

us quite unfounded. The compact majority in the country is as little disposed to follow the rash bidding of foolhardy men, as it was when it coldly declined to follow the great popular hero Garibaldi on the mad enterprise which ended on the peaks of Aspromonte. The attitude of the country on that occasion was decisive of its temper, and nothing has since occurred to modify this. The dominant feeling which pervades the Italian people is that of gratitude for what has been won, and an anxious determination not to risk its loss. There are constituencies, especially in the Southern provinces, which, from sheer want of political perspicacity, will allow themselves to be gulled into the choice of indifferent representatives, but we have not the least fear about the selections that will be made by the vast majority of the nation. These will be of men who, in essential points, are the advocates of a prudent policy.

The next session will open in Florence, and it is to be hoped that the political atmosphere of the new capital will have the result of imparting to the majority, consisting of men who on all capital points concur in the advocacy of temperate views, as against the heated impulses of passionate fanatics, a more compact parliamentary formation than it had in the old Parliament. The real cause of this want of effective organization is the fact that the majority has not been marshalled under the guidance of a natural leader. The only man who could lay claim to this high moral position is Baron Ricasoli, who, for obvious reasons, since his withdrawal from office, has thought it most consistent with a severe sense of duty not to put himself prominently forward, except to intervene as a peacemaker with the full weight of his authority in critical moments. There cannot be a nobler example of high-minded conduct than Baron Ricasoli's action in Parliament. The same praise cannot be awarded to the part played by another parliamentary leader, M. Rattazzi. It would be difficult to define precisely the principles which regulate this politician's course; but it is undeniable that he has a predilection for tortuous ways and for intrigue, and that his parliamentary position relies mainly on his Piedmontese connexion. Now here it is where the transfer of the Legislature from Turin is confidently expected to exercise a wholesome effect, in reducing to their just value those artificial influences of a purely sectional origin, which, however intangibly pervaded Capital, Court, and Parliament, neutralizing the action of truly national parties. It is anticipated that in Florence many influences will be blighted which luxuriated in Turin, whereby the obstacles would be removed which have impeded the accession to office of men in whom the nation have real confidence, and those circumstances which have invested specific

to warding off that violence by any action which can temporarily bring them into contact with Italian unitarians. But it is enough for our purpose to have supplied the reader with the facts that we have here given.

The opposition of the Church is, however, stated by persons worthy of credit, not to be confined to the policy of isolation, and refusal to contaminate itself by association with any recognition of the authorities in existence. It is confidently asserted that, on the occasion of recent electoral contests, the votes of those who represent the inspiration of the priests have been systematically given in favour of the ultra candidate, or against the one who advocated the temperate spirit of Government reform. So far as we have been able to satisfy ourselves on the correctness of this assertion, we are disposed to accept it. The local testimony decidedly deposes thereto. For instance, last year there were a number of supplementary elections to fill up vacancies, one of which, at Ravenna, gave rise to a warm contest that ended in the return of the Moderate candidate. Undoubtedly the evidence which we gathered on the spot, from men of standing and ample means of knowledge, testified distinctly to the active exertions of ecclesiastical partisans in support of the Radical candidate. The same occurrence is spoken to as having been manifest in Tuscany, and we have also met with very distinct evidence to the same purport in some localities in the former kingdom of Naples. It is undeniable that, in the most diverse parts of the country, somehow or other, the same impression has been produced on the minds of intelligent and trustworthy observers, that the active influence of the Church is being systematically expended, either to frighten into passiveness those who would feel disposed to swell the ranks of temperate reform and practically support orderly government, or to propel the blind subjects of priestly dictation into actively swelling the Radical force, as the hopeful element of dissolution. It is very intelligible that the fact of such a coalition should arrest the attention of prudent politicians. There can be no doubt but that, at the coming elections, we shall see in various localities sharp contests, and that, in some constituencies of prominent rank, the Opposition may probably obtain successes which will be paraded with great flourish. For instance, one must be prepared for the likely return of members hostile to Government in the city of Naples, through want of resolution amongst the temperate Liberals, who allow themselves to be paralysed. Leghorn also is a constituency which has always been distinguished by a turbulent leaven, and must be expected to send intemperate men to Parliament. But that there should be ground for apprehending a considerable return of men of this stamp appears to

us quite unfounded. The compact majority in the country is as little disposed to follow the rash bidding of foolhardy men, as it was when it coldly declined to follow the great popular hero Garibaldi on the mad enterprise which ended on the peaks of Aspromonte. The attitude of the country on that occasion was decisive of its temper, and nothing has since occurred to modify this. The dominant feeling which pervades the Italian people is that of gratitude for what has been won, and an anxious determination not to risk its loss. There are constituencies, especially in the Southern provinces, which, from sheer want of political perspicacity, will allow themselves to be gulled into the choice of indifferent representatives, but we have not the least fear about the selections that will be made by the vast majority of the nation. These will be of men who, in essential points, are the advocates of a prudent policy.

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interests with a factitious weight be stripped of their importance. The soil in which these specific interests struck root was that of the Court. It is well known that Victor Emmanuel's personal likings made him peculiarly liable to be worked upon by purely Piedmontese influences. With all the rough bluntness of his character, and the sound common sense of his judgment in critical moments, these predilections of the King, inflamed as they were in Turin, through a thousand channels and by daily contact with ancient connexions, had entailed, on divers occasions, unfortunate consequences. It is therefore a happy event that the Crown has been transferred from a place where it was exposed to influences which confirmed its individual disposition in a particular direction, and which threatened ultimately to counteract its national character; and in this respect, even those otherwise deplorable incidents may have been beneficial, which had the effect of firing the King's latent pride against his favourite Piedmontese.

The conclusions at which we arrive, therefore, after surveying as accurately as we can the position of affairs in Italy, are not unfavourable to the prospects of the country. Not but that there are many and very grave tasks to be dealt with which can be overcome only by great prudence and great self-restraint. We do not indulge in any delusion as to the intrinsic gravity of the problems which the Italians have to solve. The financial condition of the country will require extraordinary care, while yet its necessities will imperatively impose heavy expenditure. At the same time, Italy is engaged in a conflict with Rome and all the complicated interests which cluster around the Papacy, from which she cannot by any means disentangle herself. It is her inevitable lot to fight out this dangerous duel to the end. Heavy as these labours are, we see no reason to infer that the Italian people are giving way under their weight. We have been unable to detect the symptoms of reckless impatience and disorganization which are spoken of as existing. In no one instance of moment has the nation shown itself disposed to rush into wild ways even when these were recommended by the appeals of the man who is essentially the People's Hero. To us the persistent sober sense and practical instinct exhibited by the Italian populations amidst so many circumstances calculated to intoxicate, is a matter of marvel. Of course there exist men of restless, impatient temperament, and wayward intellects, who having passed all their days as conspirators plotting clandestine expeditions, chafe at the recreant proceedings of, in their opinion, a hireling administration, and incessantly are at work on projects of foolhardy undertakings against Rome and Venetia. When one considers

the stimulating phases through which the Italian people has passed, we only wonder that this party should be so small. The bulk of the nation has decidedly separated from it, and has shown a determination not to be led into foolish courses when it allowed the King's Government to put down Garibaldi with a strong hand at Aspromonte. We must, indeed, expect to hear of intended attempts to fling bands of emancipating volunteers into Venetia; but we have no apprehension of anything like a serious movement which the Government can have difficulty in controlling. These attempts will not exceed the insignificant proportions of abortive deeds by a handful of excited enthusiasts. Equally unfounded seems to us to be the impression prevalent in some circles, of the rapid strides made by republican principles in the country. We are firmly convinced that this is either a wilful misrepresentation, deliberately invented by those Reactionists who from Rome are sedulously bent on always defaming Italy, or else the vain imagination of fanciful intellects. The Republican bugbear is an idle dream. The name of Victor Emmanuel has a popular attraction which constitutes a paramount force that penetrates through the whole country, and brings the idea of the King home to the breast of the rudest peasant. The circumstances of this singular power of popular attraction in the representative of the Crown is probably the most happy blessing that has befallen Italy. By effectively counteracting the otherwise irresistible force of certain dazzling individuals, it has furnished the nation with the inestimable benefit of a steady guide, and laid the foundation, we trust, for a truly national monarchy. Finally, it appears to us that the character generally displayed by the Italian Legislature has been highly creditable. With the single exception of M. Rattazzi, the stigma of ignoble intrigue has not attached itself to the name of any one of the leading politicians. The political capacity exhibited may be impugned, but it cannot be said that its Assembly has shown itself deficient in public spirit. The high influence of Baron Ricasoli—a man so lofty and so disdainful of all intrigue—is a proof of the temper of the majority. Also the real reason for the support given to the present administration proceeds from the deep sense entertained for the integrity of its members, and from the conviction, that in the paramount question of the day they mean to act with perfect good faith. When one considers how often in deliberative assemblies, especially in exciting times, administrations have been paralysed and successively overthrown by combinations growing out of faction and unnatural coalitions, the conduct of this first Italian Parliament will appear, we think, entitled to

the praise of having shown solid qualities in one very important respect. The shrewd good sense of the Italian people, quickened by a lively thankfulness at relief from foreign ascendancy, and a wholesome experience of the positive benefits insured by self-restraint and moderation,—that shrewd good sense which has disappointed so many confident anticipations, and has achieved so many startling successes, is still existing without any signs of decline. In spite of all that is loudly advanced by voluble declaimers, we have been unable to lay our hands on any evidence of inward disorganization, of intestine divisions that threaten to break up the firm unity of purpose indispensable to the success of the great enterprise which the Italians have to achieve. We can see nowhere any really serious symptom of the people beginning to be untrue to themselves, and so long as we see none such, we are not prepared to admit the evident and rapid coming on of an Italian cataclysm.

The preceding pages had scarcely been written, when there came upon us first a slight vague rumour, and then a confirmed report, of distinct and spontaneous advances made to Victor Emmanuel by Pius IX. which were ripening into serious negotiations. A more astounding and unexpected incident in the firmament of Italian politics could not be imagined. We confess to have been quite unprepared for the appearance of such a novel element in the course of Italian affairs as that of the great Church power stepping forward to meet, otherwise than in anger, the representative of the revolutionary lay tendencies of modern Italy. In this, however, we flatter ourselves not to have been singular. The surprise created at the step taken by the Pope was universal. Also the first sensation on hearing thereof was that of general incredulity, which was then followed by a strange variety of hypothetical surmises as to the real causes which had prompted so extraordinary a proceeding. These surmises it is not at all necessary to examine. The precise circumstances which induced the Pope to adopt his startling resolution, and which have attended his overtures, constitute matter pregnant with interest, but secondary to the consideration of the political consequences which can be anticipated from the nature of the altered position in which Church and State must stand towards each other in Italy after the overtures which have been made by the Pope, even though they should not lead at present to the conclusion of an understanding. It is impossible, in our opinion, to put any other construction upon the measure adopted by Pius IX. than that it is the death warrant of the No-surrender policy hitherto broached by the Papacy. It is very true that the negotiations opened with Victor Emmanuel are distinctly confined

to specifically ecclesiastical points, affecting the Church establishment in the provinces that constitute Victor Emmanuel's kingdom. But do not these ecclesiastical relations with which the Sovereign of Rome stands connected, in virtue of his dignity as Pope, constitute precisely the privileges and prerogatives which endow him politically with a position different from that which was the lot of the other Italian princes, and contribute to furnish him with a power which is far more difficult to deal with roughly than the power possessed by those princes? It is precisely from his spiritual and ecclesiastical qualities that the Pope derives his exceptional position, and whatever force he can reckon upon wherewith to thwart the otherwise easy onflow of the Italians over his shrunk States. For what has been all along said is, that the Pope cannot put himself into intercourse with the Italian Government, because the nature of his authority must absolutely forbid his making any concession which would amount to a renunciation of Church principles, while the very fact of having any relations whatever with Victor Emmanuel must necessarily involve a concession of this nature. Victor Emmanuel and his Government were habitually proclaimed to be the incarnation of that spirit of sheer worldliness which the Papacy pretended it to be its particular duty to combat on earth. Now this position has been entirely abandoned, for the Pope, departing from the course he has hitherto pursued in providing provisionally out of his own authority for the wants of the Church in Italy, without taking any notice whatever of the civil powers in existence, as too impious to be looked upon; has now treated with these same powers in reference to the aforesaid wants of the Church, thereby practically recognising Victor Emmanuel as King of Italy, and releasing the representative of the State from the ban under which he has been lying. The moment the Pope treats in a friendly way with a monarch about the choice of individuals for sees in his dominions, it is self-evident that this monarch can no longer be regarded by the Pope as an outcast from the pale of the Church. Whatever may be the differences still existing between them, the nature of the breach must still be essentially modified after such relations. We have, moreover, good grounds for confidently stating that the manner in which the Pope has proposed to deal in regard to the nomination of bishops, amounts practically to a most distinct recognition of the Italian kingdom. He proposed to leave the recommendation of candidates for the vacant sees to the King's Government, without any reservation in regard to the sees in his old provinces. Victor Emmanuel, therefore, would thus practically exercise his right of patronage in all portions of his dominions without abatement, a conces-

sion of such vast importance, and involving such vital consequences, that one is almost at a loss to understand how the Pope could have brought himself of a sudden to act so liberally.

It is therefore strange to learn that the men who are in office at Turin should express themselves not content with this concession, and should be making difficulties about points of very small importance, thus acting contrary to the spirit in which Count Cavour was prepared to treat with Rome. That large-minded statesman felt that a great object was to be won only by a great policy. To deal with Rome in a narrow and jealous temper he saw was quite beside the requirements of the case. Hence he struck out the bold policy of a free Church in a free State. He meant the Pope to be absolutely independent in everything appertaining to Church matters, to be entirely emancipated from all interference on the part of the State. He believed that this scheme offered a guarantee to the Papacy for a condition of dignity and independence that must prove superior to what it now possesses; equal to the necessities of its position, and therefore having intrinsic merits, which sooner or later would recommend its acceptance to representatives of the interests of the Papacy. It was, besides, the conviction of Count Cavour, that to establish anyhow relations of intercourse between the King of Italy and the Pope, to bring matters to the point of at all events opening direct discussions between the two, was a thing in itself of such paramount importance as to be worthy of almost any price. For ever he was vainly on the watch with his keen eye for an opportunity such as now has been showered down upon his successors; for he deeply felt that Rome and the Roman question were the real difficulties of Italy, and that every approach to them was necessarily so much gained. In the spring of 1861, Count Cavour fancied that he might be able to effect his object. A Plenipotentiary was at that time named by him, who was furnished with elaborate instructions, and was authorized to concede to the Pope the absolute nomination of all bishops in Italy, without any check thereon by the State. But the Court of Rome was then still obdurate, and Count Cavour's Plenipotentiary was never admitted to treat. Thus what that great statesman always worked to obtain with unrelaxing activity, and what, as proved by his own doings, he thought worthy of being acquired by a wholesale surrender of ancient privileges of the Crown, his successors are not satisfied at having offered to them on much cheaper terms (for we repeat, that the Pope has proposed that Victor Emmanuel should recommend the persons to be made bishops), but they want to impose still further conditions of their own. It is demanded that the bishops should take an oath of allegi-

ance to Victor Emmanuel, a proceeding quite in accordance with ancient custom, but quite at variance with the great policy of a free Church in a free State, and, moreover, impossible for the Pope to allow, without making a concession, not merely in practice (which he is ready to do), but also in principle (which he is not willing to do). But is it statesmanlike to jeopardize the immense political advantages that would be secured by a concluded understanding between King and Pope out of regard for a formula involving so small a material guarantee as an oath of allegiance? What dynasty has ever been saved by any form of oath? We have no reason for inferring that the negotiations have been broken off. The Italian Plenipotentiary left Rome simply because he had conducted matters as far as he was in a condition to conduct them. If the Italian Government should not insist on the question of the oath, which the Pope says very fairly that he cannot impose upon the bishops in his old provinces, and therefore also not upon bishops in other provinces wrested from their former sovereigns by the same force of invasion by which he himself was dispossessed, then we believe that no substantial difficulty remains on any point that has been under discussion. Indeed, the Pope has shown himself very good-tempered and willing during these negotiations. At bottom he has Italian impulses, and these, long counteracted, are now again for the moment allowed free scope.

The indisposition of the Italian Ministers to waive the oath proceeds from a timid deference to that anti-ecclesiastical irritation which we have mentioned as being on the growth amongst Italian Liberals. Neither do the present Ministers, being men of small capacity, understand how to act with firmness, and they thus put themselves often in false positions. The vacillating manner in which they conducted the Bill for the Regulation of Religious Communities, exposed them to the charge of having withdrawn it in obedience to a command from Rome—a charge for which there is no foundation, the negotiations never having extended to this point. But this is quite enough to make them fear the imputation of being priest-ridden, and to make them try and recover their reputations by being stubborn on a point of popular prejudice. Still, so vast are the consequences to be gained at this moment, and so very great are the perils to be laid up in store if these present negotiations should fall to the ground, from the Italian Government insisting on terms which the Pope cannot grant, that we cannot dismiss the hope that the remarkable instinct evinced by the Italians, and the straightforward intellect of General La Marmora will turn to account this precious opportunity for obtaining a further and material security for the execution of the Convention of the 15th Sep-

tember. That Convention expressly purports to be made for the securing of the Pope's safety. Now, if a pretext were to be sought for not carrying into execution its capital provision that Rome is to be evacuated by the French troops, might that pretext not be furnished if, on the Pope's making such serious advances, the Italian Government were to exhibit itself in the attitude of having refused to concede those guarantees which would make a reality of that loudly vaunted free Church which Italian Liberals have been holding up in the face of the Pope? However strong may be the Emperor Napoleon's personal predilections in favour of Italy, she has enemies enough in France who are eager to thwart her progress. Montalembert has been loud in declaring his conviction that the free Church programme has never been meant to be more than a blind—that the settled determination of the Italian Liberals is to enslave the Pope once they can get him separate from foreign support. There is now an opportunity afforded of satisfactorily confuting this confident insinuation, and of facilitating materially, at a most critical moment, a measure which, if once carried out, may be confidently said to be the coping set on the structure of an United Italy. For it is a point of paramount importance that the evacuation of Rome by French troops contemplated by the September Convention be not obstructed; and how can that evacuation—the darling wish of all Italians—be obstructed, if once the Pope and King of Italy live together on a footing of practical good-fellowship? Of all the astonishing circumstances that have marked the Italian Revolution, none is so wonderful as this sudden change on the part of Pius IX. Also the responsibility resting on the shoulders of the present Ministers of Italy is enormous.

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